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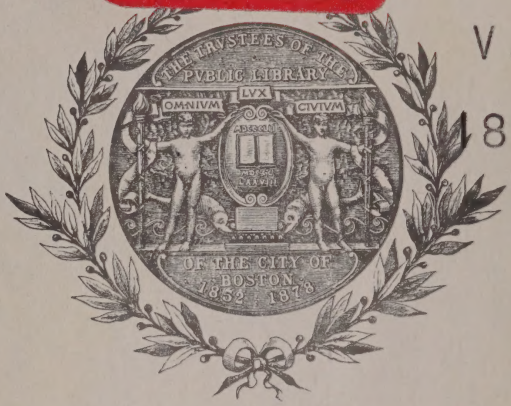

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

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VOLUME EIGHTH.

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BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY CUMMINGS AND HILLIARD, BOSTON BOOKSTORE,

NO. 1 CORNHILL.

University Press.....Hilliard & Metcalf.

1819.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

N°. XXII.

DECEMBER, 1818.

ART. I.—*Annual Report of the President and Directors of the Board of Public Works, to the General Assembly of Virginia, in pursuance of an Act, entitled, An Act creating a Fund for Internal Improvement.* Richmond; 1818. pp. 78.

EVER since our ancestors founded this new family among nations, we have been in a continual bustle and stir to supplant the old tenants, to arrange our great and increasing household, and to dispose of its members among the departments and recesses of this extensive and fair domain. No sooner had a small number fixed themselves in a comfortable situation, than a spirit of inquiry and boldness of enterprise rendered them restless. New discoveries led to new emigration; love of safety and of social ties yielded to a love of territory and power; and the consequent dispersion of the early colonists has been continued among their descendants to the present day, when the limits of our territory and population are scarcely discernible towards the west. It is remarkable, that, in spite of this spreading emigration, which so powerfully counteracts the growth of useful arts, we should, in two centuries, be so little behind Europe, where a thousand years have been spent in labour, invention and experience to bring them to their present state of improvement. But we must not be too proud of our advantages, nor mistake the cause which produced them. We should recollect that Europe has been

at work many ages for our benefit, and that our philosophy, our science, our literature and our arts come from her, ready made up for our use. Our habits, manners, fashions, modes of worship, morals, laws and forms of government, as well as ourselves, have all sprung from the great European fountain, whence has flowed, and still flows, a rich and constant stream of learning and intellect. Our social and moral powers are excited and brightened by the familiar intercourse between this country and Europe; but many of our inventive faculties are inactive, because we have few occasions for invention. In its place, a habit of copying, and of copying well, has grown up with us. Our mechanic arts are devoted to the imitation or manufacturing of articles or fabrics from models taken out of foreign workshops; we make roads and canals, and improve rivers; build docks and improve our harbours, from plans of similar works in France and England. We do all these as the means of acquiring wealth;—in Europe wealth has produced them. Here we endeavour to add them to the natural advantages of our country, and begin in our infancy to construct works, which are there considered as the monuments of extensive opulence, population and refinement.

It is a common remark with writers on political economy, that the division of labour has been the main cause of the rapid improvement of the arts in modern times; but the observation is drawn from, and is seldom extended beyond the workshop. It is to this principle also, and to this alone, that we must look for any progress in the higher branches of knowledge; and in proportion as this principle is understood and applied, will nations improve either in arts or science. It is to the operation of this principle, that the world is indebted for the most philosophic invention of modern times,—the safety lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy. The labours of Perronet, De Prony, Guathey, De Cessart, Brindley, Smeaton, and other engineers, have shown a connexion between natural philosophy and the wealth of nations; between the laws of our necessities and the laws of nature; and taught us to apply the most abstruse mathematical researches to the important and daily occupations of life.

If we examine ourselves as a nation, we shall be at no loss to discover, that it is our limited application of this principle,—the division of labour,—which has placed us behind Eu-

rope in arts, science and literature. But the examination neither excites our regret nor wounds our pride. Industry, in civil society, is as natural as the love of light; it is always striving to multiply and magnify its products, and tends as steadily to separate workmen into classes, as the love of independence to separate them into families. All this, however, is the result of individual, unassociated effort; it is slow, but sure in its progress, and does not spring at once into being, from any combination or compact;—it is founded in self-love, which will act, and which no moral or political power can check or controul. There are other means of promoting the public prosperity, which are not so obvious, and depend in some way or other on the good will, sanction, and assistance of the community. These are the works of ingenious and literary men; of men who study the laws of motion and the constitution of things; who improve our moral capacities; who reveal the occult laws of nature, and instruct us how to apply discoveries in science to the useful arts; who teach us how to think, to reason, to feel, and how to labour and how to be happy; of men who toil for the public, and get little or no return for their exertions.

We would gladly proceed to extend these remarks, and exemplify them in detail; but we must, for the present, forego that pleasure, and introduce to the notice of our readers the important, wise and effectual plan for the improvement of our country, which gave rise to them, and which, in our opinion, is better suited to the existing calls of the nation, and will do more for the encouragement of useful science and for the development of our physical resources, than any institution in the United States.

The Board of Public Works in the State of Virginia, was established by an act of the General Assembly, passed February 1816, entitled 'An Act creating a fund for internal improvement.' Thirteen members constitute the Board, who are called by the act, 'The President and Directors of the Board of Public Works.' Of these, the Governour, the Attorney General, and the Treasurer of the commonwealth are, ex officio, members, and the Governour is the President of the Board. The ten other members are elected annually by the assembly, in certain proportions, from different sections of the state. They hold their annual meetings at Richmond, during the session of the General Assembly, and receive the same

pay and compensation as the members of the House of Delegates. The Board has the controul and management of the fund for internal improvement, which will be presently noticed; they have power to fill any vacancy that may happen during the year, and to appoint a treasurer, secretary, principal engineer and assistants, &c. and to fix the salaries of the different officers. In short, the Board has the usual powers of corporations, and are bound by the act to make an annual report to the Legislature of all their proceedings.

The objects of internal improvement, in aid of which the Board is authorized to subscribe in behalf of the state, are canals, roads, opening river navigation, &c. For these purposes, the act prescribes the circumstances under which the application of the funds shall be made. On the request of any company or commissioners for carrying into effect any project for internal improvement, the Board directs their engineer to make the preliminary surveys, examination, levels and estimates, and if, upon his report, it shall appear to them that the proposed work will be of public utility, and promises a reimbursement, by tolls, &c. of the expense, the Board are allowed to subscribe two fifths of the amount of stock necessary to complete the work. But the most effectual and liberal assistance arises from the condition of this subscription, which is, that no toll, interest or dividend is to be received by the Board on their two fifths, until the other, private stockholders of the company shall have received a net profit of six per cent. on their three fifths of the stock; and when the net proceeds of the work shall amount to more than six per cent. on three fifths of the stock, and not until then, does the public receive any share in the profit.

The first annual report of the Board to the General Assembly was made on the 19th December, 1816. It contains a statement of the funds committed to their management; observations upon the nature of the works which the Board think important to the public; with documents relative to the Little River Turnpike, Dismal Swamp Canal, Appomattox Canal, Potomac Canal, and James River Canal, companies,—together with the resolutions of the Board concerning the objects of primary importance in internal improvement, and the correspondence in which the Board had previously been engaged concerning the election of a principal engineer.

At the date of the report, the funds committed to the Board by government were,

125½	Shares of the stock of the Little River Turnpike Company	$12550.00
70	Shares of the Dismal Swamp Canal Company	17500.00
125	Shares of the Appomattox Company - -	12500.00
70	Do. of the Potomac Canal Company -	31111.11
250	Do. of the James River Canal Company	50000.00
5000	Do. of the Bank of Virginia, denominated old stock	500000.00
547	Do. of do. do. denominated new stock	54700.00
2400	Do. of do. do. on which a dividend accrued after the 1st of May, 1818	240000.00
3334	Do. of the Farmers' Bank of Virginia	333400.00

Making a total amount of $1,251,761.11

Upon the productive part of this stock, consisting of the shares held by the commonwealth in the James River Canal Company, and the Banks of Virginia, there had been received early in July previous, the sum of $32429.50

Out of which there had been disbursed for the salary of the Secretary, and in compensation of the Door-keeper of the Board	$ 112.00	
For the daily pay and travelling expenses of the members of the Board at the extra session thereof in June	402.95	
For stationary and postage - - -	6.06	
And in execution of the act, entitled, an act to provide an accurate chart of each county, and a general map of the territory of the commonwealth	3200.00	= 3721.01
And leaving an excess of revenue, above the expenditure charged upon it		$28708.49

In virtue of a resolution of the Board, the sum of $25887, part of the surplus revenue, was vested in 258 shares of the stock of the Bank of Virginia.

The second annual report of the Board was made in December 1817. The state of the fund on the 1st day of November was as follows;

125½	Shares of stock of the Little River Turnpike Company	$12550.00
70	Do. of stock of the Dismal Swamp Canal Company	17500.00
125	Do. of stock of the Appomattox Canal Company	12500.00
70	Do. of stock of the Potomac Canal Company	31111.11
250	Do. of stock of the James River Canal Company	50000.00
5000	Do. of stock of the Bank of Virginia -	500000.00
547	Do. of stock of the Bank of Virginia New stock	54700.00
2400	Do. of stock of the Bank of Virginia on which a dividend accrued after the 1st day of May, 1818	240000.00
3334	Do. of stock of the Farmers' Bank of Virginia	333400.00
258	Do. of stock of the Bank of Virginia, purchased by order of the Board in November 1816	25800.00
104	Do. of stock of the Bank of Virginia, purchased by order of the Board	10400.00
		$1,287961.11
186	Do. of stock of the Dismal Swamp Canal Company (New Stock) of which has been paid up only as yet	15500.00
	Total	$1,303,461.11

Of the productive part of this stock, consisting of the shares in the Banks of Virginia and James River Company, there has been received, between the first Monday in November 1816, and the first Monday in November 1817,

From the Bank of Virginia - - -	$46648.75
From the Farmers' Bank of Virginia - -	28339.00
From the James River Company - -	8000.00
	82987.75
To which is to be added the sum reported to be in the fund on the 1st day of November, 1816	28708.49
Amounting together to the sum of	$111696.24

Out of which is to be deducted, for the daily pay and travelling expenses of the members of the Board	$343.92
For 362 shares of stock of the Banks of Virginia purchased in pursuance of a resolution of the Board	36105.00
For the expenses of the Engineer while surveying the Rappahannock, Kanawha, James and Jackson's rivers	1500.00
For stationary, printing, bookcase, &c. - -	78.87
For an assistant to the Engineer in surveying the James and Kanawha rivers	350.00
For three quarters salary of the Secretary and half year's salary of the Engineer	2750.00
For the first instalment of the state's subscription to the stock of the Dismal Swamp Canal Company	15500.00
And in execution of the act entitled an act to provide an accurate chart of each county, &c.	1550.00
	$58177.79
And leaving a balance in the fund, on the 4th day of November 1817, of	53518.45
	$111696.24

Of the above funds, only the Little River Turnpike, the Dismal Swamp Canal, the Appomattox Canal, and the Potomac Canal stocks are, as yet, unproductive. These amount to $73661.11, and from the documents accompanying the report, it appears that part of these funds will soon become productive.

On the 12th day of November 1816, the President and Directors proceeded to the appointment of a principal Engineer, when Loammi Baldwin Esq. of Massachusetts was chosen, and we cannot give a better account of the objects and policy of the Board, than by showing how the engineer has been employed in their service.

The first object to which he was called, was the examination and survey of the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, for the purpose of opening the navigation from tide water at Fredericksburg, about forty miles on each stream. His report, with a plan, was made to the Board, in which the En-

gineer recommends a system of navigation for small rivers, uninterrupted and complete through the whole season, for boats carrying from fifteen to twenty tons. This, however, was considered by the Rappahannock Company as too expensive for their means, and he was again called upon by a committee of the Board, to revise his report, and reduce the estimate to a scale of navigation similar to that now used on the James River. Accordingly he made out a new estimate, by which the cost of the work was reduced to $200,000. This was perfectly satisfactory to the Board and the Company, and the Board immediately subscribed for two fifths of the stock, and the work has already been, or soon will be, commenced.

It appears that Mr. Baldwin's scheme was to erect dams across the rivers at suitable places, with locks, and thus to deepen the water over the rocks and other obstructions, and as far as possible, to convert the rivers into canals. This is certainly an excellent plan, and in many parts of our country may be adopted with more ease and safety than is generally supposed. But it will require great judgment and experience in the Engineer to determine where this system can be successfully adopted. The quantity of water which the stream discharges, its depth, width, velocity, bed, and all its physical characters must be carefully ascertained before any safe result can be predicated. In Mr. Baldwin's second report upon the Rappahannock navigation, after making the estimates with some remarks, he says,

'Upon this hasty view of the subject, I believe the two rivers in question may be made navigable for boats like those on the James River, and to carry from three to eight tons, with the sums above stated. But it is a system I would never recommend, where the resources of the country and the importance of the navigation justify such a plan as I had in view when I made my report. In that, I intended to provide for a constant and easy navigation, even in the dryest seasons, for boats carrying from fifteen to twenty tons. But as the immediate accommodation of that section of the country does not, in the opinion of the committee and those more directly concerned in the project, require a navigation upon so large a scale, the one now in contemplation may be perhaps prudently and advantageously adopted. Keeping in sight, however, the probable future extent of internal navigation through the channels of those two rivers, I should still think it advisable to make the canals at Barnett's, Mackay's, and

Richard's Mills, and the canal and basin near Fredericksburg, as at first proposed. These will be important works; and should the trade on the rivers increase, as it undoubtedly will when once begun, the rivers may be gradually improved by locks and dams, and a complete river navigation, on the best principles, in time, effected.

'On returning from my late survey from Dunlap's creek to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, I had an opportunity of viewing the James river navigation, and the manner of navigating boats through its whole extent;—so far from inducing me to think the principles on which I founded my report ought to be abandoned, the examination confirmed me more strongly in the belief that they ought to be kept constantly in view whenever navigation on small streams is contemplated.'

The next duty, to which the Engineer was called by the Board of Public Works, was the survey and examination of a route for a road and water communication between the eastern and western borders of the state. We insert the following passage from the report of the Board to the Legislature, to show the nature of the work the Engineer was directed to perform.

'The connexion between the eastern and western waters,—by extending the navigation of James river to Dunlap's creek and constructing a turnpike-road from thence to the falls of the Great Kanawha river, or by opening the navigation of Greenbrier and New rivers to the highest practicable point,—early attracted the attention of the Legislature of Virginia; our illustrious Washington was scarcely freed from the arduous service of the revolutionary war, before he called the attention of his native state to this important undertaking; the exhausted state of the country rendered it impracticable then to execute such a work, but its importance was then, and has been frequently since recognized; several views of the rivers and for a road, were had, and considerable expenditures made in effecting the latter object. In the year 1810 the Legislature directed a view of the rivers, by a number of our most respectable citizens; their very able report was laid before the Assembly, and it is believed that nothing but the intervention of the late war then prevented an effort to accomplish this great work; immediately after the return of peace, this Board was formed, and the system now in force, for the general improvement of the state, adopted. In the last annual report from this Board, this subject was strongly recommended to the Legislature; and under the fullest impression of its importance,

Mr. Baldwin, the Engineer, was directed to examine the obstructions to the navigation of James and Jackson's rivers, between the mouth of Looney's creek near Beal's Bridge and the mouth of Dunlap's creek; and the obstructions to the navigation of the Great Kanawha river, between the great falls in that river and its confluence with the Ohio river; and to report to this Board a description of such obstructions, and his opinion as to the best means of overcoming or avoiding the same; with plans and drawings and estimates of the probable expense thereof; and also to survey and mark out the best route, over which an artificial road may be formed from the mouth of Dunlap's creek on Jackson's river, to the falls in the Great Kanawha river, of competent width, and forming the smallest angle with the horizon, and to report plans and drawings thereof, with estimates of the probable expense of forming and constructing such road on the most improved modern plan, together with such information, illustrative of the subjects submitted to his examination, as might aid the Board of Public Works in forming and digesting a plan for opening an easy communication between the eastern and western borders of this Commonwealth.'

The duty assigned to the Engineer by the above direction of the Board, occupied him above three months. His report to the Board accompanies theirs to the Legislature, and fills almost thirty pages. He began his survey at Looney's creek. This is the highest point to which the navigation of James river has been opened by the James River Company, and is about two hundred and thirty miles above Richmond. From Looney's creek to the mouth of the Cowpasture river, the head of James river, the distance is over twenty-four miles, and the ascent two hundred and thirty-four feet; thence up Jackson's river to the mouth of Dunlap's creek, thirty-six miles, the ascent is a hundred and seventy feet. From the mouth of Dunlap's creek, the line for a road to the great falls of the Kanawha is nearly a hundred miles, and the Kanawha river, from the foot of the falls to its junction with the Ohio, is ninety one miles, having a fall of a hundred feet.

A water communication from the Roanoke river, across the country, to the Appomattox near Petersburg, or to the James river, has long engaged the attention of gentlemen interested in the intermediate territory, and the merchants in Petersburg concerned in the interior trade of Virginia and the northwest part of North Carolina. Upon an application of the citizens of Petersburg, the Board of Public Works directed

their Engineer to make the survey, and run the levels for a canal to connect the waters of the Roanoke with those of the Appomattox,—the expenses of the survey to be defrayed by the applicants. In examining the country over which this canal was contemplated, many difficulties presented themselves. The Roanoke, the Meherrin, the Nottoway, and the Appomattox rivers descend from the high lands in the vicinity of the Blue Ridge and the Allegany mountains, in nearly parallel directions. To open a water communication from the first to the last mentioned river, the Meherrin and the Nottoway rivers, with many smaller streams, must be crossed; and the land between them rises in high ridges, some of which, especially that between the Roanoke and Meherrin, must be tunnelled. After exploring the left bank of the Roanoke, from Goode's ferry in Mecklenburg county twenty miles to the boundary line of North Carolina, no place was found so eligible for communicating with the Roanoke, as by Miles creek, which empties into that river at Goode's ferry. Here the survey was begun, and carried over the ridge and down Mountain creek, to the Meherrin. The distance was eighteen miles, the highest part of the ridge two hundred and thirty-two feet, and the surface of the Meherrin ten feet above the level of the Roanoke. A level was then taken twenty feet above the Meherrin, and carried down the left bank of that stream to Brunswick court house, and then over the intermediate ridge between Rose creek and Sturgeon creek to the Nottoway at Cut Bank Bridge. From this place to Petersburg, there appears to be little difficulty in executing a canal, the distance being thirty miles. The whole line surveyed is about ninety miles, and the estimated expense $2,000,000. It is expected an application will be made to the General Assembly next winter for an act of incorporation. The report and plan of this survey have been made to the Board by the Engineer, and will be communicated to the Legislature and the public in their next annual report.

The next work which devolved upon the Engineer was the survey for a canal from Goose creek in Loudon county to Hunting creek near Alexandria. It was thought that a canal was practicable in this direction,—it had been a favourite project with General Washington, and zealously advocated by him. The Great falls in the Potomac, and the Little falls near Georgetown, have been made passable several years by short

canals and locks. But owing to the injudicious location and execution of those works, as well as many others on that river, the navigation is far from being good. Upon the survey for the Alexandria canal, a practicable route was found along the right bank of the Potomac river to Difficult run, which falls into the river a little below the Great falls, and from that point to Alexandria the country is so broken and uneven as to render it impracticable further. This distance is about thirty miles. The report, &c. will hereafter be communicated by the Board.

Mr. Baldwin closed his official duties, as Engineer to the Board, by his examination of the Richmond docks and the James river, for a distance of about four miles below Richmond. This duty was assigned to him by the Board, on an application of the Richmond Dock Company, who have been engaged two years in constructing a canal and docks to admit vessels to come up to the town from Rocketts, where the wharfs and shipping now are A bar below the town has been gradually accumulating, which materially injures the navigation of the river. The Engineer's report was made to the Board early last spring.

We have given this sketch of the views of the government in establishing the Board, the funds set apart and devoted to objects of internal improvement, the organization of the Board and the services in which their principal Engineer has been employed, that our readers may form a general notion of this new and important institution. Indeed, whatever view we take of the Board of Public Works in Virginia, we consider it not only honourable to that state, as being the first establishment of the kind in the United States, but also as leading the way to the most valuable, permanent and economical scale of national improvement the country is susceptible of. Like all new projects, however high and honourable their objects, this Board has met with opposition;—in the General Assembly last winter, a resolution was introduced for abolishing the Board, and transferring their duties to the Governour and Council. The reasons on which the motion was made, we deem it unnecessary to state, as the report of the committee appointed to take the subject into consideration, although favourable to the views of the mover, was rejected by a powerful majority, and the Board consequently more firmly established in the good opinion and confidence of the public.

Before we lay aside this report of the Board, we feel a strong inclination to recommend this establishment to the attention and careful examination of our readers. We shall proceed to state some of the beneficial influences, which similar institutions in every state would have upon the interior improvement of the country.

The profession of a civil engineer is scarcely known among us. Whenever any new work is to be undertaken, it is no difficult task to find men of strong minds, good sense, with a little practice and skill, to superintend the execution. Such men are numerous and generally have moderate pay. Their labours, though not always judicious, are for the most part successful; but whether the best plan has been adopted, or whether much expense might not have been avoided, excites no inquiry or criticism where so few are qualified to judge. In bridge architecture, our country abounds with beautiful specimens both in carpentry and mechanical invention. But we do not build in stone or iron, and scarcely has one wooden bridge been erected, where the plan, with the number and adjustment of parts, has been founded on purely scientific principles. Our ingenious artificers pursue the right onward path of practice, without minute investigations of the strength of materials, centre of oscillation, or the balance of forces; and it is certainly an honourable evidence of the general improvement of the people, that such men are so frequently found, and that their works are so promptly and effectually accomplished.

In hydraulic architecture, opportunities seldom arise for the application of much genius or science. To construct a canal, it would hardly be thought necessary now to employ a regular engineer. Digging a wide ditch, blasting rocks and laying a few short walls for locks, are things of every day's experience, and when one undertaking is finished, the labourers, masons, carpenters, superintendants and all, retire to their usual occupations, from which for a short time they have thus been called. All the advantages which practice has thus bestowed, are lost to the public, without one individual having acquired any information that can be useful to the community in similar works.

In the construction of roads, a proposition to employ a professed engineer would excite laughter. Every able bodied man in the community is considered as competent to such work,

and after the surveyor has staked or blazed out the line, the work is commenced by a great many individuals, and executed in as many different manners as there are contractors. Our highways, especially in New England, are certainly very good, but there are many which might have been better constructed at first, and much of the subsequent expense of keeping them in repair avoided. From this carelessness about the adoption of proper forms and materials, no good plan or safe mode of working has been adopted, nor any general fund or depository established where useful and safe information, science or practice can be procured.

Hydraulic structures in rivers and currents of water, are attended with greater embarrassments. In this branch of engineering, workmen are not so easily found. Bold and enterprising contractors, so frequently met with to undertake any part of roads and navigable canals, are too cautious to combat the subtle operation of hydraulic laws, and in no department of the profession are there so many instances of failure. But even the great faults daily committed by inexperienced and ill-informed workmen have their use. Whoever consults the works of European engineers, will perceive that the failures in labours of this kind have taught useful lessons to those who have followed the unsuccessful projectors; but knowledge thus acquired is necessarily limited in its application, and perhaps a plan altogether bad for one situation may be the best for another place near it on the same river. For the want of that union of sound science and extensive practice, which constitutes a good engineer, serious injuries to the navigation of rivers have frequently occurred. The operation of hydraulic principles is superficially understood by many people, who presume to change their effects without a single correct notion of their laws. 'Every body,' says Dubuat, 'reasons upon hydraulics, but there are few persons who understand it. Every kingdom, every province, and every city must resort to it; neither our necessity, convenience, nor luxury can dispense with the use of water; we want it in our habitations; we must protect ourselves from its ravages, cause it to move machinery which aids our weakness, decorate our abodes, embellish and cleanse our cities, augment or preserve our lands, transport from province to province, and from one end of the world to the other, every thing which necessity, taste, or luxury has rendered precious to man; we

must confine great rivers, change the beds of streams, dig canals, and build aqueducts; and what is the consequence? Why, for the want of principles, projects are adopted which involve great and certain expenses, where success is chimerical; works are undertaken which fail in their object; the state, provinces and companies are loaded with great expenses without any emolument, and often to their injury, or at least there is no proportion between the cost and the benefit which results from them.'

From this view of the manner in which the profession of an engineer has been kept from rising to the notice and encouragement its importance demands, we may perceive why so little information can be procured, and so few men found capable of directing costly and difficult works. Few minds are competent to the arduous studies, critical observation and philosophical mechanics, on which alone a valuable artist can be formed. No school has been opened, no board of works created, no society of engineers established, nor any constant, profitable employment offered in the United States for the encouragement of this highly valuable but unaspiring profession. Whatever experience has or might have taught, is scattered among a multitude of ingenious and contriving men, without any one having been employed long enough to rise into prominent reputation. In the acquisition of science still fewer are to be met with. Many little tracts are published and read upon different subjects, where a hasty and superficial knowledge only can be gathered, and all that is thus acquired rises only a little above the ordinary contents of newspapers. The valuable experiments and analytical investigations of French and English philosophers and engineers are scarcely known in this country, and whoever would make the profession a study, must be at great expense in collecting books. The works of the early Italian writers must be followed with great caution; the French abound with elegant and deep mathematical analyses, and the English books upon the subject are few and incomplete.

Italy is traversed by a multitude of rivers and torrents, which are extremely liable to overflow and ravage the lands in their vicinity. Great pains were early taken to remedy these evils, and give to the agriculture and husbandry of that country a protection against those sweeping currents. Many philosophers and engineers were occupied for years in in-

vestigating the laws of hydraulics and currents of water, and a collection of all the treatises of various authors was published at Parma in 1766 and 1768, in seven volumes, 4to, entitled, 'Nuova raccolta d' autori che trattano del moto dell' acque.' In this work are found the investigations, experiments and disputes of learned men upon this important national subject. Castelli, Montanari, Guglielmini, Manfredi, Guido Grandi, the Marquis Poleni, and others, devoted their high talents and extensive acquirements to this interesting but neglected branch of political economy. Their labours, however, were not always successful, their principles were often erroneous, and the results of the plans they recommended were sometimes the reverse of what was desired and expected. In France, the profession has been filled by able men, who united all the advantages of refined education to the most profound mathematical science. The honours and confidence bestowed upon them by the government, shew in what estimation their characters were held, and it offered both reward and fame to the engineers employed in public service. Belidor, De Prony, Gauthey, Perronet, De Cessart, as well as many other professed engineers, have been ably supported in their progress by the occasional illustrations and learned researches of D' Alembert, Bossut, Dubuat, Carnot and other eminent characters in the higher branches of science. In England, engineers have more recently been brought into activity and honour. Few works upon the subject, however, have been published, and whoever endeavours to gain any knowledge from English publications, must glean it from many little occasional works. Brindley left nothing in print for posterity. Smeaton's reports are very valuable, and afford more information upon hydraulic labours than any other English book.

Under these circumstances, there is little to flatter the hopes or awaken the pride of any one disposed to follow the profession; and to these difficulties may be ascribed the want of scientific, safe, practical, civil engineers in the United States. 'In examining what degree of merit is due to the labours of engineers, it will doubtless be allowed, that, among the services rendered to society, there are few more valuable than theirs. The establishment and perfecting of communications, the execution of which is submitted to their care, is really an object of primary importance, consid-

ered either in relation to their influence upon commerce, upon manufactures and the arts, or the immense sums appropriated to them by government. In executing the works necessary to such communications, nature often presents great obstacles, in surmounting which we must combine all the resources of science and art. Hence, extensive knowledge and profound studies are necessary to engineers. There are few discoveries in the physical and mathematical sciences, from which they cannot draw useful aid. These discoveries should be familiar to them; they should learn to apply them with judgment, and of course be thoroughly acquainted with the sciences to which they relate. But study alone, however extensive it may be, is not enough; without experience it is of little value; and the experience of a whole life is scarcely sufficient, in this respect, to form an accomplished artist.'*

It is scarcely two hundred years, since it was discovered, by the aid of experiment, what is the duration, the quantity and the velocity of the efflux of water through any orifices; and when it was found that the velocity of the issuing fluid was proportionate to the square root of the head, many philosophers attempted to verify this surprising fact, and to apply it to the movement of water under all circumstances. This principle caught the attention of Varignon, Mariotte, Guglielmini and others, who immediately fixed it as the basis of hydraulics. Reasoning from this assumption, Guglielmini calculated the velocity of the filaments of water in rivers at different depths, which led to the conclusion that it was greatest at the bottom, and gradually decreased towards the surface, where the velocity was nothing. Upon this hypothesis he calculated the discharge of the Danube. But he, as well as Mariotte, soon found from observation and from the experiments of the last, that important circumstances in currents of water, either in conduit pipes, canals or rivers, had been overlooked in establishing this theory, and that the friction of the bed, the viscosity of water, &c. must influence the results of all calculations upon the subject.

M. Pitot, in his treatise upon the Principles of Hydraulics, established a fundamental principle upon the intensity of the friction of water, and in a memoir of the Academy of Sci-

* Navier; Eloge Historique de M. Gauthey, Inspecteur général des Ponts et Chaussées, membre de la Légion d' honneur.

ences, 1728, he applies the law of the ratio between the increase of the volume and superficies of solids, to the theory of friction of fluids in pipes, and concluded that, at equal velocities, it was in the inverse ratio of their diameters. Mr. Couplet afterwards made experiments upon the conduit pipes of the water works at Versailles, and though very few and imperfect, these experiments served to shew the great effects which friction causes in the flowing of water. On account of the limited scale on which his inquiry was conducted, the theory he has deduced, as well as that which Belidor substituted, is of little value. Inconclusive and unsatisfactory as all the labours of these and other learned men in Europe were upon this subject, they served to keep alive the spirit of inquiry, until it seized the attention of those celebrated geometricians, Daniel Bernoulli and d' Alembert, who subjected the movement of running water to the test of the most learned and complicated analysis. They began with a very simple case, and examined the discharge of water through small orifices, where the friction is the least evident. The result of their labours differed considerably from that of Newton, who had preceded them; neither is entirely confirmed by experience; and philosophers were left with the conviction only, of the great difficulty of subjecting the motion of fluids to the analytical process.

In this state of the science, M. l' abbé Bossut took up the subject, and, convinced of the importance of experience in such delicate researches, he made, with his usual sagacity and astonishing exactness, a great many observations upon the movement of water flowing through different kinds of apertures, through pipes of different lengths and diameters, and in artificial canals. His work, Traité Théorique et Expérimental d' Hydrodynamique, contains many useful remarks upon rivers &c.

Next to the labours and researches of M. l' abbé Bossut, in its value and application to this science, is the work of Dubuat on the Principles of Hydraulics and Pyrodynamics. Finding that all the experiments and investigations of his predecessors came short of the clearness and accuracy, to which he thought the science might be carried, and that the laws of the motion of fluids had not been developed in their full extent, Dubuat sought to solve the problem which appeared to him, as he says, 'to be the key to hydraulics,'—

that is, to determine the velocity of a current, whose slope and bed are given. 'No one can deny that if two rivers have the same depth, the same breadth, and the same slope, and flow over homogeneous beds, their velocities will in no respect differ; but if we change either of these accidents, the velocity will increase or diminish, without ceasing to be uniform. Hitherto, no known theory teaches us how, from these data, to calculate the velocity; and the velocity being unknown, the discharge must remain unknown also; consequently, we cannot foresee the success of any operation upon the beds of rivers, nor solve a single problem which relates to it.'*

Animated by the new views of this important branch of science, which the admirable work of Bossut had opened, Dubuat reflected deeply upon the principles of the laws of uniform movement, and the accelerating and retarding causes which produced it. He considered the slope of the surface of rivers as the only effective cause which produced their motion, and that, if there were no resistances, it would go on increasing without limitation. But rivers are checked, and become uniform in their motion, by certain obstacles, and he justly concluded that these obstacles are the friction upon the bottom and sides, and the viscosity of the fluid. The last gives rise to two species of resistances; one is the internal motion of the parts of the fluid whose mobility is imperfect; and the other arises from the natural adhesion between those parts and the beds in which they move. These two retarding causes acting together, soon become equal to the accelerating force, and produce in all streams a uniform movement. Hence, Dubuat fixed the following evident and certain principle as a law, as old as the creation of rivers, which is the key of hydraulics and the basis of all uniform motion, viz.—'When water flows uniformly in any bed whatever, the accelerating force, which compels it to move, is equal to the sum of the resistances it encounters, as well from its viscosity as its friction on the bed.' He made use of the experiments of Bossut, and adopted a formula applicable to the solution of many beautiful and useful problems. His Principles of Hydraulics was completed in 1779.

Still this new theory was not perfect, nor were the experi-

* Dubuat; Principes d' Hydraulique et de Pyrodynamique, vérifiés par un grand nombre d' expériences faites par ordre du gouvernment. Discours préliminaire. En trois volumes. Paris 1816.

ments, even those valuable ones made by Bossut, yet satisfactory to Dubuat. He wished to render the theory more useful to the many wants of society, and to make, for this purpose, experiments, which should supply the deficiency left by those who had gone before him. His new treatise was shewn to M. de Fourcroy, director of the royal corps of engineers; it was admired by him and other public ministers, and finally shewn to the king. The consequence was, the minister of war issued an order for the expenses of a new series of experiments; an annual fund was appropriated for this purpose, and, in the years 1780, 1781, 1782 and 1783, Dubuat, assisted by Messrs. Dobenheim and Benezech de Sainte-Honoré, officers in the royal corps of engineers, made those experiments, on which is founded the best and most extensive treatise upon hydraulics the world has yet seen.

Among the authors who may be added to the above list, and who have been occupied both in study and experiments upon the science of hydraulics as connected with the profession of engineers, are Prony, Bossut and Viallet, Girard, Ducrest, Carnot, &c.* We could extend the list very far, and give our readers an interesting summary of the authors' labours; but our object is only to exhibit the important and difficult course that must be pursued by an engineer, who would make himself useful to the public. Upon the subject of works to be constructed in sea-ports and harbours, on rivers, &c. we shall notice two or three books, which will be found extremely valuable. Smeaton's History of the building of the Eddystone lighthouse is full of minute details, where much information is found applicable to constructing masonry in

* Recherches Physico-mathématique sur la Théorie des eaux courantes. Par R. Prony, membre de l' Institut national et de la Légion d' honneur, Directeur de l' Ecole des ponts et chaussées, 4to, 1804.—Recherches sur la construction la plus advantageuse des Digues. Ouvrage qui remporta le prix quadruple proposé par l' Academie des Sciences, Inscriptions et Belles Lettres de Toulouse, pour l' année 1762. Par les citoyens Bossut et Viallet. Nouvelle edition, 1800.—Essai sur le movement des eaux courantes, et la figure qu'il convient de donner aux canaux qui les contiennent; Par P. S. Girard, ingénieur en chef des ponts et chaussées, membre de l' Institut d' Egypte, 1804.—Traité analytique de la rèsistance des solides et des solides d' égale résistance, &c. par P. S. Girard 1798.—Vues nouvelles sur Les Courantes d' Eau, la navigation Intérieure et la Marine. Par C. L. Ducrest, 1803.—Principes Fondamentaux de l' E'quilibre et du Movement; Par L. N. M. Carnot de l' Institut national de France, de l' Académie des Sciences, Arts et Belles-Lettres de Dijon &c. 1803.

the sea and places exposed to the violence of waves. In 1812, a collection of his reports, made on various occasions in the course of his employment as a civil engineer, was published in three vols. 4to, with numerous plates. This work contains his opinions, directions, and experiments upon canals, harbours, improvements in rivers, bridges, mills, &c. and as they are founded on enlightened science and extensive practice, are very useful. In the course of his occupation as a civil engineer,—nearly forty years,—he was often called to revise the plans proposed by other artists, and to correct the faults and difficulties which arose under the superintendence of inexperienced workmen. He was long at the head of English engineers. He first collected a number, and formed a society. Their first meeting was in 1771, but it was dissolved in 1792 on account of the treatment Mr. Smeaton had received from one of the members. The misunderstanding was removed by an apology to him, and a new association, Mr. Smeaton agreeing to be a member, was formed the same year, which has ever since continued under the name of The Society of Civil Engineers.

De Cessart's treatise upon hydraulic works* is full of instruction for practical engineers. It contains the details of all the labours either designed or directed by him, such as bridges, ports, harbours &c. The well known Breakwater at Cherburg was planned and built by him. Experience has since shewn that his project for sinking the line of cones, which served as the base of the Breakwater, was unnecessary and involved useless expense. Many of the cones have burst open, and the work has since been repaired by throwing in large masses of detached rock, so that its stability is now certain. In constructing the beautiful bridge at Saumur, an exact register was kept of every part of the labour and expense. Every stroke of the pile-engine was noted in a table, with the time, the distance the pile sunk, &c. all set down in columns,

* Description des Travaux Hydrauliques de Louis Alexandre de Cessart, Doyen des Inspecteurs généraux des ponts et chaussées, un des Commandans de la légion d' honneur, membre de plusieurs Académies et Sociétés savantes. Ouvrage imprimé sur les manuscrits de l'auteur. Deux volumes 4°, avec soixante-sept planches, Paris, 1806. The high reputation De Cessart had, both with the government and engineers, is exemplified by the list of subscribers, so seldom seen in French books, where are found the names of above three hundred engineers belonging to the school of bridges and roads.

from which the expense of the piling for the foundations of the piers was calculated. To engineers these data are useful.

In reading Gauthey's treatise* on bridges, architects, engineers, and men of science will find instruction. The school of bridges and roads was established by Trudaine in 1747, and the celebrated engineer, Perronet, was placed at the head, whose eminent talents and amiable temper are still fondly remembered by his pupils. To the science and labours of the various members of this school, France is indebted for some of the finest and most useful works of art. The activity, zeal, and high qualifications of the first director, have been preserved to the present day, by a just appreciation of the mutual dependence between national improvement and individual industry, in the application of science to the labours of man. M. Gauthey at first experienced some difficulty, on account of his poverty, in being admitted an eléve, to which his early ambition impelled him. He soon overcame all obstacles, and was made professor of mathematics. He had afterwards the superintendence of many works, such as bridges, canals, &c. The first part of his treatise contains an account of all the great bridges, ancient as well as modern, with the kind of arches, materials, manner of construction, form and dimensions of the piers, by whom and when built, &c. The marble bridge at Florence, and the Rialto at Venice, also of marble, were built by Michael Angelo.

In the theory of arches and domes, Mr. Gauthey was well instructed, and a remarkable instance of the correctness of the theory was shewn by him, in defence of the plan which Soufflot had given for the church of Sainte-Genevieve at Paris. The foundations of that superb edifice were laid, and all parts of the building raised a little above ground, when fears began to be entertained about the sufficiency of the piers and arches intended to carry the magnificent dome, which the architect had designed. The public, as well as artists, were alarmed, and all Paris was agitated. Gauthey came forward in aid of his friend and master, and demonstrated that the piers were sufficient to resist the thrust and weight of the dome. Experiments were made by Soufflot, Perronet and Gauthey,

* Traité de la Construction des Ponts. Par M. Gauthey, inspecteur général des ponts et chaussées, membre de la Légion d'honneur. Publié par M. Navier, ingénieur ordinaire des ponts et chaussées. 2 volumes 4to, 1809.

which satisfied themselves and the public that no danger was to be apprehended, as the surface of the piers and arches was more than sufficient to sustain the weight required. Unluckily, Soufflot resolved to enlarge the dome, in consequence of which the public were again alarmed by the fracture of some of the stones in the piers, and it was thought they would be crushed by the weight. Gauthey again tranquillized the public mind, by shewing that this was the result of bad workmanship in the masonry, and that it would soon come to its rest. This was the fact, and the church of Sainte-Genevieve (now the Pantheon) stands as safe as any church in France.

We have given the foregoing sketch of the history of hydraulics and of hydraulic architecture, to shew how the labours of engineers and other experimentalists have been appreciated in Europe, and the importance of public establishments to bring the science into practical use. Without a knowledge of the theory of rivers, we hazard much in setting about any of the works usually built in them. If we have occasion to build dams; to improve the navigation of rivers; build piers and abutments for bridges; construct weirs or overfalls; contract the bed or deepen the channel; defend lands from freshes; construct dikes for reclaiming our salt-marshes from the sea, or other purposes; erect mills; calculate the quantity of water a river, pond, or other source will furnish; ascertain what is the effect of a dam or other obstruction upon the stream, either above or below it; fix the dimensions of a conduit pipe to bring water to towns or houses; change the direction of currents; remove bars or other obstructions, which injure river navigation; determine the dimensions of canals, and the forms of boats to navigate them; if we wish to do any of these and many other things of the kind, we must go back to scientific researches and experiments for a satisfactory solution. Let any man attend our courts of law, and witness the trials arising under the mill act, as it is called, in Massachusetts, and he will see how little is understood by the parties, their witnesses or counsel, of the real cause of the evil, or the laws of hydraulics, which alone can furnish a correct decision. For want of extensive acquaintance with this science, many bridges, having been injudiciously placed and erected over rivers, have been swept away by freshes, and examples might easily be named,

where attempts to remove sand-bars and improve river navigation, have not only failed, but greater evils have been created by the unsuccessful trials.

We shall now recur again to the Board of Public Works in Virginia, and recommend it, as a novel experiment to be sure, but an experiment, in our opinion, admirably calculated in all its relations to society, as a model for similar institutions in each state, that would combine and concentrate all the science and experience relative to civil engineering. We will not inquire whether the Virginia Board is, in all respects, founded on the best plan, and organized in the best manner the nature of the establishment would admit. It is new, and, probably, has not yet come to its proper bearing, either in its labours, its tendency, or public opinion;—therefore, all criticism would be premature and unfair. As far as we can judge from the eminent and enlightened men, who brought forward this subject in the Virginia Legislature, and from the caution, wisdom, activity and perseverance, which have marked the proceedings of that Board hitherto,—we speak from personal acquaintance with most of the members, as well as with the acts of the Board,—we have no hesitation in believing it will be extremely useful to that commonwealth, that it is in every respect worthy of public confidence, and of being imitated in every state in the union.

Let us then suppose a Board of Public Works, or some establishment of the kind, to be founded in Massachusetts, with powers and duties like those given to the Virginia Board; and who can doubt of its utility and extensive influence? Some of the leading advantages we will state, because we are persuaded that there are many intelligent men in our legislature, who would take pride in advocating and promoting any rational plan for improving the condition of our country.

In the first place, there would be, at least, one engineer of the commonwealth, who might devote all his time to the study and practice of his profession, whose salary and occasional employment by private companies or individuals, would give him a sufficient and honourable support. There would thus be a professional character, to whom the public might confidently resort for surveys, plans, estimates, &c. in all great undertakings and public buildings.

Secondly, the office of the Board would collect all the records, reports, plans, &c. of canals, roads, docks, and every

species of labour connected with internal communications. Surveys of towns and roads, all the documents relative to canals either begun or contemplated, schemes for the improvement of rivers either for navigation or manufactures, and plans of bridges, docks, &c. might be collected in one place, from which could be obtained important information concerning the commercial and internal improvement of the state.

Thirdly, the Board should gradually collect books and instruments connected with the science and practice of engineering. Neither of these are possessed by individuals in great numbers, and if any person seeks for them in the shops or book-stores in the United States, he will be disappointed. He must import them for his own use at great expense. Small appropriations of money for these several objects can surely be no objection in the beginning, but a beginning is indispensable. We are not advocating the cause of any individuals or class of men, for we have no engineers; we wish only to excite inquiry and to produce in the public mind a conviction of the advantages that must result from the plan we recommend, and to place within reach of the community all the knowledge and practice of the science, if we are unwilling to encourage engineers.

The importance of the establishment we recommend must be acknowledged, when we consider the qualifications which every good engineer ought to possess. He should be thoroughly acquainted with every branch of mathematical science, and have a facility in applying calculations to the various objects of his pursuits. A knowledge of the principles of natural philosophy and of theoretic and practical mechanics, ought to be familiar to him. In the course of his practice, he will be called to examine the nature of the soil, and to choose the most eligible route or place, over which a canal is to be made or other work erected, and to do this with ease to himself and advantage to his employers, he should possess a general geological knowledge of the country, and be able to distinguish the different strata, and to sketch the prominent features of the line. He must have a correct view of the geographical and commercial character of the districts to be affected by the canal, and be able to calculate the probable result of his labours upon agriculture, manufactures and trade. An accomplished engineer should be at no loss to determine what materials should be employed, their price, the

facility of procuring them, and what quantities either of stone, timber, mortar, &c. should be provided. He must also be a competent judge of the workmanship, in carpentry, masonry and other manual labours usually performed in engineering. To all these requisites, should be joined an easy temper of mind, unshaken integrity, firmness and perseverance, that he may secure the respect of those under his direction, and the confidence of his employers. Notwithstanding his industry, care and ingenuity, difficulties and embarrassments will occur, which must task his highest efforts; and a ready application of expedients and a fearless spirit of invention regulated by sound science, good sense and experience, can alone enable him to surmount them. These are some of the qualifications of a consummate artist, and perhaps few men, with all the advantages of study and long practice, can acquire them, without a natural tact or cast of mind for the profession.

Many of our readers will probably be disappointed, in closing this long review, not to have found some notice of the many great and important works begun or contemplated in the United States. But we have not been unmindful of them; we view the extensive canals and other plans for improving the country, with peculiar pride and pleasure; and, trusting in the liberality and public spirit which have traced the lines of internal communications, we have ventured to recommend a system which will enlarge our scope of national policy, and provide a new scale of economy for regulating an immense expenditure of public money.

ART. II.—*Considérations sur les principaux évenéments de la révolution Française, ouvrage posthume de Madame La Baronne de Stael, publié par M. Le Duc de Broglie, et M. Le Baron de Stael.* 3 tomes 8vo; Paris, 1818.

THE discussion of the causes of the French revolution has employed much learned speculation. A people patriotic and loyal to enthusiasm, were led to overthrow a government which had existed without considerable change for many centuries, to bring to the scaffold a king whom they loved, and what is more astonishing, a queen, whose beauty was their admiration, whose faults might have been pardoned without

danger, and whose sex, in a gallant nation, ought to have been her protection. This too, at a period, when all the world looked on France as happy, though she was not free. Her court, in defiance of the poverty of the treasury, was the most lively and brilliant in Europe. Her capital contained a vast population, carrying the arts to a high degree of perfection, and enjoying in a fine climate all the luxuries and gayeties of life. At this moment, all the elements of society were convulsed, and a storm gathered which prostrated the throne, the institutions of state and of religion, and so transformed the face of France, that she became an object of pity and of terror to other nations.

In accounting for this change, most writers have thought proper to attribute the whole to the operation of some single principle. It was owing, in the opinion of many, to the encyclopedists and philosophers of France, whose writings infected the loyalty of the people, by teaching their natural rights with too little reverence for existing authority. Others have supposed that the crisis of the revolution was produced by the embarrassment of the finances, which had been gradually increasing from the commencement of the reign of Louis XV; that such requisitions were demanded to pay the interest of the enormous debt, as the people would not endure without the sanction of their representatives; and that the king was reduced to the alternative of employing force, which would provoke resistance, or of convening the States General, which, like the parliament of Charles I, would abridge the royal prerogative. Mad. de Stael is among those who think the ancient monarchy, its privileged orders, and many of its fundamental laws too oppressive and unjust to be longer tolerated by the age of Louis XVI; that a desire of liberty, and a knowledge of the principles of a free government, had been long diffusing a spirit hostile to the existing institutions,—establishments which allowed no political rights to the great body of the nation, but on the contrary imposed on it almost exclusively the burthens of the state.

It is not long, since the results of the French revolution were so uncertain and dismaying, and its politics so associated with our own, that we could not engage in a discussion of its motives and causes, without exciting prejudice, nor reflect on the ancient government, without seeming to afford apology for the horrors attending its overthrow. But now that the

hereditary successor has, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, ascended the throne, and the spirit of revolt, though not extinguished, is no longer formidable, we may be allowed to speculate tranquilly on causes and events as they pass through our minds, and to feel no more interest in the fall of the French monarchy, than we do in that of the Roman republic.

It must be admitted, that very great and intolerable abuses prevailed in the French government, and that an arbitrary power, having none but ostensible checks, was vested in the king. The nobility enjoyed privileges and exemptions from the burthens of the state, injurious and oppressive to the people. The clergy had amassed, as has been computed, a twelfth part of the wealth of the nation; a share so disproportionate, as to make them worldly in spirit, and intolerant in religion. Such riches offered many temptations to indulgence, and the spirit of appropriating to themselves exclusively the treasures of the church, did not permit them to give a wide extent to the terms of their communion. The people were embarrassed with duties and charges, the relics of feudal obligation, besides heavy taxes for the support of government. They were seldom allowed to fill the higher ranks in the army, and had few opportunities of having their voice heard in the state. In fine, these evils, though they were in some degree mitigated by the amiable character of the sovereign, and by many sources of happiness, which Frenchmen are said to find, if not in their actual condition, at least in imagination, were yet so great, as to demand an essential change in the constitution.

At no period in the history of France has the royal authority been defined. The highest power, that of the States General, formed no practical limitation; for the time and place of convening them depended on the king's pleasure. And they seem not to have been favourites of the crown, since they were suffered to remain unnoticed for almost two centuries previous to their last assembly. Even the forms by which they should be convoked had become a subject of doubt. The ministers of Louis XVI thought it necessary to invite public discussion of a question so interesting to this legislative tribunal. A question, which if it implied that there were some fundamental rules to be observed, shewed at the same time, to what a state of oblivion they had been consigned. Originally, the States General were composed of two

orders, the nobility and clergy. Philip the Fair admitted the people to form a third. Each order held a separate session, and the union of two in any measure, when the votes were individually counted, controlled the third. Thus the taxes, which pressed almost exclusively on the people, were levied in opposition to the will of their constituents, by the authority of the nobility and clergy. It is therefore apparent that the people, if they were represented in the States General, were represented by mere pageants. They were an order, which had not often the honour of attracting the notice of the others, except it was for the purpose of imposing a new burthen. And as Mad. de Staël remarks, the higher orders seldom came in contact with them except for the purpose of bruising them. At the assembly of the States General in 1614, the nobility demanded that the plebeians should be deprived of fire arms and dogs, lest they should impair the pleasures of the chase; that they should pay further seignoral duties to the proprietors of fiefs, that all pensions should be withdrawn from them; and finally, that they should be obliged to wear a different dress from that of persons of family.

The States General had never taken an authoritative ground either in controlling the royal prerogative, or in directing the great events which have affected the destinies of France. They were dormant during the long reign of Louis XIV, who performed, as Boileau says, more wonders than other kings ever read of. They were not consulted when he spread his armies over Europe, and threatened to anticipate the conquests of Buonaparte; nor when he revoked the edict of Nantz, and expelled 200,000 subjects from his dominions. Having a prerogative sufficient for such objects, it is difficult to conceive what were its practical limitations. The only effectual guaranty, which the people have of their liberties, is the possession of the public purse. The parliament of England would have imposed no restraint on Charles I, if he could have succeeded in levying taxes without its authority. The kings of France had this power. They exercised it in edicts registered by parliament. This ceremony was perhaps originally intended to give validity to the edict, by expressing the approbation of parliament. And had the concurrence of the parliament been essential, their power of refusal would have formed some restraint upon the king. But, if they dar-

ed to be contumacious, as in fact they were in some instances, he appeared before them, attended by a train of princes, held a *lit de justice*, and compelled them to register the edict. The States General, and especially the parliament, who, though not elected by the people, were composed of judicious men, might be of service to a good monarch, by affording him their advice, or assisting him by their support, but could present no obstacle to the tyranny of a bad one. When the parliament made a remonstrance to Louis XIII, on the abuses which were fast accumulating, they were reprimanded by that weak prince for intermeddling with affairs of state. Afterwards, on representation of the attorney general, he briefly replied, "such is my pleasure, and also that of the queen."

Such is the nature and extent of the authority which descended to Louis XVI. It is vain to say, it had not all the attributes of tyranny, because he was too wise and too mild to employ them. Let not the deformed genius of the government be screened from observation, by placing before it the amiable person of the monarch. The feelings do not discriminate. Our pity for the royal martyr is suffered to extend some charity to his despotic authority, even though he forebore to exercise it, and our indignation against his murderers is such, that we should scarcely except to any acts of tyranny of which they might be the victims.

In addition to the defects of the constitution, there were also, under the reign of Louis XVI, such practical abuses as England would not have endured under the reign of James II. The press was subject to censorship. Every one was exposed to be carried to prison by a *lettre de cachet*, or banished from the kingdom, without trial, and even without a crime being alleged against him. This power was never suffered to be dormant. The use of torture was not abolished. Public monies were profusely expended, and taxes unequally imposed. But why enumerate evils incident to arbitrary power, in order to justify a people in revolting from it? Those who claim a kindred spirit with Hampden and Sidney, and boast of having descended from the same stock, so far from requiring apologies for resistance, look on a people with some degree of contempt, who are willing to submit to arbitrary authority. The commencement of the revolution was accordingly greeted, by all who wished the prosperity of France. It was viewed, not as a triumph of the nation over the crown

and the privileged orders; but we saw, or hoped to see, a humane and philosophical prince yielding, without struggle, prerogatives which were inconsistent with the rights of his people; and a nobility and clergy resigning privileges, obtained in remote ages, over an ignorant and base populace, but unworthy of the increased knowledge and refinement of the age of Louis XVI. It is interesting to notice the opinion which the prophetic mind of Mr. Burke entertained of these events at a subsequent stage, when they were marked by the outrages of 5th and 6th October, 1789. A few months before he wrote his celebrated Reflections on the French Revolution, he says in a letter to Lord Charlemont; 'As to us here, our thoughts of every thing at home are suspended by our astonishment at the wonderful spectacle which is exhibited in a neighbouring and rival country. What spectators, and what actors! England gazing with astonishment at a French struggle for liberty, and not knowing whether to blame or to applaud. The thing indeed, though I thought I saw something like it in progress for several years, has still somewhat in it paradoxical and mysterious. The spirit, it is impossible not to admire. But the old Parisian ferocity has broken out in a shocking manner. It is true, that this may be no more than a sudden explosion. If so, no indication can be taken from it; but if it should be *character*, rather than accident, then that people are not fit for liberty, and must have a strong hand like that of their former masters to coerce them. Men must have a certain fund of natural moderation to qualify them for freedom, else it becomes noxious to themselves, and a perfect nuisance to every body else. What will be the event it is still hard, I think, to say. To form a solid constitution requires wisdom as well as spirit; and whether the French have wise heads among them, or if they possess such, whether they have authority equal to their wisdom, is yet to be seen.'

Is it not remarkable, that a country filled with enlightened men, as was France, men ambitious to raise its glory, engaged in competition with England, in arts and in arms, should there view the advantages gained by free institutions, and still so long tolerate an order of things, which descended to them from a rude race of Franks; a system of laws, which, far from deriving amelioration from the ages through which they passed, became embarrassed with new usages and pre-

scriptions, chiefly favourable to the aristocratic classes. This example, among many others, exhibits the truth of the maxim, that it is not the people, who, in the natural course of things, make encroachments on authority, but that authority, by gradual accessions, presses more and more on the people. They frequently obey where they have a right to revolt. Institutions acquire in their estimation sacredness from age; prerogative becomes magnified by time; and what was founded on conquest or election, becomes *divine right*. Were the gradual restrainsts which power imposes on the liberty of the subject, as minutely related in history, as is the progress of a rebellion, we should perceive there are many more instances of submission to tyranny, than of resistance to good government. The monarch generally supposes his grandeur to be in proportion to his authority. He seldom finds an adviser so ingenuous as to inform him that he might increase his glory by resigning an attribute of sovereignty. It is the propensity therefore of power to be constantly expansive. The oak does not more naturally extend its branches, and cast from year to year a wider shade over the tribe of shrubs beneath it, than the prerogatives of a king overspread further and further the liberties of the subject.

A government is not to be thought excellent because it is ancient. Feudal principles are inapplicable to the present state of society. The Gothic palace must give place to a more improved state of architecture. It cannot be allowed, that while philosophy and intelligence have been advancing and carrying forward every other art, that of government should make no progress. Is the age of Montesquieu to borrow its light from that of Charlemagne? Society has new objects and new pursuits, and government new duties and dangers. If founded on force, it must at length rely on public opinion. The institutions of the dark ages are no more suitable to the present, than the castles, in which the barons defended themselves against spears and cross-bows, are now capable of withstanding the assault of artillery. The antique tower and its battlements serve only as a monument to mark the progress of military science, in the same manner as its dungeons, now without use, show the improvement of personal liberty and protection.

At the period therefore of the assembly of the States General, the nation, though they were constant to their prince,

generally wished for a change of the constitution; and it would not have been difficult for him, had he been suffered to follow the dictates of his own understanding, to preserve at the same time the attachment of his subjects and the stability of the throne. Such prerogatives, as were incompatible with their rights, he would have disclaimed; and it is not improbable, that their wishes would have been satisfied with the surrender of such power only, as he had no disposition to exert. But he was unfortunate in having ministers, who either did not understand the temper of the times, or had interests separate from those of their master. They never allowed him to anticipate by voluntary concession, what they ought to have known would be obtained by demand; and he thus suffered the discredit of parting reluctantly, with what would have been received with acknowledgments, had it not seemed to be extorted. The wisest minister was M. Necker, who advised the king to issue his declaration of the 27 December, 1788, promising the liberty of the press, the suppression of the lettres de cachet, and the convocation of the States General at regular periods. Never was a measure received with more joy by the people. Had the effect produced by this frank declaration been duly appreciated, and continued by others of the same character, the king might have made himself the leader of the revolution; and while he espoused the cause of the nation, he would have acquired a force of popular favour sufficient to enable him to sustain the essential interests of the crown.

So powerful was the current against the ancient régime, that it carried along with it a majority of the clergy, and many of the ancient nobility. The deputies of the Tiers Etat passed a decree, by which they constituted themselves, with such of the other two orders as should choose to join them, the National Assembly of France. This decree comprised in itself the whole revolution. The great mass of the nation then put itself in motion, levelling by its weight every eminence erected before it, or that opposed its progress. The king had no means of resistance. To what power could he appeal? The army were in sympathy with the people. It was a different army from that which supported the despotism of Buonaparte. It had scarcely been engaged in the field for twenty-five years, and did not feel that passion for military glory, which inspires in soldiers dispositions foreign to those

of citizens. The highest offices being principally confined to persons of birth, the soldiers were not fed with the hope of rank and plunder which attached the army to Buonaparte. Louis, who was not a military man, had not flattered their vanity by splendid reviews, and had no claims on their fidelity but their duty and their oaths.

The historian, who, placing himself at the end of a long series of events, sees their connexion so clearly that he flatters himself he should have anticipated them, and imputes culpable weakness to the unfortunate Louis, because he did not avoid the catastrophe which awaited him, discovers more conceit than charity. Louis continued to be surrounded by the counsellors whom he best knew, and by whose advice he had usually been governed. The impressions received from them were without doubt unfavourable to the introduction of new principles, by which his advisers were to have less power, and to become responsible to the nation. It is true also, that the prejudices of the queen were opposed to every proposition of reform, and that her influence, aided by her attractions, was hardly to be resisted. Let him, who has never suffered his own resolution to yield to the persuasions of others, treat with severity the errours of a king, accompanied by so many circumstances of palliation, and at last visited upon him by too severe a fate. Without being confident, therefore, that our penetration would have extended further into futurity than that of Louis, nor indeed certain that, with the aid of history, we could point to a course which would have led to a happier result, we cannot but lament that the king at this crisis dismissed M. Necker from his councils. He was the most popular man in France, and though he has been charged with indecision, was not succeeded by any one more able or consistent in his efforts to support the united interests of the throne and the nation. His dismission was principally injurious, because it conveyed a most explicit declaration that the concessions which the crown had made were not voluntary, and that in future other policy would be adopted. The effect was instantaneous. The people rose in a body and assaulted the Bastile. By this exploit, they filled their breasts with the excitement so grateful to a mob. While they enjoyed the pleasure of committing a riot, they associated with their feelings the sentiments of liberty and the rights of man. The cause of the crown was connected with that of the Bastile.

In this delusion, it is unfortunate that a king so paternal was not permitted to do justice to his own character, and to let the nation know that he was not their enemy, that he relied only on their affection, and had no interest but in their happiness.

By a like miscalculation, Mirabeau and others, really aristocratical in principle, were allowed to act the part of advocates of the national cause, and to engross all occasions of obtaining popular favour. Though the king had no disposition to employ force, yet there were certain indications that he intended to resort to it, which did him injury. The principal force, the army of citizens, were ready to place themselves under the standard of the National Assembly; notwithstanding which, he presumed to use measures of intimidation; such measures as inspired no sense of danger, but merely gave cowards the opportunity of behaving like heroes. German regiments were seen moving towards Paris by order of the king, and one would imagine, in pursuance of the advice of some enemy of the throne, for the purpose of covering it with odium. For a sovereign, who exposes himself to the occasion of receiving such an address as that made by the National Assembly to Louis, needs to be supported by 100,000 troops, who have no participation in the feelings of the people.

'Sire, we intreat you in the name of our country, in the name of your happiness and your fame; send back your soldiers to the stations whence your advisers have drawn them; send back that artillery which is destined to cover your frontiers; send back, above all, the foreign troops, those allies of the nation, whom we pay for defending, and not for disquieting our homes. Your majesty has no occasion for them; why should a monarch, adored by twenty-five millions of Frenchmen, call, at a heavy expense, around his throne a few thousand foreigners? Sire, in the midst of your children be guarded by their affection.'

The king, yielding to this address, promised to issue orders for the departure of the troops. To communicate this resolution, he appeared before the Assembly in person, and was received with the usual marks of affection. The deputies felt, however, the consequence which the occasion gave them. They saw him confess an errour which they suspected he did not repent. His humiliation was more apparent than his sin-

cerity; and he was unable to recover the confidence he had lost. He retraced his steps, but the print remained. Rendered confident by this success, the Assembly were disposed no longer to suffer the ministry, who had advised this measure and others equally obnoxious, to remain about the king's person. They demanded the dismission of the Baron de Breteuil, and the recall of M. Necker. The transports, excited through France by this event, are well described by Mad. de Stael, and, allowing for all the partiality which she naturally felt for her father, show to what a height his popularity had arrived. They at the same time convince us, it was not a local faction which gave the first impulse to the revolution.

'In the journey from Bale to Paris, the newly constituted authorities came out to address M. Necker, as he passed through the towns; he recommended to them respect for property, attention to the clergy and nobility, and love for the King. He prevailed on them to grant passports to several persons who were quitting France. The baron de Besenval, who had commanded a part of the German troops, was arrested at the distance of ten leagues from Paris, and the municipality of the capital had ordered him to be brought thither. M. Necker took on himself to suspend the execution of this order, in the dread, for which there were but too strong reasons, that the populace of Paris would have massacred him in its rage. But M. Necker felt all the danger that he incurred, in acting thus on the mere ground of his popularity. Accordingly, the day after his return to Versailles, he repaired to the Hotel de Ville of Paris to give an explanation of his conduct.

'Let me be permitted to dwell once more on this day, the last of pure happiness in my life, which, however, had hardly begun its course. The whole population of Paris rushed in crowds into the streets; men and women were seen at the windows, and on the roofs, calling out *Vive M. Necker*. As he drew near the *Hotel de Ville* the acclamations redoubled, the square was filled with a multitude animated by one feeling, and pressing forward to receive a single man, and that man was my father. He entered the hall of the *Hotel de Ville*, explained to the newly elected magistrates the order that he had given to save M. de Besenval; and urging to them, with his accustomed delicacy, all that pleaded in favour of those who had acted in obedience to their sovereign, and in defence of a state of things that had existed during several centuries, he asked an amnesty for the past, whatever it might be, and reconciliation for the future. The confederates of Rutli, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, when they swore to de-

liver Switzerland, swore at the same time to be just towards their adversaries; and it was doubtless to this noble resolution that they were indebted for their triumph. Hardly had M. Necker pronounced the word *amnesty*, than it came home to every heart; the people collected in the square were eager to participate in it. M. Necker then came forward on the balcony, and proclaiming in a loud voice the sacred words of peace among Frenchmen of all parties, the whole multitude answered him with transport. As for me, I saw nothing after this instant, for I was bereft of my senses by joy.' vol. i. pp. 149, 150.

The Constituent Assembly, being composedof a majority of the nobility and clergy, together with the deputies of the third estate, were actuated, it must be allowed, by some liberal sentiments. Tacitus complains that the portion of Roman history left for him, presented a picture only of horrors; and the historian of this period, if he would not wish to confine himself to the recital of errours, and the reprobation of crimes, must economise the little virtue which he may find in this Assembly. When violence was committed, he may in many instances trace it to the excess of some generous principle; and those resolutions, which, on the first impression, seem to have proceeded from a conspiracy to destroy the state, may be found to have been dictated by an honest desire to reform it. They passed decrees, rather than enacted laws. Their main object was to form a new constitution, opposed as much as possible to every thing which they had witnessed, and they began by declaring certain doctrines, to which little objection could be made in the abstract, but which, applied without regard to the actual state of society, produced injustice and disorder. They declared for instance, (and it is true,) that the system of tythes is a most unfavourable incumbrance on lands. But the abolition of tythes without indemnity to the clergy, and without charge to the landholder, who received his title on condition of paying them, is unequal, and cruel. They had never been occupied in the business of legislation, and were not instructed as to the difference between speculation and experiment. They seemed to consider France as peopled by a race of unimpassioned men, who had more need of encouragement than restraint, and that their natural intelligence, under the patronage of the government, was sufficient to secure social happiness. Among their good acts, they passed a decree in favour of liberty of speech and

of the press. They shewed their disinterestedness by allowing writers to attack their proceedings with impunity, and even before the doors of the Assembly, they were accustomed to hear every species of invective. They established the trial by jury and secured the freedom of worship. Mad. de Stael relates an anecdote which illustrates the extreme sensibility felt by the people, on the subject of personal security. There was a committee, having no power whatever of managing affairs of police, and removed as far as possible from the business of espionage, which unfortunately took the name of committee of inquiry. The name was so odious, that M. Voydel, a worthy man, but president of the committee, was refused admission into any party.

The errours of the Constituent Assembly, proceeded from an indiscriminate antipathy to existing institutions. After depriving the nobility of their privileges, they wished to extinguish the recollection of their ever having existed. They proposed, says Mad. de Stael, that the names of estates, which noble families had borne for ages, should be renounced, and the patronymic appellations resumed.

'In this way the *Montmorencies* would have been called *Bouchard ; La Fayette, Mottie ; Mirabeau, Riquetti.* This would have been stripping France of her history ; and no man, how democratic soever, either would or ought to renounce in this manner the memory of his ancestors. The day after this decree was passed, the newspaper writers printed in their accounts of the sitting *Riquetti* the elder, instead of *Comte de Mirabeau :* he went up in a rage to the reporters who were taking notes of the debates in the assembly, and said to them, "You have by your *Riquetti* put Europe out of its reckoning for three days." This effusion encouraged every one to resume the name borne by his father.' p. 221.

M. Necker was desirous of introducing a constitution resembling that of England, apprehensive lest the abolition of the order of the nobility should destroy the just counterpoise between the people and the crown. It was, however, most difficult to convince the Assembly,—whose object was to elevate the standing of the people, and to place them near the throne,—that it was necessary, in order to secure their rights, to interpose a body so odious as that of the nobility. If those rights were in danger, they preferred to secure them by diminishing the power of the sovereign ; and they proceeded in fact to reduce Louis XVI nearly to the state of a private gen-

tleman, with the name of king. Neither his ministers nor the judicial officers were to be appointed by himself. They left little else besides his life to be the object of a future surrender to the nation.

A slender provision was made for the clergy on condition of their supporting the new government. Those, whose consciences would not allow them to accede, were left to wander about, subsisting on precarious charity. The love and veneration, which many of the priests had acquired by their innocent lives, and by all the associations attached to their holy calling, must have excited much pity for their fate; and the citizen, if at any time the high purpose of regenerating France permitted him to look around him, must have lamented the distress which his efforts had produced.

The French are fond of spectacle; and the assembly, to gratify this taste, and to enjoy the pleasure of having their conduct approved by the public voice, procured a grand meeting to be had of deputies from the national guards in every department. It is thus described;

'The eighty-three departments sent deputies from their national guards, to take an oath of fidelity to the new constitution. It was not, it is true, as yet completed; but the principles which it declared sacred had obtained universal assent. Patriotic enthusiasm was so strong, that all Paris moved in a mass to the "federation of 1790," as it had moved the year before to the destruction of the Bastile.

'The assemblage of the national militia was to take place in the Champ de Mars, in front of the Military School, and not far from the *Hotel des Invalides*. It was necessary to erect around this extensive space eminences of green turf, to hold the spectators. Women of the first rank were seen joining the crowd of voluntary labourers, who came to bear a part in the preparations for the fete. In a line from the Military School, and in front of the Seine, which flows past the Champ de Mars, steps had been raised, with a tent to accommodate the King, Queen, and all the court. Eighty-three spears fixed in the ground, and bearing each the colours of its respective department, formed a vast circle, of which the amphitheatre, prepared for the royal family, made a part. At the other extremity was seen an altar, prepared for mass, which, on this great occasion, was celebrated by M. de Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun. M. de la Fayette approached this altar to take the oath of fidelity to the nation, the law, and the King; and the oath, and the man who pronounced it, excited a

strong feeling of confidence. The spectators felt an intoxication of delight; the King and liberty seemed to them, at that time, completely united.' p. 228.

The French princes and nobility, having offered a vain resistance to these measures, quitted France, and sought the support of the neighbouring states. Louis also attempting to escape, was arrested at Varennes, and brought back to Paris a prisoner.

'The Assembly, as soon as it was informed of the arrest of the royal family at Varennes, sent thither commissaries, among whom were Pethion and Barnave: Pethion, a man without information or elevation of soul, saw the misfortune of the most affecting victims without being moved by it. Barnave felt a respectful pity, particularly for the Queen; and from that time forward, he, Duport, Lameth, Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Chapelier, Thouret, and others, united all their influence to that of M. de la Fayette, to the restoration of royalty.

'The King and his family, on returning from Varennes, made a mournful entry into Paris; the clothes of the King and Queen were covered with dust; the two children of the royal family looked with surprise on the mass of people who came forth with an air of command into the presence of its fallen masters. Madame Elizabeth appeared, in the midst of this illustrious family, like a being already sanctified, and which has no longer any thing in common with the world. Three of the body guards, placed on the outside seat of the carriage, were exposed every moment to the danger of being massacred, and deputies of the Constituent Assembly placed themselves repeatedly betweeen them and the enraged part of the populace who thirsted for their death. It was thus that the king returned to the palace of his ancestors. Alas! what a sad presage! and how truly was it fulfilled!' pp. 249, 250.

The mob once in derision obliged Louis to put on his head the *bonnêt rouge*, but it was a still greater mockery to place him on the throne, after a mode of treatment which deprived him of all personal dignity.

The collection of emigrants in hostile position on the borders of France, and the threatening attitude taken by Prussia, Saxony and Austria, had an effect opposite to the one desired. Was it, as alleged by the latter power, the intention to coerce France to give additional strength to its internal government, or in other words to revest in the king some of the prerogatives of which they had deprived him? Menace was not

calculated to reconcile the nation to the throne. On the contrary, the war gave France a new motive for doing the work of destruction thoroughly. Could it be imagined that the king would be confided in to carry on a war against those who were fighting for his cause? Treachery was immediately suspected. The minister of war was charged with a design to delay the march of the troops and the supply of provisions. In times of tumult and clamour, it is only the loudest voice that is heard. That voice cried for the downfall of the throne.

The nobility combined for the purpose of regaining some of their privileges. Their chance of success in this contest was most hopeless. One hundred thousand could hardly expect to prevail in forcing twenty-five millions to recognise distinctions which they hated. But by taking arms, they exposed themselves to the forfeiture of all their estates. These forfeitures contributed to fill the exhausted treasury to such a degree, that forty two revolutionary armies existing at one time, were hardly sufficient to exhaust it. These funds, together with the lands of the clergy, supplied the means of opposing all the efforts of their former proprietors, and of the nations who aided their cause. How complete is the revolution, when we see the treasures of the church turned into the military chest, and made the wages of bloodshed and cruelty!

Almost the last act which the king was compelled to do, was to issue severe decrees against his brothers, his friends and his allies. He was however made once more to swear fidelity to the constitution.

"The *Marseillois*, sent to the *Champ de Mars* to celebrate the 14th of July, bore, on their tattered hats, the inscription, "*Pethion or death!*" They passed before the raised seats on which the royal family were placed, calling out, *Vive Pethion!* a miserable name, which even the mischief that he did has not been able to redeem from obscurity! A few feeble voices could with difficulty be heard, when calling *Vive le Roi!* as a last adieu, a final prayer.

"The expression of the Queen's countenance will never be effaced from my remembrance: her eyes were swollen with tears; the splendour of her dress, the dignity of her deportment, formed a contrast with the train that surrounded. Only a few national guards separated her from the populace; the armed men, assem-

bled in the *Champ de Mars*, seemed collected rather for a tumult than a fete. The King repaired on foot from the pavilion, under which he sat, all the way to the altar, raised at the end of the *Champ de Mars*. It was there that he had to take, a second time, an oath of fidelity to the constitution, of which the relics were about to crush the throne. A crowd of children followed the King with acclamations—children as yet unconscious of the crime with which their fathers were about to sully themselves.

'It required the character of Louis XVI, that character of martyr which he ever upheld, to support as he did such a situation. His mode of walking, his countenance, had something remarkable in them: on other occasions one might have wished for more grandeur in his deportment; on the present, to remain in every respect the same was enough to appear sublime. I marked at a distance his head, distinguished by its powder from the black locks of those that accompanied him; his dress, still embroidered as before, was more conspicuous when close to the coarse attire of the lower orders, who pressed around him. When he mounted the steps of the altar, he seemed a sacred victim offering himself as a voluntary sacrifice. He descended; and, crossing anew the disordered ranks, returned to take his place beside the Queen and his children. After that day the people saw him no more till they saw him on the scaffold.' pp. 295, 296.

The scaffold!—This is a proper introduction to the scenes which followed. But we feel no inclination to describe them. The preceding observations were forced upon us by the perusal of Mad. de Stael's book, on which we will now make a few remarks.

Mad. de Stael has, in this work, described with great force of eloquence the most interesting events of the French revolution, from its commencement to the first abdication of Buonaparte. These occupy the two first volumes and received her last revision. The third volume contains reflections on the ensuing events till the spring of 1816, together with remarks on the constitution, laws and manners of the English. This volume the editors have published without addition to her manuscript, though some of the chapters appear to be unfinished.

Mad. de Stael's design, originally, was to write only the life of M. Necker; but this was so connected with public events, that she was obliged to become the historian of the revolution, as well as the biographer of her father. The book appeared in France with great eclat, and was generally pro-

nounced to be her greatest work; one, in which she had displayed in a higher degree the various talents, which her other publications had evinced, and which procured her the honour of being declared by great authority the first female writer of the age. She had happily selected a subject in which every passion was engaged. Interest in her country, affection for her father and resentment against her persecutor, all conspired to call forth the most powerful energies of her mind. She addressed readers who had sympathies at her command, and who supplied, by their own recollections, much colouring to her dark pictures. She, who could describe the fictitious distresses of Corinne, could well paint the images of grief and despair which France presented. She had only to give utterance to the feelings that filled her heart. There is besides an interest attached to this work from its being her last effort. The manuscript, from which death wrests the hand, before it permits the last sentence to be completed, receives an impression solemn and affecting. Criticism spares faults, where time to correct them has been denied; and praise is bestowed without reluctance when it falls on the tomb. There is a melancholy correspondence, too, between the subject of the work, and the fate of the writer. The dying accents of the finest genius of France are employed in lamenting the ruin of her country.

The talents of Mad. de Stael were much favoured by the means of education which her birth allowed her. She was the only child of M. Necker, and from her infancy became the object of his pride and solicitude. The high concerns of first minister of France were not suffered to encroach in the least degree on his attention to her improvement. His house was the resort of the first men of the age, who witnessed and encouraged the development of her powers. For M. Necker did not shine only in public; he joined to knowledge of affairs, literary taste and the graces of conversation, and his society was courted not only by ministers of state, but by the fashionable and the literary. Her mother, it is well known, had engaged the affections of Gibbon. Their union was prevented by the interposition of his father. Her elegant person acquired its principal charm in the view of the philosopher, from the virtues and accomplishments of her mind. Their friendship continued till the death of Gibbon, and was supported by a literary intercourse on her part, which sufficiently justified his partiality.

Mad. de Stael published her first work, 'on the character and writings of Rousseau,' so early as the age of twenty. The literary world turned with wonder to behold an author so young produce a work, which placed her at once at the head of all the females of France, and of every commentator on Rousseau. She challenged established opinions without fear, and threw down her glove in defiance. Like Joan of Arc, she wielded the weapons of men much better than they. Claiming no indulgence for her sex, she sprang into the arena among veterans, and demanded applause by the power and agility with which she measured her strength with theirs.

Mad. de Stael soon afterwards wrote a comedy, entitled, 'Sophia, or Secret Sentiments,' and a tragedy founded on the story of Lady Jane Grey, the reputation of which has been confined principally to France. These were soon succeeded by the publication of her thoughts on the drama, in which she ventures to condemn the tyranny which confines the French stage within the unities of Aristotle, and affects to imitate the language of men, by transposing it into monotonous verse. Her opinions had the support of d'Alembert,—but Corneille, Racine and Moliere had fixed the French taste, and prevented any appeal to nature and reason.

We have already noticed the zeal with which she witnessed every scene of the revolution. She wished it success, presuming it would lead to liberty, and was therefore by no means partial to the Queen of France, whose education disposed her to favour arbitrary power. Mad. de Stael did herself then the greater honour by taking the part of the deserted Maria Antoinette. In the reign of terrour, when independence of mind was treason, two months before the execution of the Queen, Mad. de Stael appealed to the nation in her behalf.

Her father quitted Paris forever in 1790, but her duty, as wife of the ambassador of Sweden, and the heroic feeling, which loves to approach near to great events, induced her to continue there two years longer. The crisis then became so alarming, that she could no more serve the cause of her friends nor protect herself. She has in many parts of her book, indirectly made a display of the heroism of her own character, while she is intending merely to describe the danger of her friends. The most remarkable passage,—that relating to the 10th of August,—is too long to be inserted. We can insert only the following.

'One particular circumstance may be of use in depicturing this epoch of 1793, when perils were multiplied at every step. A young French gentleman, M. Achille du Chayla, nephew of the Count de Jaucourt, wished to escape from France under a Swiss passport which we had sent him; for we thought ourselves quite at liberty to deceive tyrants. At Morel, a frontier town, situated at the foot of Mount Jura, suspicions were entertained that M. du Chayla was not what his passport pretended, and he was arrested with a declaration that he must remain a prisoner, till the lieutenant of the district of Nyon should attest that he was a Swiss. M. de Jaucourt was then staying in my house, under one of those Swedish names of which we were the inventors. At the news of his nephew's arrest, his despair was extreme; for the young man, at that time an object of pursuit, the bearer of a false passport, and, besides, son to one of the chiefs of the army of Conde, would have been instantly shot, had his name been discovered. There remained only one hope; it was to prevail upon M. Reverdil, lieutenant-bailiff of the district of Nyon, to claim M. du Chayla as in reality a native of the Pays de Vaud.

'I went to M. Reverdil to ask this favour of him; he was an old friend of my parents, and one of the most enlightened and most respectable men in French Switzerland.* He at first refused, opposing to me the most weighty motives; he was scrupulous of deviating from truth for any object whatsoever, and besides, as a magistrate, he was fearful of compromising his country by an act of falsehood. "If the truth is discovered," said he, "we shall no longer have the right of claiming our own countrymen who may be arrested in France; and thus I expose the interest of those who are intrusted to me, for the safety of a man to whom I owe nothing." This argument had a very plausible aspect; but the pious fraud which I solicited could alone save the life of a man, over whose head the axe of the murderer was suspended. I remained two hours with M. Reverdil, seeking to vanquish his conscience by his humanity; he resisted long, but when I repeated to him several times, "If you say *no*,—an *only* son, a man without reproach, is assassinated within four-and-twenty hours, and your mere word kills him," my emotion, or rather his own, triumphed over every other consideration, and the young Du Chayla was claimed. It was the first time, that a circumstance presented itself to me, in which two duties struggled against each other with equal force. But I still think, as I thought twenty-three years

* 'M. Reverdil was chosen to preside over the education of the King of Denmark. He wrote, during his residence in the North, very interesting memoirs of the events of which he was a witness. These memoirs have not yet appeared.'

ago, that the present danger of the victim ought to prevail over the uncertain dangers of the future. There is not in the short space of existence a greater chance of happiness, than to save the life of an innocent man; and I know not how it would be possible to resist this seduction, by supposing it in such a case to be one. pp. 348, 349.

Returning to Paris in 1795, Mad. de Stael again took the course which friendship dictated at the expense of her life. The condition of several of the emigrants excited her compassion, and moved her to make an exertion for their recall. For this service, she drew on herself the denunciation of Legendre. This man is even now remembered for the resemblance his character bears to that of a tiger, which is sure of the prey on which it springs. She escaped under the shelter afforded her by the official capacity of her husband. Such public spirit demands our applause. It is the only reward that a female can obtain. Men are tempted to incur danger by office and emolument; and still society, besides satisfying these terms, holds itself accountable to honour their achievements. But a female, who is denied the encouragements that operate most powerfully on the passions, deserves much more commendation, when she devotes her safety to the cause of humanity.

Mad. de Stael published soon after this period, 'Reflections on Peace, addressed to the French nation,' besides two philosophical works, entitled, 'Influence of the Passions on the happiness of individuals and nations,' and 'Literature considered in its relations with social institutions.' Her fame at this time became so extended, that foreigners were ambitious of her acquaintance.

Mr. Tweddel, the accomplished English traveller, thus speaks of her.

'Mad de Stael is a most surprising personage. She has more wit than any man or woman, I ever saw. She is plain, and has no good feature but her eyes, and yet she contrives by her astonishing powers of speech, to talk herself into the possession of a figure that is not disagreeable.' *Tweddel's Remains*, 118.

It was in 1797 that Mad de Stael first saw Buonaparte. Recollecting the hostility that has subsisted between these two personages, it is interesting to learn the first impressions she received from his manners and appearance.

'I could not find words to reply to him, when he came to me to say, that he had sought my father at Coppet, and that he regretted having passed into Switzerland without seeing him. But, when I was a little recovered from the confusion of admiration, a strongly marked sentiment of fear succeeded. Buonaparte, at that time, had no power; he was even believed to be not a little threatened by the captious suspicions of the Directory; so that the fear which he inspired was caused only by the singular effect of his person upon nearly all who approached him. I had seen men highly worthy of esteem; I had likewise seen monsters of ferocity: there was nothing in the effect which Buonaparte produced on me, that could bring back to my recollection either the one or the other. I soon perceived, in the different opportunities which I had of meeting him during his stay at Paris, that his character could not be defined by the words which we commonly use; he was neither good, nor violent, nor gentle, nor cruel, after the manner of individuals of whom we have any knowledge. Such a being had no fellow, and therefore could neither feel nor excite sympathy; he was more or less than man. His cast of character, his understanding, his language, were stamped with the impress of an unknown nature;—an additional advantage, as we have elsewhere observed, for the subjugation of Frenchmen.

'Far from recovering my confidence by seeing Buonaparte more frequently, he constantly intimidated me more and more. I had a confused feeling that no emotion of the heart could act upon him. He regards a human being as an action or a thing, not as a fellow creature. He does not hate more than he loves; for him nothing exists but himself; all other creatures are ciphers. The force of his will consists in the impossibility of disturbing the calculations of his egotism; he is an able chess-player, and the human race is the opponent to whom he proposes to give checkmate. His successes depend as much on the qualities in which he is deficient as on the talents which he possesses. Neither pity, nor allurement, nor religion, nor attachment to any idea whatsoever, could turn him aside from his principal direction. He is for his self-interest what the just man should be for virtue; if the end were good, his perseverance would be noble.

'Every time that I heard him speak, I was struck with his superiority; yet it had no similitude to that of men instructed and cultivated by study or society, such as those of whom France and England can furnish examples. But his discourse indicated a fine perception of circumstances, such as the sportsman has of the game which he pursues. Sometimes he related the political and military events of his life in a very interesting manner; he had even somewhat of Italian imagination in narratives which

allowed of gayety. Yet nothing could triumph over my invincible aversion for what I perceived in him. I felt in his soul a cold sharp-edged sword, which froze the wound that it inflicted; I perceived in his understanding a profound irony, from which nothing great or beautiful, not even his own glory could escape; for he despised the nation whose suffrages he wished, and no spark of enthusiasm was mingled with his desire of astonishing the human race.

'It was in the interval between the return of Buonaparte and his departure for Egypt, that is to say, about the end of 1797, that I saw him several times at Paris; and never could I dissipate the difficulty of breathing which I experienced in his presence. I was one day at table between him and the Abbe Sieyes; —a singular situation, if I had been able to foresee what afterwards happened. I examined the figure of Buonaparte with attention; but whenever he discovered that my looks were fixed upon him, he had the art of taking away all expression from his eyes, as if they had been turned into marble. His countenance was then immoveable, except a vague smile which his lips assumed at random, to mislead any one who might wish to observe the external signs of what was passing within.

'The Abbe Sieyes conversed during dinner unaffectedly and fluently, as suited a mind of his degree of strength. He expressed himself concerning my father with a sincere esteem. *He is the only man*, said he, *who has ever united the most perfect precision in the calculations of a great financier to the imagination of a poet.* This eulogium pleased me, because it characterized him. Buonaparte, who heard it, also said some obliging things concerning my father and me, but like a man who takes no interest in individuals whom he cannot make use of in the accomplishment of his own ends.

'His figure, at that time thin and pale, was rather agreeable; he has since grown fat, which does not become him; for we can scarcely tolerate a character which inflicts so many sufferings on others, if we do not believe it to be a torment to the person himself. As his stature is short, and his waist very long, he appeared to much more advantage on horseback than on foot. In every respect it is war, and only war, which suits him. His manners in society are constrained, without timidity; he has an air of vulgarity when he is at his ease, and of disdain when he is not; disdain suits him best, and accordingly he indulges in it without scruple.

'By a natural vocation to the regal office, he already addressed trifling questions to all who were presented to him. Are you married? was his question to one of the guests. How many chil-

dren have you? said he to another. How long is it since you arrived? When do you set out? and other interrogations of a similar kind, which establish the superiority of him who puts them over those who submit to be thus questioned. He already took delight in the art of embarrassing, by saying disagreeable things; an art which he has since reduced into a system, as he has every other mode of subjugating men by degrading them. At this epoch, however, he had a desire to please, for he confined to his own thoughts the project of overturning the Directory, and substituting himself in its stead; but in spite of this desire, one would have said that, unlike the prophet, he cursed involuntarily, though he intended to bless.

'I saw him one day approach a French lady distinguished for her beauty, her wit, and the ardour of her opinions. He placed himself straight before her, like the stiffest of the German generals, and said to her, "*Madam, I don't like women to meddle with politics.*" "*You are right, General,*" replied she; "*but in a country where they lose their heads, it is natural for them to desire to know the reason.*" Buonaparte made no answer. He is a man who is calmed by an effective resistance; those who have borne his despotism deserve to be accused as much as he himself.' vol. i. pp. 387—390.

M. Necker published in 1802, his work, entitled, 'Last Views on Politics and Finance.' Having anticipated the change which Buonaparte was about to make from the consular to the imperial government, he ventured to state some objections. He endeavoured at the same time to conciliate the first consul by the most respectful language, and complimented him so far as to call him 'the necessary man.' It was not however the policy of Buonaparte to suffer any interference with his designs. A most reproachful letter was written to the author, directing him to meddle no more with politics. As a punishment, Mad. de Stael was banished from Paris, because, as was alleged, she had given her father false information on the state of France.

Here commences the long exile which Mad. de Stael so feelingly deplores. Buonaparte knew that he could not wound the father so painfully as by inflicting the blow on the daughter, and that no suffering would be so afflictive to her as a banishment from Paris, where centered her glory and affections. She there drew a crowd about her by the charm of her conversation, and exercised a dominion by her intelligence, more enviable than that which the consul possessed

by his power. He probably did feel some envy at her enjoying a species of influence in the circles of Paris, independent of rank,—an unconstrained influence, which expressed itself in the eyes, and was marked by the devoted attention of all who surrounded Mad. de Stael. The only acceptable indemnity which she could pay, for dividing with him the public admiration, was to praise him. He would not suffer any distinction to exist, unless his name was connected with it. He demanded that his image should be associated with every thing that occupied the public view. Mad. de Stael, however, never condescended to flatter him, and this departure from the habits of the public was so singular and obnoxious, that her residence in Paris was no longer tolerated. The temple which she erected to literature, and where she presided, did not bear on its front the insignia of Napoleon, and it was therefore to be destroyed.

She has the credit of having persevered in preserving her sincerity, in defiance of the mortifications which the anger of the emperor suggested, and in opposition to the general example of servility and adulation. She had a right to estimate highly the importance which her celebrity gave. It was in her power to give reputation through Europe to any one whom she chose to distinguish in her works, which were every where read. The resentment expressed by the emperor is an involuntary homage paid to her talents, when it is considered, that the principal offence that can be imputed to her, is the neglect of mentioning his name.

She shared with her father at Coppet the pain of exile, and dispelled in some degree the tedium of seclusion by devoting herself to literary pursuits. At length, after eight years, she prepared her manuscript of Germany for the press, having carefully avoided every allusion to the emperor of France, and even forborne to speak of the political state of Germany. Such restraints, it is evident, must have embarrassed the work, and would have discouraged a writer of less resources;—but her genius seemed to flow with more force in proportion as its channel was narrowed. She submitted her manuscript to the censor, and those passages which, even by remote analogy, could be applied to Napoleon, were erased, and the remainder suffered to be published. The printer had struck off 10,000 copies, when, behold the jealousy of power and the mode of its revenge! Gen. Sa-

vary ordered a corps of gendarmes to seize and destroy the whole impression. The poor commissary, Mad. de Stael remarks, died of the excessive fatigue incurred in executing this order in the expeditious manner demanded of him.

She had obtained permission to approach within a few leagues of Paris, ostensibly for the purpose of embarking for America, but, in fact, that she might superintend the publication of her work. This grace being no longer indulged to her, she was remanded to her state of exile by a sarcastic letter from the minister of police, which informed her, that the air of France did not suit her constitution. Sentinels were placed over her to limit her excursions within the circuit of four leagues. Napoleon then had the range of the whole continent, and Mad. de Stael was confined under a guard at Coppet! As soon as the emperor's attention was occupied by his campaign against Russia, she embraced the opportunity of escaping into that country under the protection of a passport from Alexander, and was at Moscow only one month before the entry of the French army. There, standing on the top of the ancient palace of the Czars, her mind was filled with prophetic vision, as her eyes wandered over the city extended beneath her. It seemed already devoted to destruction by him whom the Germans called the Man of Fate.

The courtesy and condescension, with which Mad. de Stael was received by Alexander, formed a striking contrast with her late treatment, and she mentions his name with approbation, not in any degree diminished by her usual aversion to despotic government.

'Far from thinking that the merit of the Emperor Alexander is exaggerated by flattery, I would almost say that sufficient justice is not done him, because, like all the friends of liberty, he labours under the prepossession existing against the way of thinking in what is called the good company of Europe. People are always attributing his political views to personal calculations, as if in our days disinterested sentiments could no longer enter the human heart. Doubtless, it is of high importance to Russia that France should not be crushed, and France can be restored only by the aid of a constitutional government supported by the assent of the nation. But, was the Emperor Alexander actuated by selfish thoughts when he conferred on the part of Poland, ceded to him by the last treaties, those rights which human reason at pres-

ent calls for in all directions? Some wish to reproach him with the admiration which he testified during a time for Buonaparte: but was it not natural that great military talents should dazzle a young sovereign of a warlike spirit? Was it possible that he, distant as he was from France, should penetrate, like us, through the artifices of which Buonaparte made a frequent use, in preference even to all the other means at his command? When the Emperor Alexander acquired a thorough knowledge of the enemy with whom he had to contend, what resistance did he not oppose to him? One of his capitals was taken: still he refused that peace which Napoleon offered him with extreme eagerness. After the troops of Buonaparte were driven from Russia, Alexander carried all his force into Germany to aid in the deliverance of that country, and when the remembrance of the French power still caused hesitation in regard to the plan of campaign proper to be followed, he decided that it was indispensable to march to Paris: and all the successes of Europe are connected with the boldness of that resolution. It would be painful to me, I confess, to render homage to this determination, had not the Emperor Alexander in 1814 acted a generous part towards France; and had not he, in the advice that he gave, constantly respected the honour and liberty of the nation. The liberal side is that which he has supported on every occasion; and if he has not made it triumph so much as might have been wished, ought we not at least to be surprised that such an instinct for what is noble, such a love of what is just, should have been born in his heart, like a flower of heaven, in the midst of so many obstacles?

'I have had the honour of conversing several times with the Emperor Alexander at St. Petersburg and at Paris, at the time of his reverses, as at the time of his triumph. Equally unaffected, equally calm in either situation, his mind, penetrating, judicious and wise, has ever been consistent. His conversation is wholly unlike what is commonly called an official conversation; no insignificant question, no mutual embarrassment condemns those who approach him to those Chinese phrases, if we may so express ourselves, which are more like bows than words. The love of humanity inspires the Emperor Alexander with the desire of knowing the true sentiments of others, and of treating, with those whom he thinks worthy of the discussion, on the great views which may be conducive to the progress of social order. On his first entrance into Paris, he discoursed with Frenchmen of different opinions, like a man who can venture to enter the lists of conversation without reserve.

'In war his conduct is equally courageous and humane; and of all lives it is only his own that he exposes without reflection.

We are justified in expecting from him, that he will be eager to do his country all the good which the state of its knowledge admits. Although he keeps on foot a great armed force, we should do wrong to consider him in Europe as an ambitious monarch. His opinions have more sway with him than his passions; and it is not, so far as I can judge, at conquest that he aims; a representative government, religious toleration, the improvement of mankind by liberty and the Christian religion, are no chimeras in his eyes. If he accomplish his designs, posterity will award him all the honours of genius; but if the circumstances by which he is surrounded, if the difficulty of finding instruments to second him, do not permit of his realizing his wishes, those who shall have known him will at least be apprized that he had conceived the most elevated views.' vol. ii. pp. 131—133.

After remaining some months in Russia, and having made remarks on the political state of that empire with the intention of publishing them at a future period, she passed through Sweden on her way to England. The following is the character given of Bernadotte;—

'It was at the time of the invasion of Russia by the French, that the Emperor Alexander saw the Prince Royal of Sweden, formerly General Bernadotte, in the town of Abo, on the borders of the Baltic. Buonaparte had made every effort to prevail on that prince to join him in his attack against Russia: he had made him the tempting offer of Finland, so lately taken from Sweden, and so bitterly regretted by the Swedes. Bernadotte, from respect to Alexander, and from hatred to the tyranny which Buonaparte exercised over France and Europe, joined the coalition and refused the proposals of Napoleon, which consisted principally in a permission granted to Sweden to take or retake all that might suit her, either among her neighbours or her allies.

'The Emperor of Russia, in his conference with the Prince Royal at Sweden, asked his advice as to the means that ought to be employed against the invasion of the French. Bernadotte explained them like an able general, who had formerly defended France against foreigners, and his confidence in the final result of the war had considerable weight. Another circumstance does great honour to the sagacity of the Crown Prince: when news were brought to him that the French had entered Moscow, the envoys of the different powers, who were then in his palace at Stockholm, were thunderstruck; he alone declared firmly that, from the date of that event, the campaign was lost to the conquerors; and addressing himself to the Austrian envoy, at a time

when the troops of that power still formed a part of the army of Napoleon: "You may," he said, "write to your Emperor that Napoleon is lost, although the capture of Moscow seems the greatest exploit in his military career." I was near him when he expressed himself in this way, and did not, I confess, put entire faith in his predictions. But his profound knowledge of the art of war disclosed to him an event at that time least expected by others. In the vicissitudes of the ensuing year, Bernadotte rendered eminent services to the coalition, as well by participating, with activity and intelligence, in the war at moments of the greatest difficulty, as in keeping up the hopes of the Allies, when, after the battles gained in Germany by the new army raised, as if from the earth, by the voice of Buonaparte, they began once more to consider the French as invincible.' vol. ii. p. 133, 134.

In England, this distinguished stranger was welcomed with a hospitality rendered more kind by sympathy. To have been exposed to the resentment of Napoleon, was sufficient to recommend her to those whose sentiments were correspondent with her own. But the fame which had preceded her, and the literary accomplishments which she was able to display in any language of Europe, caused her acquaintance to be courted by the most distinguished society. Such a reception could not but give her the most favourable impressions of England. But what principally attached her to this people, was the freedom and security which she saw extended to all classes, and giving energy and activity to both government and people. She has certainly been rather prodigal of her encomiums on whatever she beheld in that country; and has therefore, in fact, failed to present its excellencies in so high relief, as if she had been more disposed to qualify her praise. She saw every object with the eyes of an enthusiast. Other travellers more phlegmatic, though certainly not more intelligent, induce us to think the government and institutions of England wisely organized for promoting the order, security, virtue and happiness of the people, while at the same time some reforms might be well introduced into the constitution, many practical abuses corrected, and the morals and habits of the nation somewhat improved. We profess not to be angry, as was the French minister of police, because she has selected her models of civil and moral perfection from that nation. We rather admire the principle on which that partiality was founded. It was liberty which threw its enchant-

ment around every thing—liberty, for which she had so long sighed in France, where she saw only the relics of feudal establishments, or the more massive structures of modern despotism. In England, she breathed a new air that filled her brain with delightful fancies.

'The English nation in all its extent is the aristocracy of the rest of the world by its knowledge and virtues.'—'Since the battle of Culloden, in 1746, which may be considered the close of the civil troubles that commenced a hundred years before, not one abuse of power can be cited in England. There exists not one worthy citizen who has not said, '*Our happy constitution;*' because there exists no one who has not felt its protection. This chimera, for such whatever is sublime has always been called, stands there realized before our eyes.'

'The English aristocracy is of a more mixed kind in the eyes of a genealogist than that of France; but the English nation seems, if we may say so, one entire body of gentlemen. You see in every English citizen what he may one day become, since no rank lies beyond the reach of talent, and since high ranks have always kept up their ancient splendour. It is true that that which, above all, constitutes nobility, in the view of an enlightened mind, is the being free. An English nobleman or gentleman (taking the word gentleman in the sense of a man of independent property) exercises, in his part of the country, some useful employment to which no salary is attached: as a justice of the peace, sheriff, or lord lieutenant in the county where his property is situated; he influences elections in a manner that is suitable, and that increases his credit with the people; as a peer or member of the House of Commons, he discharges a political function, and possesses a real importance. This is not the idle aristocracy of a French nobleman, who was of no consideration in the state whenever the king refused him his favour; it is a distinction founded on all the interests of the nation: and we cannot avoid being surprised, that French gentlemen should have preferred the life of a courtier, moving on the road from Versailles to Paris, to the majestic stability of an English Peer on his estate, surrounded by men to whom he can do a thousand acts of kindness, but over whom he can exercise no arbitrary power. The authority of law is in England predominant over all the powers of the state, as Fate in ancient mythology was superior to the authority of the gods themselves.' vol. ii. pp. 301, 320, 251.

Though we have quoted rather liberally, yet we cannot withhold the following;

'Lord Grey is one of the most ardent friends of liberty in the House of Peers: the nobleness of his birth, of his figure, and of his manners, preserve him most decidedly from that kind of vulgar popularity which some are eager to attribute to the partisans of the rights of nations; and I would defy any one not to feel for him every kind of respect. His parliamentary speaking is generally admired. To eloquence of language he joins a force of interior conviction, which makes his audience participate in his feelings. Political questions produce emotion in him, because a generous enthusiasm is the source of his opinions. As in company he always expresses himself with calmness and simplicity on topics that interest him the most, it is by the paleness of his look that we sometimes become aware of the keenness of his feelings: but it is without desiring either to conceal or display the affections of his soul, that he speaks on subjects for which he would lay down his life. It is well known that he has twice refused to be prime minister, because he could not agree in certain points with the prince who was ready to appoint him. Whatever diversity of opinion there may be on the motives of that resolution, nothing appears more natural in England than to decline being minister. I would not then notice the refusal of Lord Grey, had his acceptance implied the slightest renunciation of his political principles; but the scruples, by which he was determined, were carried too far to be approved by every body. And yet the men of his party, while they censured him in this respect, did not think it possible to accept without him any of the offices that were offered to them.

'The house of Lord Grey offers an example of those domestic virtues so rare elsewhere in the highest class. His wife, who lives only for him, is worthy, by her sentiments, of the honour that Heaven has allotted her in uniting her with such a man. Thirteen children, still young, are educated by their parents, and live with them, during eight months of the year, at their country seat in the extremity of England, where they have hardly ever any other variety than their family circle and their habitual reading. I happened to be one evening, in London, in this sanctuary of the most noble and affecting virtues; Lady Grey had the politeness to ask her daughters to play music; and four of these young persons, of angelic candour and grace, played duets on the harp and piano, with a harmony that was admirable, and that showed a great habit of practising together: their father listened to them with affecting sensibility. The virtues which he displays in his family afford a pledge of the purity of the vows that he makes for his country.' vol. ii. pp. 277, 278.

We have now followed Mad. de Stael nearly to the end of

her career. The restoration of Louis XVIII again placed her in the midst of all that was valuable to her in Paris—2,000,000 livres, which her father had in 1790 deposited in the public chest, were refunded, and she had the means of living in a style of splendour, equal to her ambition and her sufferings.—It remains only to be mentioned, that her attachment to liberal principles was not the disguise of mortification, chagrin, or a revolutionary spirit. It still continued to be ascendant, though she now possessed the royal favour and every personal enjoyment. This independent female did not forbear to convey her opinions very freely to the ministers of Louis XVIII and his allies, in favour of a system of constitutional liberty, which she still insisted was necessary to the tranquillity of France and the safety of the neighbouring nations.

It would be superfluous, in the present state of her reputation, to say that Mad. de Stael has, in her other works, and especially in this, given evidence of very uncommon powers of understanding, embellished by the happiest fancy—that she is mistress of a style of very rare energy and beauty—and that we constantly witness a heart swelling with emotion, and unable to express in language all its passion and enthusiasm. Conscious of her superiority, she has selected such subjects, as were not to be reached by ordinary minds, and has been ambitious of invading those provinces of speculation, which the other sex had enjoyed without interference, in the complacent belief that none but masculine understandings were competent to occupy them. Not content with describing visible nature, and portraying the obvious features of human character, she has searched for the moral influences of external objects, and the secret springs of action. The relations of civil government, the effects of climate on the imagination, the influence of literature and the subtilties of the German philosophy, were subjects not above her capacity. If, at any time, she has not supported the barthen, she has at least exhibited her strength, and has failed only where few have dared to make the attempt.

Mad. de Stael always aims at marking her conceptions with a character of boldness, novelty and force. She possesses great expansion of intellect, and frequently strikes us by thoughts not only new, but of extensive application. Where she is required to make only a particular affirmation,

she loves to give it value by rendering it a general truth. A remark, true only in relation to an individual, seemed below her regard, unless she could impress on it an original feature, or bestow on it some felicity of expression. Let us illustrate our meaning by examples. We give them in the words of the translation, since it appears correct as far as we have examined it.

"I am tired of this old Europe," said Napoleon, before his departure for Russia. He met indeed no where any obstacle to his will; and the restlessness of his character required a new aliment. Perhaps also the strength and clearness of his judgment were impaired, when he saw men and things bending before him in such a manner, that it became no longer necessary for him to exercise his thoughts upon any of the difficulties of life. There is in unlimited power a kind of giddiness which seizes on genius as on stupidity, and overthrows them both alike.' vol. ii. p. 101.

Again, speaking of Buonaparte,

'His soul seemed in some sort to have become gross along with his body. His genius now pierced only at intervals through that covering of egotism which a long habit of being considered every thing had made him acquire. He sunk under the weight of prosperity, before he was overthrown by misfortune.' vol. ii. p. 110.

Again,

'When his carriage arrived in the court of the Tuilleries, his valets opened the door and put down the steps with a violence which seemed to say, that even inanimate substances were insolent when they retarded his progress for a moment. He neither looked at, nor thanked any person, as if he were afraid of being thought sensible to the homage which he required. As he ascended the staircase in the midst of the crowd which pressed to follow him, his eyes were not fixed on any object or any person in particular. There was an air of vagueness and want of thought in his physiognomy, and his looks expressed only what it always becomes him to show—indifference to fortune, and disdain for men' vol. ii. pp. 20, 21.

'To attempt restoring power to fallen superstition is to imitate Don Pedro, of Portugal, who, when he had attained the throne, brought from the tomb the remains of Ines de Castro, to have them crowned. She was no more a queen for that.' vol. ii. p. 160.

'His passions, like the serpents of Laocoon, enveloped him in all directions, and we witnessed his strength in the struggle, without venturing to expect his triumph.' vol. i. p. 212.

'I would not speak of the feeling which the death of my father produced in me, were it not an additional means of making him known. When the political opinions of a statesman are still in many respects the subject of debate in the world, we should not neglect to give to his principles the sanction of his character. Now, what better proof can be given than the impression which it produced upon the people, who were most within reach of judging? It is now twelve years since death separated me from my father, and every day my admiration of him has increased; the recollection which I have retained of his talents and virtues, serves me as a point of comparison to appreciate the worth of other men; and though I have traversed all Europe, a genius of the same style, a moral principle of the same vigour, has never come within my way. M. Necker might be feeble from goodness, and wavering from reflection; but when he believed that duty was concerned in a resolution, he thought that he heard the voice of God; and whatever attempts might be made to shake him, he listened only to it. I have even now more confidence in the least of his words, than I should have in any individual alive, however superior that individual might be: every thing that M Necker has said is firm in me as a rock: what I have gained myself may disappear; the identity of my being consists in the attachment which I bear to his memory. I have loved those whom I love no more; I have esteemed those whom I esteem no more; the waves of life have carried all away, except this mighty shade whom I see upon the summit of yonder mountain, pointing out to me with its finger the life to come.' vol. ii. p. 51.

The faults of Mad. de Stael, (for we must be permitted to say that she has some,) arise from the same source as her excellencies,—an aspiring desire to be always original, brilliant, discriminating. This is impossible; and she sometimes appears to be profound, when she is merely unintelligible, and to have travelled a great distance when she has only lost her way. She is frequently subtile in finding distinctions where nature has drawn no lines of discrimination, and like Hamlet, addresses most earnestly what has no real existence. She amazes us by saying,—See you nothing there! We may sometimes answer,—nothing—Yet, all that is, we see.

She refines too much, when, in opposition to all preconceived opinsons, she says,

'Mirabeau was not altogether a man of genius, but he was not far from being one by the force of talent.' vol. i. p. 244.

'Mirabeau n'etait pas tout-a-fait un homme de genie, mais il en approchait á force de talens.'

The distinction between genius and talents is frequently made, when the latter word is taken in the sense of judgment, powers of reasoning, and, in general, strength of mind—in opposition to the faculties of invention and fancy. But we cannot permit Mad. de Stael to apply the word in that sense to Mirabeau, if the character she has given him be true. She could not, one would think, have omitted, in other parts of the book, to designate his astonishing faculties by the name of genius; and when she made this fine distinction, she ought to have gone back and carefully erased this word and others of similar import whenever she made use of them in relation to Mirabeau. We confess, when we combine all the powers which made him a most persuasive, brilliant, and seductive orator, we are not able to perceive in what he was wanting to be 'tout a fait un homme de genie.'

Mad. de Stael has not in this work so often indulged her inclination for mystical research, as in her Germany. We find however some instances. In the following paragraph, the meaning, expressed in plain language, is probably this;—that men are influenced by errours in politics, as well as in religion: that these are injurious in proportion to their degree, and the bad passions connected with them—and that society itself requires that there should exist in it such inequalities, as unhappily excite pride in the high and discontent in the humble.

'Worldly passions have always made a part of religious fanaticism; and frequently, on the contrary, true faith by some abstract ideas feeds political fanaticism; the mixture is found every where, but it is on the proportion of the ingredients that the good and the mischief depend. Social order is in itself an intricate and irregular edifice: in the mean time it cannot be conceived other than it is; but the concessions, with which it is necessary to comply in order that it may subsist, torment exalted souls with pity, satisfy the vanity of some, and provoke the irritation and the desires of the greater number.' vol. i. p. 333.

Once more, speaking of Buonaparte it is said,

'He was already beginning to impose upon Europe by a system of juggling tricks, convinced, as he was, that the science of

life consists merely in the manœuvres of egotism. Buonaparte is not a man only, but also a system; and, if he were right, the human species would no longer be what God has made it. He ought therefore to be examined like a great problem, the solution of which is of importance to meditation throughout all ages.' vol. ii. p. 1, 2.

Mad. de Stael has such a profusion of fine thoughts on every subject, that she may well afford to let common and ordinary ones pass off without claiming any value for them. It was not necessary for her to give the appearance of gold to baser metals. In allusion to Mirabeau, she remarks,

'His immense head of hair distinguished him from amongst the rest, and suggested the idea that, like Samson, his strength depended on it.' vol. i. p. 109.

It is certainly a very common maxim, that government must be supported either by public opinion or by force, and the following sentence, after all, contains no more.

'You must either command an army that will obey you like a machine, or derive your strength from the sentiments of the nation: the science of politics stands in need of an Archimedes to supply it with a point of support.' vol. ii. p. 161.

Archimedes unhappily was not the person to supply the point of support. He is said to have requested one himself. Sometimes we find the facts alluded to, accommodated to the expression for the purpose of giving it point. It is certain that Buonaparte did not represent the miseries of his army to be greater than they really were, nor, indeed, than Mad. de Stael has allowed them to be, when she says, 'Incredible man! he had witnessed sufferings from which thought recoils.' Yet, in allusion to his last bulletin, she says,

'He is a man who delights so much in calling forth strong emotions, that when he cannot conceal his losses, he exaggerates them in order to do always more than another.' vol. ii. p. 107.

She observes again,

'The monotonous recital of wars becomes confounded in the memory or lost in oblivion; the political history of the free nations of antiquity is still present to every mind, and has served as a study to the world for two thousand years.' vol. ii. p. 190.

On the contrary, it has been the constant complaint of philanthropists, that history contains little besides wars and bloodshed. And we know that the imagination is much more interested in such subjects, than in the political establishments of ancient states.—Her aversion to Buonaparte so engrosses her faculties, that she is sometimes led into inconsistent remarks in relation to him. Speaking of him in 1811, she says,

'Even at this time, Buonaparte wanted but one good sentiment to have become the greatest monarch upon earth; either that of paternal affection, which induces men to take care of the inheritance of their children; or pity for the French who rushed to death for him whenever he gave the signal; or equity towards foreign nations who gazed at him with wonder; or, in short, that kind of prudence natural to every man, towards the middle of life, when he sees the approach of the vast shadows by which he must soon be enveloped: one virtue, one single virtue would have sufficed to have fixed all human prosperity on the head of Buonaparte. But the divine spark dwelt not in his heart.' vol. ii. p. 99.

Afterwards, observing that Napoleon stood in need of continual war and conquest to secure his absolute power, she says,

'If Napoleon had been what one may term a rational tyrant, he would not have been able to struggle against the activity of the French, which required an object. He was a man condemned by his destiny either to the virtues of Washington or to the conquests of Attila: but it was easier to reach the confines of the civilized world than to stop the progress of human reason; and public opinion in France would soon have accomplished what was brought about by the arms of the Allies.' vol. ii. p. 113.

Such are the remarks which have occurred to us in speaking of this distinguished author. Her faults bear a small proportion to her excellencies, but their example is not therefore the less dangerous. The admiration which always attends her works, will lead more probably to the imitation of her defects, which are within the capacity of all, than of those rare qualities which elevate her above competition. It is with reluctance that we part with this last work of such a writer. When we consider that foreigners, who cannot appreciate sufficiently the purity and propriety of style in which

she is allowed to excel, and who perceive a portion only of her merits, are yet so disposed to admire her on this partial acquaintance, we must allow her to be an extraordinary woman—one who unites female ease, vivacity and grace, to the strength and decision of men, while her faults we cannot but acknowledge are common to both sexes.

ART. III.—*Reports of Cases argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States. February Term*, 1818. *By Henry Wheaton, Counsellor at Law. Vol.* 3. New York. 1818, pp. 644.

THOSE, who have embraced the notion of the practicability and utility of a written code of laws, extending to all possible cases which arise in the intercourse of men, and who look upon the influence of the unwritten or common law as an oppressive domination, will naturally lament the appearance of every new volume of the Reports of legal decisions. To them it can only seem another rivet to their fetters. It is only so much more construction. Instead of being a collection of statutes, it is only a book containing the grave deliberations of judges, in cases arising under the common law or under statutes already in existence. We do not belong, however, to this fraternity. Feeling no disposition to estimate lightly the usefulness of legislation, it yet appears to us to be among the idlest and weakest theories of the age, that it is possible to provide, beforehand, by positive enactment, and in such manner as to avoid doubts and ambiguities, for all questions to which the immense variety of human concerns gives rise. An opinion of this sort becomes so important as to deserve refutation, only in consequence of the apparent gravity, with which some distinguished men in the learned world have treated it.

And upon this subject, to use the words of Mr. Windham, two reflections arise; first, that we ought to take care how we begin new eras in legislation; secondly, that we ought to have a reasonable distrust of the founders of such eras, lest they should be a little led away by an object of such splendid ambition, and be thinking more of themselves than of the credit of the laws or the interests of the community.

The theory, if we understand it, is this. A set of wise

and philosophical legislators could frame a system of laws, so complete, so comprehensive, and so certain, that no case could arise, which would not find its solution in some part of the Lex Scripta, the universal statute; and that all the provisions of this written law would be understood without the aid of construction, precedent, collation or analogy. In such a state of things, precedent, of course, would cease to have force or application; analogy would be useless, and commentary vain.

Those, who do not suppose *all* this quite possible, yet think a *good deal* might be obtained. There might be *almost* a complete provision for all cases, and very little need be left to the commentaries of the learned or the decisions of judges.

A very little reflection, we should think, would dissipate all such ideas. The simple truth is, that legislation can do no more than establish principles. The combination, modification, and application of these principles must be left to those who administer the laws. And, although the general rules may be few, their combinations may be endless. We have but twenty-six letters in the alphabet; but who can enumerate the combinations into which they may be thrown? If human comprehension cannot extend to this, how shall it reach the infinite variety, in which human actions, rights, duties, and responsibilities exhibit themselves?

We might use another illustration. We every day see that an instrument, a deed, bond, or indenture of copartnership, between two individuals only, and having relation to such events as may arise between them in respect only to the particular subject of that contract, although it be drawn with the utmost care and sagacity, does not, nevertheless, expressly provide for cases which are found subsequently to arise between the parties; and that the rights of the parties, notwithstanding all this skill and sagacity, must be ascertained and decided, in the end, by construction, analogy, and precedent. Now, if the greatest sagacity of learned and practical men cannot foresee and provide for cases arising between two individuals in relation to a single subject, what legislators may be expected to approach near enough to omniscience to foresee and provide for all cases, arising, on all subjects, among millions of men?

To say, as some have said, that we have not a government of laws, because there is not a section in a statute for every

man's case, is making a false and groundless assertion. Besides, experience does not teach us, that legal subjects are always plain in proportion to the quantity of legislation bestowed upon them. Statutes themselves are often ambiguous and uncertain. A great part of the construction, so much complained of by these shallow thinkers, is the necessary construction of statutes. There are important branches of the law, resting almost entirely on precedents and decisions, and which are yet much more plain and certain than other branches, which are founded in a great number of statutes. The law of bills of exchange and promissory notes, for example, is a most extensive and important head of professional learning. It is, indeed, a system of most admirable utility, certain, complete, and uniform, to a degree of perfection, approaching the end of all that human wisdom may be expected to reach. This system is not, however, raised on statutes, but on practice, precedent, equity and construction. All the British legislation on this vast subject might almost be written on a single sheet. The law of bailment is another instance of the completeness, certainty, and excellence of the unwritten law. No British or American statute has a sentence on this subject, of such daily discussion and application. The doctrine which governs it was introduced into the English law, about the time of what may be called the commencement of the commercial era of the common law, by Lord Holt. He took it from that great and wonderful reservoir, the Roman Law. Sir William Jones has expanded its principles, and run out the analysis, till the whole subject is exhibited with a certainty and precision almost mathematical. If any legislature should now undertake to legislate on this subject, would it benefit the community? Has it any better principles than are already established; or could it express them in a better manner, than is done by Sir John Holt and Sir William Jones?

The Bankrupt Laws, in England, are an instance of statute provisions. Being a positive institution of society, they must of course be founded in legislative enactment. Here, then, was a fair field for the exercise of that wisdom which is supposed competent to prevent all disputes by the sagacity and accuracy of legislation. Yet there are no classes of questions which more occupy the judicial tribunals, than the cases in Bankruptcy. And on this subject, statutes have

been passed, amended, and accumulated. Defects have been remedied from time to time, by provisions proposed by gentlemen of the highest professional distinction, and who were much devoted to the subject of reformation in the laws. These did great good probably, but did not remove all doubts, nor prevent new cases; nor were their intelligent authors credulous enough to suppose they would have that effect. The reason is, the subject is vast, complicated, and intricate. When the most skilful legislation has done its best, new cases will still arise accompanied with doubts and difficulties, and these cases must be decided by recurrence to principles and the analogy of other cases.

Let it not be supposed that we intend in the slightest degree, to underrate the value of legislation. Far from it. There are many improvements which can in no other way be effected. To legislate for a whole community is doubtless one of the highest functions in civil life. And we think it quite desirable in relation to ourselves in these times of quiet, that our legislatures should turn their attention to the improvement of the laws, and revise certain parts of our system, in the exercise of a sober, temperate and cautious wisdom. But it must not be supposed, that, when this is done, even though it be done in the best manner possible, there will be no more room for doubts, nor any further use for reports, decisions, and adjudged cases. And here we would avail ourselves again of the opinion of an eminent and able man, whose name and authority we have already cited, and address to the legislatures, in our own country, the language, which he a few years since, addressed to the British Parliament. 'Laws are serious things, and ought not to be adopted, merely upon the impulse of the moment. There has grown up in this country, of late years, a habit of far too great facility in the passing of laws. The immediate object only is looked to; some marked cases are selected, in which the intended operation of the laws coincides with the general feeling, but no account is taken of the numerous instances of individuals who would silently become its victims, and of the depredations which it would make on the general happiness and security of the community.'

It has sometimes been said, that while so many important questions are decided by construction and judicial opinion, and on precedent, we live, not under a government of laws,

as we have boasted, but under a government of men. Quite the contrary is the truth of the case. In a government of laws, these various questions, for which the legislature has not provided, and for which no legislature can provide, are to be decided, as other similar or analogous questions have been decided; so that what is law for one man shall be law for another. Such is a government of laws. But if precedent has no force, and analogy no influence; if the judge is at liberty to indulge his own discretion or inclination, in all cases to which no express statute applies, or in other words, in nine of ten of all the cases which come before him; if because A's right has been decided one way to day, it does not follow that a similar right of B will be decided the same way to-morrow by another judge, then *men* govern, and rule us, and *not the law*.

In truth, the multitude of reported decisions in private causes, the eagerness with which they are read, and the respect paid to them by other tribunals, so far from being a proof of the barbarism of our times, or the dominion of men over us, are the highest evidence of our enlightened and civilized state; of the prevalence of correct opinions on the subject of jurisprudence, and of the fact, that questions of right and wrong are now decided, not by the vague discretion of the magistrate, but by law; that is, by a fixed rule, drawn from principles and analogy, and established by precedent. This is of the utmost value to private rights. It gives a security, a certainty, that the *law* will be administered, unless it be mistaken, by every tribunal that has a just sense of character. In these times, judges have become answerable, not only to parties and the power of the state, but to the tribunals of judicial and professional opinion. They cannot sin in defiance of the opinion of other judges and of the profession of the law;—at least they cannot, unless their minds are of the lowest order, and unless they feel responsibility only to the power that may deprive them of office, and to the sympathetic opinion of the vulgar.

Mr. Butler remarks, 'that the very attempt to lessen, by legislative provisions, the bulk of the national law of any country, where arts, arms and commerce flourish, must appear preposterous to a practical lawyer, who feels how much of the law of such a country is composed of received rules and received explanations. What could an act of the Imperial

Parliament substitute in lieu of our received explanations of the rule in Shelley's case? The jurisprudence of a nation can only be essentially abridged by a judge's pronouncing a sentence which settles a contested point of law, on a legal subject of extensive application, as Lord Hardwicke did by his decree in the case of Willoughby against Willoughby; or by a writer's publishing a work on one or more important branches of the law, which, like the Essay on Contingent Remainders, has the unqualified approbation of all the profession.' The same may be said of the judges in our own country. How many cases of great importance and frequent occurrence have been settled in this Commonwealth, and the rule of future cases established, since the commencement of Tyng's Reports. Every lawyer in the practice knows, that questions are daily settled without litigation, upon the opinion of counsel, which opinion is founded on cases already decided in our own courts.

Notwithstanding the vast utility of the reports of judicial decisions,—a point on which we think no men of reflection can differ,—it is, however, certain, that the rage for book-making has infected this, as well as other things, and that there is now, especially from the English press, somewhat of a redundancy of Reports. It arises, we think, from the growing habit of reporting cases not sufficiently important to merit publicity. This is a great and increasing evil, and unless checked may be deeply injurious to the profession and the public. It has not been so in former times. Nearly all the reported opinions of the King's Bench, during Lord Mansfield's time, are contained in Burrow, Cowper, Douglass, a few cases in Lofft, and the two first volumes of Term Reports. This extends over a period of *thirty-two* years. Lord Ellenborough has been on the Bench only since 1802; and yet more than twenty volumes of Reports from that court have appeared since he has presided in it. The consequence is just what would be expected. Almost every case in Douglass, Cowper and Burrow is a useful one. The latter volumes of the Term Reports, many of those of Mr. East, and of Maule and Selwyn, are filled with cases almost useless; and in this country entirely so. It is our duty, as far as possible, to repress a similar redundancy in our own country. The profession is bound to interfere with its remonstrance, if the making of books of Reports shall

become a *trade*, and the profession be taxed, not for any useful purpose, but merely for the profit of the bookseller.

Of the Reports in this country, none certainly can be more important than those of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. The great magnitude and variety of the questions that come before that Court, render its judgments highly interesting. Their importance, we think, is daily increasing with the increasing questions of capture in time of war, and of revenue, at all times. These are, of themselves, almost equal to the entire occupation of the judges. In addition to these, however, there are questions of national law; of the rights of foreigners; questions of conflicting claims of states; of the effect of state laws, and state decisions upon rights claimed under the United States, or on interests which are supposed to be put beyond the reach of state legislation by the Constitution of the United States.

We should naturally suppose, that questions of such an interesting nature, would render the sale of these Reports very rapid. Such, however, has not heretofore been the fact. The number of law libraries, which contain a complete set of the Reports of the cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, is comparatively small. A great portion of the profession do not ordinarily practise in the National Courts, and many content themselves with buying other books, which to them are indispensable. Yet, the importance of the decisions must render the volumes necessary, as well to those who follow their professional labours elsewhere, as to those who are practitioners in the National Courts. No gentleman can think he has a complete library, while he has not the judgments of the highest judicial tribunal in the country.

Mr. Wheaton commenced his labours, as a reporter, with no very flattering prospects, if we are to judge by the public demand for the volumes of his predecessor. Congress, by a wise and well timed act, afforded him a temporary aid, sufficient, we hope, to introduce him to the profession; and we doubt not that his accuracy and ability will enable him to secure to himself the general patronage and support, both of the profession and the public.

The volume before us is the third in his series, and contains the decisions rendered at the last Term of the Court.

Many of these cases involve questions of great importance, and most of them, perhaps nearly all, are fit to be reported.

There are a few, which, we think, hardly contain any thing so important as to render them worthy of the space they occupy. We doubt very much the utility of reporting cases, which turn on mere matters of fact. It is true, indeed, that, in some such cases, judges take occasion to comment on the rules and principles of evidence, and when this happens, the case very properly makes part of a volume of Reports. But, where nothing is to be done but to weigh evidence, it is obvious that the occasion can furnish no rule for the government of subsequent cases. Such, we think, are the cases of the 'New York, *Troup*, Claimant,' and 'The Eolus, *Wood*, Claimant.' These are cases in which the judges differ in opinion about *facts*. They are not of a nature to be tried by a jury, and could not so be tried; but, we think, that such instances, occurring as well in our own courts as elsewhere, may teach us the importance of jury trials, as a general provision, used in the manner in which it is used in England, and the United States in civil causes. There can be no legal reasoning, until a particular state of facts is considered as settled. But there are cases, in which some doubts would always remain as to the facts connected with them, if a certain and precise issue were not joined between the parties, and a verdict, 'importing absolute verity,' found upon this issue. In many instances, this is much better done in a jury room than on the bench; for this reason, among others, *that the finding of the jury is not accompanied with dissenting opinions.*

A strong impression against the use of juries in civil causes generally prevails in countries, where the civil law is established. Yet, there are reasons, at least plausible, for supposing that something very analogous to English and American juries existed both in Athens and in Rome, in the better days of those Republics. 'I have always been of opinion,' says Sir William Jones, 'with the learned antiquary, Dr. Pettingal, that they (the judges at Athens) might with propriety be called *jurymen*; and that the Athenian juries differed from ours in very few particulars.' Dr. Pettingal's 'Inquiry into the use and practice of juries among the Greeks and Romans,' deserves to be more read and better known. It is a book of accurate and extensive erudition, although written with somewhat too much acrimony against the civil law, as it existed after the time of Augustus.

Our advice, therefore, if we may offer it, is, that Mr.

Wheaton omit, for the future, all cases turning *merely* upon evidence. We hope, too, that care will be taken to curtail the records, in cases where a full copy is not at all material. The author will see, that nearly twenty pages might have been saved by abbreviating the formal parts of the record in the case of *Gelston* v. *Hoit*. It is not very pleasant to meet, in the pages of a volume of Reports, with full drawn demurrers, and joinders in demurrers, and to be introduced, in all due form, and by name, to the twelve worthy persons who compose the panel.

Having made these suggestions, which a man like Mr. Wheaton will know how to appreciate, we wish to express our high opinion of the general manner in which the Reporter has executed his duty in the volume before us. Mr. Wheaton has not only recorded the decisions with accuracy, but has greatly added to the value of the volume by the extent and excellence of his notes. In this particular, his merits are, in a great degree, peculiar. No Reporter in modern times, as far as we know, has inserted so much and so valuable matter of his own. These notes are not dry references to cases,—of no merit, but as they save the trouble of research,—but an enlightened adaptation to the case reported, of the principles and rules of other systems of jurisprudence, or a connected view of decisions on the principal points, after exhibiting the subject with great perspicuity, and in a manner to be highly useful to the reader. Mr. Wheaton's annotations evince a liberal and extensive acquaintance with his profession. His quotations from the treatises of the continental lawyers are numerous and well selected. This is a branch of learning not much cultivated among us. Mr. Wheaton appears to have pursued it to some extent and to good purpose. It enables him to give a peculiar interest to his volume, nor is there a better mode in which he could communicate his own acquisitions of this sort to the profession, than by judicious and appropriate notes to reported cases.

ART. IV.—*A Complete History of Connecticut, civil and ecclesiastical, from the emigration of its first Planters from England in* 1630, *to the year* 1764, *and to the close of the Indian Wars. By Benjamin Trumbull, D. D.* 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1166. New Haven, Maltby, Goldsmith & Co. and Samuel Wadsworth, 1818.

IT is about two centuries since the first landing of our forefathers in this country. Every part of our progress during this period has been rich in materials for history. The posterity of a few persecuted emigrants have become a rich, proud and powerful people. For this remarkable growth, we are not indebted to the accidental advantages of soil and situation, but to the character, habits and institutions of our people, as they were introduced into this country by the first pilgrims, and have been cultivated and improved by their descendants.

The states which have grown up here, have had no exact parallel in any other part of the world. They have been governed by laws, and influenced by principles peculiar to them. They therefore furnish a subject for history of uncommon interest. This history, if faithfully written, will show what influence the principles and institutions of our ancestors have had in promoting our national growth, and in determining our present character and condition. It should clearly point out the laws, habits, and usages to which we are indebted for our prosperity, that they may continue to be sufficiently valued. The labours, sufferings and virtues of our ancestors should be faithfully recorded, that we may be impressed with a proper respect for their memories, and may set a higher value upon the privileges and prospects which they have secured to us. Such a history, if written in a style worthy of the subject,—of the distinguished men it must name, and of the events recorded, when taken in connexion with their important consequences—would be worthy of being studied, not only by our own countrymen, but by the observers of human character and conduct, in all parts of the world.

It ought not to be expected, that this history should exhibit an unmixed series of virtuous actions and laudable exertions. It must be like the annals of every other age and country, the history of the human passions,—often shaded with imper-

fection and errour, and sometimes with horrible crimes. It cannot surprise us,—in a period, in which all the actors have been subjected to the closest scrutiny, where their whole conduct, public and private, has been tried by the nicest tests, and where faults have been recorded with greater caution than acts of the severest virtue,—if the historian finds much to censure. It ought not to be demanded of our ancestors, that they should be entirely free from the vices of the times in which they lived, or from the faults to which their situation particularly exposed them. We should not too severely censure them for intolerance, in an age when the virtue of toleration was unknown, or for an excessive zeal in support of their opinions, when they had sacrificed all the ordinary comforts of life to purchase the free enjoyment of them. Yet their faults, however natural, ought not to be concealed or entirely excused by the historian. He should write for the general instruction,—and, that he may do this effectually, he should thoroughly understand the character of the people of this country, and the nature, object, and tendency of its laws and institutions,—he should be able to relate, in a clear, accurate, and engaging manner, the events of our history, and to bestow praise or censure with truth and judgment, without prejudice or partiality, so that his decisions may be received with confidence, and be confirmed by the judgment of enlightened men of all ages and countries.

No one of the states has preserved a more decided and distinctly marked character than Connecticut. Among the first settlers of that colony, were some of the most intelligent, pious and discreet of the early pilgrims; and in building up their little republic, it was an object of their special care, to provide for perpetuating the virtues which had driven them to this country. They not only made abundant provision for the general education of their children, and for the religious instruction of the people, but guarded, by a strict civil and ecclesiastical discipline, against immorality in every form, and particularly against the fashionable vices of other countries. The growth of that state has been principally by the natural increase of its inhabitants, so that their character has been liable to little change from the intermixture of a foreign population; and such has been the nature of their pursuits, and the compactness of their situation, that they have had comparatively little intercourse with the people of

foreign countries, or of the neighbouring colonies and states. To these causes of their distinct national, or rather provincial character, should be added their strong attachment to their native state—the high estimate which they have always put upon their peculiar privileges—and the pride with which they have regarded their own institutions and laws, and their general character and condition. In the early part of their history, they probably viewed the neighbouring colonies with some degree of jealousy; yet, at the same time, they found abundant reason for self-complacency, when they considered the spirit and success by which they had been distinguished in several difficult emergencies—their superior civil privileges and liberties, secured as they had been by their own foresight and intrepidity—the exemplary fidelity of their public men—the liberal provision which they had made for general instruction—the acknowledged purity of their morals—and the severe discipline and orthodox faith of their churches. There has therefore prevailed among the common people of Connecticut, more than of any other state, a sentiment, that whatever belongs to them is better than the like thing belonging to any other people—that the usages with which they are conversant, are the standard of what is proper—and that whatever exists among them cannot be mended by looking abroad for models. These feelings, in relation to certain subjects, may have been in some measure controlled by recent events and temporary excitements, but they do not the less constitute a characteristic trait of the mass of the people. This trait is not meant to be here designated as a fault. It may in some instances be productive of ludicrous effects, but it is in general, one of the most powerful aids of patriotism, and the surest safeguard of the state against useless innovations. While it preserves the citizen against the contagion of foreign vices, it secures to the people an identity of character, and prevents them from becoming assimilated in their manners and character to their neighbours.

The well educated classes of society, of course, are not included in these general remarks. They approach nearer to one standard in all countries. National characteristics must be taken from those, whose intercourse is confined principally to native inhabitants; and whatever there is peculiar in the state of society and manners among them, renders their history the more an object of curiosity and interest. That this

is true with respect to the enterprising people, who form the subject of the present work, we think will be apparent from the view we are about to give of it.

The first and most important volume of this valuable work brings down the history of Connecticut to the year 1713, and was originally published in the year 1797. The second volume, which completes the work, is now published in conjunction with a new edition of the former. We rejoice that the life of the venerable author has been so far prolonged, as to enable him to complete this laborious undertaking. It is the first professed history of Connecticut, deserving the name, which has ever appeared. Yet the materials for such a history were very abundant. Besides the several general histories and narratives of the first settlement of New England, and the records of the United Colonies, of the Colonies of Connecticut and New Haven before the union, and of Connecticut since that event,—there are still in existence entire records of most of the towns and churches of the state from their origin, many unpublished histories of towns, and narratives of remarkable events, drawn up near the time of their occurrence, and many manuscript letters which preserve the memory of important facts. These materials are of course much scattered, and the public are greatly indebted to the author who undertakes the labour of consulting them, and brings together, from the confused mass into regular order, all the facts which deserve a place in the history of the state.

That this task has been performed by the author of this history with great labour and fidelity, every reader of it must be satisfied. He has fallen into some errours, undoubtedly, and a few of them we shall endeavour to point out. But every page of the work bears the marks of patient inquiry and candid examination. This is a most powerful recommendation of it to public notice, and the reader, not conversant with the annals of New England, must be surprised to find the history of so small a people, so fertile in remarkable events and striking incidents, as is this unassuming narrative. It needs but the charms of an elegant style, and powerful description, to render it one of the most interesting portions of history yet on record.

The work opens with the following bold eulogium on the people of Connecticut. We copy it as a fair specimen of the author's style,—which is not entirely free from blemishes,—

and for the purpose of giving our testimony to the general accuracy of the picture.

'The settlement of New England, purely for the purposes of religion, and the propagation of civil and religious liberty, is an event which has no parallel in the history of modern ages. The piety, self-denial, sufferings, patience, perseverance and magnanimity of the first settlers of the country are without a rival. The happy and extensive consequences of the settlements which they made, and of the sentiments which they were careful to propagate to their posterity, to the church and to the world, admit of no description. They are still increasing, spreading wider and wider, and appear more and more important.

'The planters of Connecticut were among the illustrious characters, who first settled New England, and twice made settlements, first in Massachusetts, and then in Connecticut, on bare creation. In an age when the light of freedom was but just dawning, they, by voluntary compact, formed one of the most free and happy constitutions of government which mankind have ever adopted. Connecticut has ever been distinguished by the free spirit of its government, the mildness of its laws, and the general diffusion of knowledge, among all classes of its inhabitants. They have been no less distinguished by their industry, economy, purity of manners, population and spirit of enterprise. For more than a century and half, they have had no rival, as to the steadiness of their government, their internal peace and harmony, their love and high enjoyment of domestic, civil and religious order and happiness. They have ever stood among the most illuminated, first and boldest defenders of the civil and religious rights of mankind.

'The history of such a people must be curious, entertaining and important. It will exhibit the fairest models of civil government, of religious order, purity and human happiness.' vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

The first emigrants, in resorting to this country, regarded it as a part of the dominions of Great Britain, and they always afterwards rested their title to the soil on grants derived from the sovereign of that kingdom. The king himself had no other right than that which resulted from discovery made by his subjects, or under his authority. A considerable tract of the Atlantic coast, including the shores of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, had not been visited by any European navigator, as late as the beginning

of the seventeenth century, though Great Britain had made a general claim to the whole country. This coast, from the Delaware to Martha's Vineyard, was first visited by Captain Henry Hudson, in the year 1609, while in the employ of the Dutch East India company. It does not appear, however, that he entered Long Island Sound, or visited any part of the coast of Connecticut. In relating this discovery, the author, by following Smith's History of New York, and some early English narratives, has been led into several errours. The following is his account of this discovery.

'Capt. Henry Hudson, commissioned by king James I. in 1608, sailed, in the employment of several London merchants, to North-America. He came upon the coast in about 40 degrees of north latitude, and made a discovery of Long-Island and Hudson's river. He proceeded up the river as far as the latitude of 43, and called it by his own name.

'About two years after, he made a second voyage to the river, in the service of a number of Dutch merchants: and some time after, made sale of his right to the Dutch. The right to the country, however, was antecedently in king James, by virtue of the discovery which Hudson had made under his commission. The English protested against the sale; but the Dutch, in 1614, under the Amsterdam West India company, built a fort nearly on the same ground where the city of Albany now is, which they called fort Aurania. Sir Thomas Dale, governour of Virginia, directly after despatched Capt. Argal to dispossess the Dutch, and they submitted to the king of England, and under him to the governour of Virginia.' p. 19.

This account is full of errours. The discovery did not take place until the year 1609. There are extant in Purchas' Pilgrim,—a work published in 1625, one entire copy of which only is known to be in this country—circumstantial narratives of four voyages made by Capt. Hudson, entitled, *Divers Voyages, and Northerne discoveries of that worthy, irrecoverable discoverer, Master Henry Hudson*, the authenticity of which there is no reason to doubt. The two first of these voyages were made in the service of English merchants, in the years 1607 and 1608, and both being entirely occupied in exploring the North Seas, he did not, in either of those years, come near the American coast. In 1609 he engaged in the service of the Dutch East India Company, and sailed from Amsterdam, in command of a Dutch ship, on the 25th of March of

that year. It was in this voyage, that he discovered the river which bears his name, and ascended it to about the place where the city of Albany now stands. He never visited the river, or this part of the coast, after this year. The Dutch East India Company soon after made an establishment at Albany, called Fort Orange, or Aurania, which was, as above related, compelled by Capt. Argal to submit for a short time to the British crown. This exploit, however, was performed by Argal in 1613, for, in the spring of the following year, he returned to England. In 1614, the Dutch settlement receiving a reinforcement, resumed their allegiance to the States General, and built a fort at the Manhadoes, as it was then called, on the site of the present city of New York. This account of the discovery of Hudson's river is confirmed by De Laet, in his *Americæ utriusque Descriptio*, published in 1633. He says distinctly, that Hudson, an Englishman, was despatched by the Dutch East India Company in the year 1609, for the purpose of discovering a northern passage to China, but that not succeeding in this object, he proceeded southward along the coast of New France, and after touching the coast in 44 degrees North latitude, and at several places near Cape Cod, he advanced as far south as the 37th degree of latitude, from which point he turned back along the shore, and discovered and ascended the river to which he gave his name. This account agrees precisely with the narrative published in Purchas. In virtue of this discovery, the States General claimed the whole country, from the Delaware river, northward *ad promontorium Cod usque*, and in the year 1610, some merchants of Amsterdam sent a ship thither for the purpose of trading with the natives, and one or two years afterwards they made a permanent settlement. In the Dutch maps published long after this date, not only New Jersey, but Connecticut, Rhode Island, and a part of Massachusetts are represented as included within the province of New Netherlands. These facts are proper to be stated, as accounting for the perseverance with which the people at Manhadoes persisted in their claim to the lands now forming the state of Connecticut, and for the hostile spirit which they manifested towards their neighbours, who dispossessed them of this valuable territory; and will also serve to explain some remarks, which we shall have occasion to make on a subsequent part of this work.

On the 3d of November, 1620, King James I, by letters patent, incorporated the Plymouth Company, consisting of a board of forty members, with the power of filling vacancies by election. To this company he granted, by the same instrument, all that part of North America lying between the 40th and 48th degrees of North latitude, provided the premises were 'not actually possessed or inhabited by any other christian prince or state,' and gave them full powers to govern the territory thus granted, and to make conveyances of it to such persons as they should see fit. This charter does not seem to have been made for the purpose of giving to the Plymouth Company any pecuniary interest in the tract of land granted to them, but solely for the purpose of enabling them to give titles to adventurers and actual settlers, and of establishing a responsible set of men in the government of the new country. This patent was the foundation of all grants of lands in New England, made for many years. The Plymouth Company afterwards made separate grants of portions of their patent to Massachusetts, Plymouth and other New England colonies, and in 1635 they resigned the charter into the hands of King Charles I.

In the year 1630, the Plymouth Company granted the tract of country, forming the state of Connecticut, to Robert, Earl of Warwick, and he, in the following year, conveyed the same, under a vague and imperfect description, to Lord Say and Seal and his associates. Dr. Trumbull, speaking of this grant, says,

'This is the original patent of Connecticut. The settlers of the two colonies of Connecticut and New Haven were the patentees of Viscount Say and Seal, Lord Brook and their associates, to whom the patent was originally given.' p. 28.

And at page 118, he says,

'As the colonists, both in Connecticut and New Haven, were the patentees of Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brook and the other gentlemen interested in the old Connecticut patent, and as the patent covered a large tract of country, both colonies were desirous of securing the native titles to the lands, with all convenient despatch.'

In this there appears to be an errour. The early emigrants to this country were not very careful in securing a title to the lands on which they settled. The first settlers of

the Plymouth colony did not procure their patent until some time after their arrival and settlement in this country. Lord Say and Seal and his associates, were well disposed towards the pious people who sought an asylum from persecution here, and it was probably with a view of aiding their emigration, that they procured the Connecticut patent. But we have not been able to find any evidence of a grant from them to either the Connecticut or New Haven colony. On the contrary, it is manifest from the letter of the General Court of Connecticut to Lord Say and Seal, of January 7, 1661, that they had received no title whatever from the patentees beyond some 'encouragements to transplant themselves and families into these inland parts of this vast wilderness.' They had, indeed, in the year 1644, purchased of George Fenwick,—who had made a settlement at Saybrook, at the mouth of Connecticut river, and who seems to have been one of the associates of Lord Say and Seal, and others, though not named in the patent to them,—the fort and lands occupied by him at Saybrook, and the right of jurisdiction over the lands on Connecticut river. But it does not appear that Fenwick had any authority to make this sale, and the General Court, in the letter above mentioned, complain of being greatly injured by him, 'he receiving,' say they, 'a vast sum from a poor people, and we scarcely at all advantaged thereby; nay, we judge our condition worse than if we had contented ourselves with the patronage of the grand patentees, for we have not so much as a copy of a patent to secure our standing as a commonwealth, nor to ensure us of the continuance of our rights and privileges and immunities, which we thought the jurisdiction, power and authority, which Mr. Fenwick had engaged to us, and we paid for at a dear rate, nor any thing under his hand to engage him and his heirs to the performance of that which was aimed at and intended in our purchase.'

The agreement with Fenwick is still extant. He seems to have been sensible of his own want of title, and therefore makes no positive covenant. He makes a conveyance in the usual words, of the fort at Saybrook, with 'two demiculverin cast pieces, with all the shot thereunto appertaining, except fifty; two long saker cast pieces, with all the shot thereunto belonging; one murderer, with two chambers and two hammered pieces; two barrels of gunpowder; forty musquets, with bandoleers and rests; one sow of lead" &c.

and agrees, 'that all the land upon the river of Connecticut shall belong to the said jurisdiction of Connecticut.' His only covenant of warranty is 'to make good to the jurisdiction aforesaid, against all claims that may be made by any other to the premises, *by reason of any disbursements upon the place*,' and 'that all the lands from Narraganset river to the fort of Saybrook, mentioned in a patent granted by the Earl of Warwick to certain noblemen and gentlemen, shall fall in under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, *if it come into his power*.'

There is not on record, that we have been able to discover, the slightest notice of any conveyance to the New Haven colony, of the tract of country which they occupied. But, in the year 1645, the court of New Haven, as appears from their records quoted by Dr. Trumbull, voted, 'that it was a proper time to join with Connecticut, in procuring a patent from parliament for these parts.' Mr. Gregson was therefore appointed the agent of New Haven to procure a patent, but on his voyage to England, he was lost at sea, and no other appointment for the purpose was ever made. Mr. Fenwick was appointed on a similar mission by the Connecticut colony, but he did not accept the office.

It appears, therefore, that the two colonies of Connecticut and New Haven were not the *patentees* of Viscount Say and Seal and others, though they settled on lands which had been previously granted to that company. Through the influence of Lord Say and Seal, and other friends of the colony, at the court of Charles II, the people of Connecticut obtained from that prince, soon after the restoration, a charter with very ample privileges, containing a grant of all the lands embraced in the original patent, including the New Haven colony. This gave them the first legal title to the lands on which they had settled.

Although the great patent of New England, given by James I, recites that, 'forasmuch as we have been certainly given to understand by divers of our good subjects, that have for these many years past frequented those coasts and territories between the degrees of forty and forty-eight, that there is no other the subjects of any christian king or state, by any authority from their sovereign lords or princes, actually in possession of any of the said lands or precincts,'—it is certain that the Dutch of the colony of New Netherlands

had been seated on the banks of the Hudson, by authority of the States General of the United Provinces, for the space of six or eight years. It is probable, that they early extended their discoveries towards the Connecticut. Dr. Trumbull says,

'The first discoveries made of this part of New England were of its principal river and the fine meadows lying upon its banks. Whether the Dutch at New Netherlands, or the people of New Plymouth were the first discoverers of the river is not certain. Both the English and Dutch claimed to be the first discoverers, and both purchased and made a settlement of the lands upon it nearly at the same time.' p. 29.

De Laet says, that his countrymen, the Dutch, discovered an Indian fort on this river, called by them Fresh river, in the year 1614. Prince, in his New England Chronology, says, that Capt. Dermer, an Englishman, sailing from Cape Cod to Virginia, in the year 1619, proceeded along the coast between Long Island and the Main, and was the first who passed through the Sound, and discovered that to be an island, which was before accounted a part of the continent. He returned to New England in the following spring, and 'in his way he meets with certain Hollanders, who had a trade in Hudson's river some years; discovers many goodly rivers and exceeding pleasant coasts and islands for eighty leagues east from Hudson's river to Cape Cod.' This was before the settlement of the Plymouth colony, and it does not appear that the Plymouth people had any knowledge of the discovery. In the year 1623, a Dutch trading vessel from the New Netherlands was stranded in Narraganset bay, near the mouth of Taunton river. In the same year, the Plymouth people went on a trading voyage to Narraganset bay, it being the first time they had adventured so far towards the west. In this expedition they were not successful, because the Dutch had been accustomed to supply the natives with goods better suited to their wants, than the Plymouth people were able to furnish. From the length of time, during which the Dutch at New Netherlands had carried on a trade with the Indians through Long Island sound, and the frequency of their visits to Narraganset bay, which is much farther from their settlement than Connecticut river, there is reason to believe that they had frequently visited that river long be-

fore this date. That it was not only well known to them previous to the year 1631, and that they had even communicated their knowledge to the Plymouth people,—who at that time had never visited it,—appears from the following very satisfactory evidence. Governour Bradford of the Plymouth colony, in his history, as it is quoted in Prince's Annals, says,—'We (at Plymouth) having had formerly converse and familiarity with the Dutch; they seeing us seated in a barren quarter, told us of a river called by them Fresh river, which they often commended to us for a fine place both for plantation and trade, and wished us to make use of it. But our hands being full otherwise, we let it pass.' He then proceeds to relate, that some time afterwards, being solicited by several Indians from that quarter, 'and having good store of commodities, we began to send that way, to discover the same, and trade with the natives. We found it to be a fine place, and tried divers times, not without profit.' This was seventeen years after the discovery of the Indian fort near Hartford, made by the Dutch, as mentioned by De Laet. The solicitation from the Indians, referred to above, was also addressed to the people of Massachusetts, who declined listening to it, and is thus noticed by Governour Winthrop in his journal, under date of April 4, 1631. 'Wahgumacut, a sagamore up the river Connecticut, which lies west of Narraganset, comes to the governour at Boston, with John Sagamore and Jack Straw, an Indian who had lived in England with Sir Walter Raleigh, and divers of their sannups, and brings a letter to the governour from Mr. Endicot to this effect; that the said Wahgum is very desirous to have some English to plant in his country, and offers to find them corn, and give them yearly eighty skins of beaver; says the country is very fruitful, and wishes there may be two men sent with him to see the country. The governour entertains them at dinner, but would send none with him.'

It is equally certain, that the Dutch made the first settlement on the river. The first building erected here by the English was the Plymouth house, which was built at Windsor in October, 1633. Peter Stuivesant, governour of New Netherlands, in his letter to the commissioners of the United Colonies, of March 26, 1653, says, 'Anno 1633 the 8th of January, there was by Jacobus Van Curlis, at that time in the service of this land, by order and in the name of the high

and mighty, our States General, and the honoured Lords Bewinthebbers, bought, the land situate on the Fresh river of New Netherland, named Sioasock or Connecticut, with the dependant thereunto belonging, as it was then inhabited by the Sequelin, as may appear more at large by the said deed or bill of sale and witnesses, and may be avouched by living christians.' On this spot, which was within the town of Hartford, they built a fort, from which they fired upon the Plymouth people, as they went up to build their trading house at Windsor.

Governour Bradford gives the following account of this transaction, which confirms the Dutch claim of previous purchase and possession. 'But the Dutch begin now to repent;' viz. of their invitation to the English—'and hearing of our purpose and preparation, endeavour to prevent us, get in a little before us, make a slight fort, and plant two pieces of ordnance, threatening to stop our passage. But we having a great new bark and a frame of a house, with boards, nails, &c. ready, that we might have a defence against the Indians, who are much offended that we bring home and restore the right Sachems of the place called Watawanute; so as we are to encounter a double danger in this attempt; both the Dutch and Indians. When we come up the river, the Dutch demand what we intend and whither we would go? We answer, Up the river to trade. Now our order was to go and seat above them. They bid us strike and stay, or they would shoot us; and stood by their ordnance ready fitted. We answer, We have a commission from the governour of Plymouth to go up the river to such a place; and if they shoot us, we must obey our order and proceed; we would not molest them, but would go on. So we pass along, and the Dutch threaten us hard, yet they shoot not. Coming to our place, about a mile above the Dutch, we quickly clap up our house, land our provisions, leave the company appointed, send the bark home, and afterwards palisade our house about, and fortify better. The Dutch send word home to the Monhatos, what was done; and in process of time, they send a band of about seventy men, in warlike manner with colours displayed, to assault us; but seeing us strengthened, and it would cost blood, they come to a parley, and return in peace. And this was our entrance there. We did the Dutch no wrong; for we took not a foot of any land they bought; but

went to the place above them, and bought that tract of land which belonged to the Indians we carried with us, and our friends with whom the Dutch had nothing to do.'

The conflicting claims of the two colonies were the occasion of a bitter controversy between them for the space of thirty years, and until the New Netherlands were reduced to subjection to the British crown. Each party asserted its rights with obstinacy, and both suffered severely from the quarrel. It is not easy to discover on what ground the Dutch were regarded by the first settlers of Connecticut, or by their historian at this day, as 'mere intruders.' They had made the first discovery of Hudson's river, and had established themselves upon its banks. They had obtained a patent from their government, who had as good a right to grant lands discovered by their subjects, as any other state. This patent included the lands on Connecticut river, and this river was discovered by them before it was known by the English to exist, and before the grant of the New England patent. After trading with the Indians for several years, they purchased of them a tract of land, and built upon it a fort and trading house, before the country had been taken possession of by the English; and the people from the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies, when they attempted to drive them from it, came without a shadow of title from the Plymouth company, under whom they professed to claim.

We have here, at the outset, dwelt upon the principal errours in matter of fact, which we shall have occasion to notice in this work. We proceed to give some account of the more interesting events which are detailed in the course of the history.

The original Connecticut colony consisted of people who first emigrated from England to Massachusetts, and, in the years 1630 and 1632, settled and formed themselves into churches at Dorchester, Watertown and Cambridge, where they resided several years. But either because the number of emigrants to Massachusetts did not allow them all such a choice as they wished of good lands, or because some jealousies had arisen between their pastors and leaders, and the leading men of the colony, they took the resolution of seating themselves again in the wilderness; and in the years 1635 and 1636 they removed their families to Windsor, Weathersfield and Hartford, on the Connecticut river.

The party, who first removed,—having made some preparation in the course of the summer for their winter's accommodation,—to the number of about sixty men, women, and children, set out on foot, about the middle of October, from Boston to Connecticut, through the pathless wilderness, carrying with them their cattle, swine, and other property. After a long and tedious journey through a continued forest, and over rivers and mountains, they reached their place of destination very late in the season.

'The winter set in this year much sooner than usual, and the weather was stormy and severe. By the 15th of November, Connecticut river was frozen over, and the snow was so deep, and the season so tempestuous, that a considerable number of the cattle, which had been driven on from the Massachusetts, could not be brought across the river. The people had so little time to prepare their huts and houses, and to erect sheds and shelters for their cattle, that the sufferings of man and beasts were extreme. Indeed, the hardships and distresses of the first planters of Connecticut scarcely admit of a description. To carry much provision or furniture through a pathless wilderness, was impracticable. Their principal provisions and household furniture were, therefore, put on board several small vessels, which, by reason of delays and the tempestuousness of the season, were either cast away or did not arrive. Several vessels were wrecked on the coasts of New England by the violence of the storms. Two shallops, laden with goods from Boston to Connecticut in October, were cast away on Brown's island, near the Gurnet's nose; and the men, with every thing on board, were lost. A vessel, with six of the Connecticut people on board, which sailed from the river for Boston, early in November, was, about the middle of the month, cast away in Manamet Bay. The men got on shore, and after wandering ten days in deep snow and a severe season, without meeting with any human being, arrived, nearly spent with cold and fatigue, at New Plymouth.

'By the last of November or beginning of December, provision generally failed in the settlements on the river, and famine and death looked the inhabitants sternly in the face. Some of them, driven by hunger, attempted their way, in this severe season, through the wilderness, from Connecticut to Massachusetts. Of thirteen in one company who made this attempt, one, in passing the river, fell through the ice, and was drowned. The other twelve were ten days on their journey, and would all have perished, had it not been for the assistance of the Indians.

'Indeed, such was the distress in general, that, by the 3d and

4th of December, a considerable part of the new settlers were obliged to abandon their habitations. Seventy persons, men, women and children, were necessitated in the extremity of winter, to go down to the mouth of the river, to meet their provisions, as the only expedient to preserve their lives. Not meeting with the vessels which they expected, they all went on board the Rebecca, a vessel of about sixty tons. This, two days before, was frozen in twenty miles up the river; but by the falling of a small rain and the influence of the tide, the ice became so broken and was so far removed, that she made a shift to get out. She ran, however, upon the bar, and the people were forced to unlade her, to get her off. She was reladen, and, in five days, reached Boston. Had it not been for these providential circumstances, the people must have perished with famine.

'The people, who kept their stations on the river, suffered in an extreme degree. After all the help they were able to obtain, by hunting, and from the Indians, they were obliged to subsist on acorns, malt and grains.' pp. 62, 63.

In the following spring, those, who had made their escape from Connecticut, returned,—and they were joined by the rest of those who had determined to make a part of the new colony.

'About the beginning of June, Mr. Hooker, Mr. Stone, and about a hundred men, women, and children, took their departure from Cambridge, and travelled more than a hundred miles, through a hideous and trackless wilderness, to Hartford. They had no guide but their compass; made their way over mountains, through swamps, thickets, and rivers, which were not passable but with great difficulty. They had no cover but the heavens, nor any lodgings but those which simple nature afforded them. They drove with them one hundred and sixty head of cattle, and by the way, subsisted on the milk of their cows. Mrs. Hooker was borne through the wilderness upon a litter. The people generally carried their packs, arms, and some utensils. They were nearly a fortnight on their journey. This adventure was the more remarkable, as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England, in honour, affluence, and delicacy, and were entire strangers to fatigue and danger.' pp. 64, 65.

The emigrants from Dorchester settled on the lands which had been two or three years before purchased of the Indians by the Plymouth people, and on which they had erected a trading house. The Plymouth colony made complaint of

this intrusion, and some time after obtained an indemnity from the inhabitants of Windsor.

From the commencement of the Connecticut colony, the natives discovered a hostile disposition. Their principal enemy was the Pequots, the most numerous and warlike nation within the limits of the state, and perhaps in New England. They inhabited the country which forms the towns of New London, Groton and Stonington. Sassacus, the great prince of the Pequots, had under him six and twenty sachems, and could bring into the field seven hundred or a thousand warriors, who had been long accustomed to victory. The royal residence was at a large fort situated on a beautiful eminence in the town of Groton, which commands an extensive prospect of the sea and of the surrounding country. There was also another fortress, called Mystic fort, situated in the town of Stonington.

After suffering repeated injuries, and the murder of about thirty of their people, principally by the Pequots, the General Court, which had been convened for the purpose, resolved on active hostilities, and immediately raised an army of ninety men,—half the effective force of the colony. These were to be joined by two hundred men from Massachusetts, and forty from Plymouth. The court which declared the war, was holden on the 1st of May, the men were raised and embarked on the river, under the command of Capt. Mason, on the 10th, and, after being wind-bound several days, sailed from the mouth of the river for Narraganset bay on the 19th. They were accompanied by sixty Moheagan and River Indians, under Uncas, a Moheagan sachem. On reaching Narraganset bay, they landed to the number of seventy-seven Englishmen, marched into the country of the Narragansets, and communicated their design to Miantonimoh, the sachem of the country, who offered to join them. Information was here received that Capt. Patrick had reached Providence, with a company of Massachusetts troops, but it was resolved not to wait for this reinforcement. On the next day, they marched twenty miles, through the west part of Rhode Island, and reached Nihantick, which bordered on the Pequot country.

'In the morning, a considerable number of Miantonimoh's men came on and joined the English. This encouraged many of the Nihanticks also to join them. They soon formed a circle, and

made protestations, how gallantly they would fight, and what numbers they would kill. When the army marched, the next morning, the captain had with him nearly five hundred Indians. He marched twelve miles, to the ford in Pawcatuck river. The day was very hot, and the men, through the great heat, and a scarcity of provision, began to faint. The army, therefore, made a considerable halt, and refreshed themselves. Here the Narraganset Indians began to manifest their dread of the Pequots, and to inquire of Capt. Mason, with great anxiety, what were his real designs. He assured them, that it was his design to attack the Pequots in their forts. At this, they appeared to be panic-struck, and filled with amazement. Many of them drew off, and returned to Narraganset. The army marched on about three miles, and came to Indian corn-fields; and the captain, imagining that he drew near the enemy, made a halt: he called his guides and council, and demanded of the Indians how far it was to the forts. They represented, that it was twelve miles to Sassacus's fort, and that both forts were in a manner impregnable. Wequash, a Pequot captain or petty sachem, who had revolted from Sassacus to the Narragansets, was the principal guide, and he proved faithful. He gave such information, respecting the distance of the forts from each other, and the distance which they were then at from the chief sachem's, as determined him and his officers to alter the resolution which they had before adopted, of attacking them both at once; and to make a united attack upon that at Mystic. He found his men so fatigued, in marching through a pathless wilderness, with their provisions, arms, and ammunition, and so affected with the heat, that this resolution appeared to be absolutely necessary. One of Capt. Underhill's men became lame, at the same time, and began to fail. The army, therefore, proceeded directly to Mystic, and continuing their march, came to a small swamp between two hills, just at the disappearing of the daylight. The officers supposing that they were now near the fort, pitched their little camp, between or near two large rocks, in Groton, since called Porter's rocks. The men were faint and weary, and though the rocks were their pillows, their rest was sweet. The guards and sentinels were considerably advanced, in the front of the army, and heard the enemy singing at the fort, who continued their rejoicings even until midnight. They had seen the vessels pass the harbour, some days before, and had concluded, that the English were afraid, and had no courage to attack them. They were therefore rejoicing, singing, dancing, insulting them, and wearying themselves, on this account.

'The night was serene, and, towards morning, the moon shone clear. The important crisis was now come, when the very ex-

istence of Connecticut, under providence, was to be determined by the sword, in a single action; and to be decided by the good conduct of less than eighty brave men. The Indians who remained were now sorely dismayed, and though at first, they had led the van, and boasted of great feats, yet were now all fallen back in the rear.

'About two hours before day, the men were roused with all expedition, and briefly commending themselves and their cause to God, advanced immediately towards the fort. After a march of about two miles, they came to the foot of a large hill, where a fine country opened before them. The captain, supposing that the fort could not be far distant, sent for the Indians in the rear, to come up. Uncas and Wequash at length appeared. He demanded of them where the fort was. They answered, on the top of the hill. He demanded of them where were the other Indians. They answered, that they were much afraid. The captain sent to them not to fly, but to surround the fort at any distance they pleased, and see whether Englishmen would fight. The day was nearly dawning, and no time was now to be lost. The men pressed on, in two divisions, Captain Mason to the northeastern, and Captain Underhill to the western entrance. As the object which they had been so long seeking, came into view, and while they reflected they were to fight not only for themselves, but their parents, wives, children, and the whole colony, the martial spirit kindled in their bosoms, and they were wonderfully animated and assisted. As captain Mason advanced within a rod or two of the fort a dog barked, and an Indian roared out Owanux! Owanux! That is, Englishmen! Englishmen! The troops pressed on, and as the Indians were rallying, poured in upon them, through the pallisadoes, a general discharge of their muskets, and then wheeling off to the principal entrance, entered the fort sword in hand. Notwithstanding the suddenness of the attack, the blaze and thunder of their arms, the enemy made a manly and desperate resistance. Captain Mason and his party drove the Indians in the main street towards the west part of the fort, where some bold men, who had forced their way, met them, and made such slaughter among them that the street was soon clear of the enemy. They secreted themselves in and behind their wigwams, and taking advantage of every covert, maintained an obstinate defence. The captain and his men entered the wigwams, where they were beset with many Indians, who took every advantage to shoot them, and lay hands upon them, so that it was with great difficulty that they could defend themselves with their swords. After a severe conflict, in which many of the Indians were slain, some of the English killed, and others sorely wounded, the victory still

hung in suspense. The captain, finding himself much exhausted, and out of breath, as well as his men, by the extraordinary exertions which they had made, in this critical state of the action, had recourse to a successful expedient. He cries out to his men, WE MUST BURN THEM. He immediately entering a wigwam, took fire and put it into the mats, with which the wigwams were covered. The fire instantly kindling, spread with such violence that all the Indian houses were soon wrapped in one general flame. As the fire increased, the English retired without the fort, and compassed it on every side. Uncas and his Indians, with such of the Narragansets as yet remained, took courage, from the example of the English, and formed another circle in the rear of them. The enemy were now seized with astonishment; and, forced by the flames from their lurking places into open light, became a fair mark for the English soldiers. Some climbed the pallisadoes, and were instantly brought down by the fire of the English muskets. Others, desperately sallying forth from their burning cells, were shot, or cut in pieces with the sword. Such terror fell upon them, that they would run back from the English, into the very flames. Great numbers perished in the conflagration.

'The greatness and violence of the fire, the reflection of the light, the flashing and roar of the arms, the shrieks and yellings of the men, women and children, in the fort, and the shoutings of the Indians without, just at the dawning of the morning, exhibited a grand and awful scene. In little more than an hour, this whole work of destruction was finished. Seventy wigwams were burnt, and five or six hundred Indians perished, either by the sword, or in the flames. A hundred and fifty warriors had been sent on, the evening before, who, that very morning, were to have gone forth against the English. Of these, and all who belonged to the fort, seven only escaped, and seven were made prisoners. It had been previously concluded not to burn the fort, but to destroy the enemy, and take the plunder; but the captain afterwards found it the only expedient to obtain the victory, and save his men. Thus parents and children, the sannup and squaw, the old man and the babe, perished in promiscuous ruin.' pp. 83—86.

Although this victory was complete, the situation of the army was extremely dangerous and distressing. Two of their number were killed, and one quarter of them were wounded. The remainder were exhausted with fatigue, and destitute of provisions. They were in the midst of an enemy's country, many miles from their vessels, and their ammunition was nearly exhausted. They were but a few miles

distant from the principal fortress of their enemy, where there was a fresh army, which they knew would be exasperated in the highest degree on learning the fate of their brethren. In the midst of their perplexity, while they were consulting on the course to be pursued, their vessels appeared in sight, steering with a fair wind directly into the harbour.

'Immediately, upon the discovery of the vessels, about three hundred Indians came on from the other fort. Captain Mason perceiving their approach, led out a chosen party to engage them, and try their temper. He gave them such a warm reception, as soon checked and put them to a stand. This gave him great encouragement, and he ordered the army to march for Pequot harbour. The enemy, upon this, immediately advanced to the hill, where the fort stood; and, viewing the destruction which had been made, stamped and tore their hair from their heads. After a short pause, and blowing themselves up to the highest transport of passion, they leaped down the hill after the army, in the most violent manner, as though they were about to run over the English. Captain Underhill, who, with a number of the best men, was ordered to defend the rear, soon checked the eagerness of their pursuit, and taught them to keep at a more respectful distance. The friendly Indians who had not deserted, now kept close to the English, and it was believed that after the enemy came on they were afraid to leave them. The enemy pursued the army nearly six miles, sometimes shooting at a distance, from behind rocks and trees, and at other times, pressing on more violently, and desperately hazarding themselves in the open field.

'That the English might all be enabled to fight, Captain Mason soon hired the Indians to carry the wounded men and their arms. The English killed several of the enemy while they pursued them, but sustained no loss themselves. When they killed a Pequot, the other Indians would shout, run and fetch his head. At length, the enemy, finding that they could make no impression upon the army, and that wounds and death attended their attempts, gave over the pursuit.

'The army then marched to the harbour, with their colours flying, and were received on board the vessels, with great mutual joy and congratulation.' p. 87.

The troops employed on this successful expedition, reached their homes, before the expiration of a month from the day that the war was resolved upon. The Pequots, on the departure of Capt. Mason, burnt their wigwams, destroyed their principal fort, and scattered themselves throughout the coun-

try. Sassacus, with a party of his chief warriours, abandoned his country, and moved by slow marches towards the Hudson river. They were followed by a party of Massachusetts and Connecticut troops; and in a great swamp in Fairfield, near the western part of Connecticut, they were overtaken and a battle ensued. Sassacus and about 20 of his most hardy men escaped, and fled to the Mohawk country. But there he found no safety. He was surprised by the Mohawks and killed with all his party except Mononotto, who, after being wounded, made his escape. The Pequots who remained were divided between the Moheagans and Narragansets, and the nation became extinct.

The prisoners, who were taken in this war, were treated by the English with great cruelty. Many of them were put to death. Several sachems were beheaded at Menunkatuch, and the spot has, from the cruel deed, been called Sachem's Head to this day. The women and children were divided among the troops, and it is stated that 'the people of Massachusetts sent a number of the women and boys to the West Indies, and sold them for slaves.' How opposed is this treatment, to the benevolent spirit that breathes in the letter of the amiable Robinson to the people of Plymouth, on learning that some of the natives had been killed, when he says, 'O how happy a thing had it been that you had converted some before you had killed any!'

'Among the Pequot captives were the wife and children of Mononotto. She was particularly noticed by the English for her great modesty, humanity and good sense. She made it as her only request, that she might not be injured either as to her offspring or personal honour. As a requital of her kindness to the captivated maids, her life and the lives of her children were not only spared, but they were particularly recommended to the care of governor Winthrop. He gave charge for their protection and kind treatment.' p. 92.

The narrative of this war, which abounds in traits of heroism and striking incidents, is written with great spirit, and cannot but be read with interest. The vigour and boldness, with which it was prosecuted on both sides, give it the air of romance. Its decisive termination, which was so fatal to one party, was productive of the most happy consequences to the other. It struck the Indians throughout New England

with such a salutary terrour, that they were contented, in general, to remain at peace for nearly forty years.

In the year 1638, a new colony was founded at New Haven. It consisted of a company, who had arrived the year before at Boston from England, and among them were several gentlemen eminent for their talents, and of great fortunes. They purchased lands at New Haven of the natives, and laid out a regular city, which they designed as a place of great trade. In the year following, the people of Connecticut convened at Hartford, and formed a constitution of government, which was of the most popular kind, the leading objects of which were to maintain the liberty and purity of the gospel, the discipline of the churches, and the administration of the government according to the laws. The people of New Haven, also, the same year, formed a constitution similar to that of the neighbouring colony, except that it was a little more strict in not admitting any but church members to the privileges of freemen. These continued to be the constitutions of the two colonies, until they were united under the new charter in 1661.

In 1643, the four colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven, after having agitated the subject for some years, entered into a confederation, for their mutual safety and welfare, under the title of 'The United Colonies of New England.' The four colonies were admitted on equal terms, and the affairs of the confederacy were managed by a board of commissioners, consisting of two members annually appointed by each colony, who were required to convene once in every year, and on all occasions of special emergency; and were invested with full power to conduct all affairs of general concern relating to the colonies. This confederation subsisted, and was productive of the most beneficial effects, for the space of forty years. The articles of union reserved to the several colonies a complete jurisdiction in all matters of a local nature, or relating to them individually, and specified the powers granted to the commissioners. All military expenses were to be borne by the colonies, in the proportion of the number of male inhabitants between sixteen and sixty years of age. Dr. Trumbull says, in enumerating the powers of the commissioners, 'They were vested with plenary powers, for making war and peace.' He, however, relates, in a subsequent part of the work, the history of a

very serious controversy between the legislature of Massachusetts and the commissioners of the three other colonies, which turned on the question, whether the commissioners were invested with the power of involving the colonies in an offensive war, against the consent of the legislatures of the several colonies, in a case in which they should declare the war unjust. The articles of confederation, in enumerating the powers of the commissioners, direct, that they 'shall bring full power from their severall generall courts respectively, to heare, examine, weigh, and determine, all affairs of our warr or peace, leagues, ayds, charges, and numbers of men for warr, division of spoyles, and whatsoever is gotten by conquest, receiving of more confederatts for plantacons, into combinacon with any of the confederatts, and all thinges of like nature, which are the proper concomitants or consequents of such a confederacon for amytie, offence and defence, not intermeddling with the government of any of the jurisdiccons, which by the third article is preserved entirely to themselves.' The decision of six of the eight commissioners was to be binding upon the colonies.

The controversy here referred to, took place in the year 1653, and produced a violent agitation through the colonies. It arose from a proposition, urged with great vehemence on the part of the commissioners, to declare war against the Dutch at New Netherlands. We are not able to copy at length the account of this transaction, as it is given in this history, but the following extracts will show the occasion of the remarks which we are about to make.

'Nothing could induce the Massachusetts to unite with their brethren, in a war against the Dutch. The general court, in direct violation of the articles of confederation, resolved that no determination of the commissioners, though they should all agree, should bind the general court to join in an offensive war, which should appear to such general court to be unjust. This declaration gave great uneasiness to the commissioners, and to the sister colonies. Indeed, it nearly effected a dissolution of their union.' p. 208.

'Few instances occur in history, of so flagrant and obstinate a violation of a covenant, so solemnly made, as this of the general court of Massachusetts; especially, of a covenant made between christians of the same nation, and all professed brethren of the same faith. What interest the Massachusetts made by thus

favouring the Dutch, is not known; but surely it is painful to relate the indelible stain, which the legislature of so ancient and respectable a colony have left, by this conduct, upon their honour, as men, and upon their morals, as christians.' pp. 211, 212.

This appears to be written in the temper of the times when the events occurred, and with the feeling which then animated the people of Connecticut. The author must have gotten his view of the subject from the cotemporary writers of his own state. But the length of time which has passed away, should enable us to examine it more dispassionately. His history of the controversy is imperfect, and in several points erroneous. In the brief account which we are about to give of it, we shall rely principally upon the authority of the records of the United Colonies, published in the second volume of Hazard's invaluable Collections.

The Connecticut and New Haven people had been engaged in the most vexatious and irritating quarrels with the Dutch, from the first settlement of their colonies. It cannot be supposed, however, that the wrong was always on the side of their rivals. The effect of these had been to excite them to a state of the most bitter hostility. In the mean time, the English parliament declared war against the United Provinces, and several obstinate naval battles were fought in the British channel. This opened the way for hostilities between the infant colonies of the two countries on this continent, if they were disposed for it.

On the 19th of May, 1653, a special meeting of the commissioners of the United Colonies was holden at Boston, in consequence of a rumour, that a plot had been formed between the Dutch at New Netherlands, and the Indians in all quarters of the country, to cut off, by a general massacre, the whole English population of New England. The rumour of this plot was derived from the Indians, and it was supposed to be corroborated by various circumstances. Ninigrett, one of the Narraganset sachems, had passed the winter at the Manhadoes, and returned in the spring in a Dutch vessel. Uncas, the Moheagan sachem, informed that Ninigrett had made a league with the Dutch governour, and had received from him, as presents, twenty guns, with powder and shot; and also related many other proofs of hostility to the English, on the part of Ninigrett. Traders with the Indians in Rhode Island gave information, that the Narragansets spoke

in terms of commendation of the Dutch, declaring that they would furnish goods at half the price demanded by the English, and would supply them with powder in abundance. It was also reported, that the northern and eastern Indians had become insolent in their conduct towards the English; and several Indians on Long Island, and in the neighbourhood of the Manhadoes, informed that they had been solicited, with the promise of liberal presents, to join the Dutch in a conspiracy to cut off the English.

About the same time, the Dutch governour wrote to the governours of the New England colonies, proposing to enter into an engagement to remain neutral, unless contrary orders should be given by their superiors, notwithstanding the war subsisting between the two countries; and offered to send an agent to treat on the subject with the commissioners. This proposition was considered by the commissioners as altogether insidious, and tending to corroborate the rumours of his hostile designs, which had taken strong hold on their minds.

The three Narraganset sachems, in reply to certain queries propounded to them by messengers despatched from Boston for that purpose, utterly denied having any knowledge of such a plot. Mixam, one of these sachems, declared;—'though I be poor, it is not goods, guns, powder, nor shot that shall draw me to such a plot as this against the English, my friends.' Sassacus, after disclaiming with great warmth all participation in such a treasonable design, inquires;—'Have we not reason in us? How can the Dutch shelter us, being so remote, against the power of the English our friends—we living close by the doors of the English our friends?—We do profess, we do abhor it.' Ninigrett answered, that he went to the Manhadoes to be cured of a disease that was upon him, having heard that a Frenchman resided there who could cure him, and that he went with the knowledge of Governour Winthrop. He said that he had not been treated by the Dutch governour in a manner calculated to shake his fidelity to the English. 'It was winter time,' says he, 'and I stood a great part of a winter day, knocking at the governour's door, and he would neither open it, nor suffer others to open it, to let me in. I was not wont to find such carriage from the English, my friends.' He said, that he had never heard the Dutch express any hostile intentions against the English, but that

he had been told by some Indians at the Manhadoes, that the English and Dutch were fighting in their own country, and that some ships were coming over with ammunition, and that on their arrival a great blow would be given to the English here. Whether this was true he could not tell. He declared that he had received no guns from the governour, but that he had bought two of the Indians.

The commissioners were not satisfied with this denial,—although it was supported by explanations and assurances given by three messengers despatched by the Narraganset sachems to Boston,—nor by the positive denial of all hostile intentions by the Dutch governour in a letter addressed to the governour of New Haven, in which he offered to come, or send agents to clear himself before the commissioners;—but they proceeded to draw up at great length, a declaration against the Dutch, containing a recital of their former grievances, and of the proofs of the supposed conspiracy. 'That the Indians,' say they, 'whoe know not God, but worshipp and walke after the prince of the power of the aire, serving theire lusts, hateful and hating one another, should grow insolent, and sundrey wayes injurious to strangers of contrary judgment and practice, cannot seem strange to any whoe consider what proportion and agreement there is ordenaryly betwixt the fruit and the tree;—' but from the Dutch, who were a christian people, they had expected a neighbourly and friendly line of conduct. Having drawn up their declaration, the commissioners were divided in opinion respecting the course proper to be pursued, and therefore submitted the subject for their advice, to the council of Massachusetts, and the neighbouring elders. In pursuance of the advice of these two bodies, they immediately despatched three agents or ambassadors to the Manhadoes, 'that the Dutch governour have an opportunity given him, to answer for himself, either by purgation or acceptance or disacceptance of satisfactory propositions of security, as the matter shall require; by whose answare whereunto, our call to peace or warr may be further cleared, and the incollumity of the colonies in the interim provided for.'

The history of this mission, as it is related in the records of the United Colonies, is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of diplomacy. The agents were instructed, not only to obtain explanations and satisfaction from the governour,

but to procure all the evidence in their power from the Dutch or Indians, on their way, at Manhadoes, or on Long Island, relative to the alleged conspiracy. They were ordered to use all due diligence, and to return as soon as possible. This part of their instructions, at least, they obeyed with exemplary fidelity. They repaired to the Manhadoes, and a brisk correspondence was carried on with the governour for the space of two or three days. They first proposed that the governour should appoint a time and a place within the United Colonies, for the examination of witnesses, to clear him from the charge of having conspired with the Indians against the English colonies. This proposition he refused to accede to. They then proposed that the examination should take place at Flushing or Hamstead on Long Island, and that they should be furnished with full power under his hand, to call to testify, any persons they might choose, and that he should give satisfactory assurance that no person who might give testimony, should be called in question or disturbed on account of it. This proposition the governour acceded to, on condition that three commissioners, named by himself, should be joined with the English agents, and that before these six gentlemen, all persons should be examined according to the custom of the laws of New Netherland. He therefore gave a warrant under his hand, and the hand of the members of the council, and the seal of the province, commanding all inferior magistrates and officers to cite before the English and Dutch commissioners, all persons whom they should require, English, Dutch, or natives. The governour and council at the same time protested jointly, and every one in particular, that they were guiltless of any plot, either offensive or defensive against the English. This answer was not satisfactory to the English agents, because it was a variation from their proposition, because they were not satisfied with the persons nominated to be joined to the commission, and because the examination was restricted to the custom of the laws of New Netherland. They therefore proceeded to demand, in the name of the United Colonies, satisfaction for the injuries they had received.

Dr. Trumbull, in his account of this negotiation, says, that the Dutch governour 'would submit to no examination by the agents, any further than a committee of his own appointing should consent,' and that he 'would not suffer the wit-

nesses to speak, unless they were previously laid under such restraints as would prevent all benefit from their evidence.' This is not, according to our apprehension, a fair construction of the governour's letter. On the contrary, his proposition seems to have been more reasonable than theirs, and the best adapted of the two, for coming at the truth,—the professed object of both parties.

After some further fruitless negotiation,—in the course of which Stuyvesant, the Dutch governour, renewed the proposition for a treaty of alliance, by which the parties should bind themselves to preserve a state of peace, notwithstanding the hostilities carried on between the mother countries,—the correspondence closed. The English agents, after collecting some vague and inconclusive evidence relative to the alleged conspiracy, from a number of Indians, returned to Boston.

During the absence of their ambassadors, the commissioners resolved, that, 'if God should call the colonies to make war against the Dutch,' an army should be raised of five hundred men, of whom three hundred and thirty-three should be furnished by Massachusetts, sixty by Plymouth, sixty-five by Connecticut and forty-two by New Haven. The commander in chief was to be commissioned by Massachusetts, but they recommended that Capt. Leverett,—one of the agents on the Dutch mission,—should be appointed, on account of the opportunity he had had to observe the situation and fortifications of the Manhadoes.

On the return of the agents to Boston, arose the important question, whether war should be immediately declared against the Dutch. It was evident, that the commissioners of the three smaller colonies were in favour of such a measure, but the people of Massachusetts generally were opposed to it. The General Court of that colony, therefore, on the 24th of May, passed a resolve, for proposing to the commissioners a consultation on the subject, taking the advice of such elders as should choose to be present. The commissioners acceded to the proposition, and a committee, consisting of four from each body, was appointed to draw up a statement of the case. The committee not being able to agree on a report, it was determined that two statements should be drawn up, one by a member of the General Court's committee, and the other by one of the committee appointed by the commissioners, and that both should be written upon the same sheet of paper,

and submitted to the court and elders. The declaration of the commissioners against the Dutch, and the evidence they had collected of the plot, were also submitted. The reference of this important subject to the clergy of the colony, for their opinion and advice, is a single proof, among the many which occur in our early history, of the respect and deference paid to that learned and exemplary body of men.

In a general conference of the commissioners, with the General Court and elders of Massachusetts, the subject was solemnly and fully debated. The elders, having perused the papers and considered the subject deliberately, came to the conclusion; first, in relation to the injuries received from the Dutch, that they could 'not discover them to be a sufficient clear ground of war at present;' and secondly, in relation to the alleged conspiracy, although they allow the evidence to be of much weight, yet, say they, 'upon serious and conscientious examination of the proof produced, we cannot find them so fully conclusive, as to clear up present proceedings to war.' 'Therefore, we humbly conceive it to be most agreeable to the gospel of peace, which we profess, and safest for these colonies, to forbear the use of the sword, till the Lord, by his providence, and by the wisdom of his servants set over us, shall further clear of his mind, either for our settled peace or most manifest grounds of war; that we may not proceed doubtfully and so unsafely in so weighty a case. In the mean time, we may comfortably commit ourselves unto the Lord, waiting upon him in a posture of defence and readiness for action, as need shall require, hoping that the Lord will not suffer his people to lose by their tenderness of conscience in being slow to shed blood.' The General Court came to the resolution, 'that according to their best apprehension in the case, they do not understand we are called to make a present war with the Dutch.'

A few days after the close of this conference, the General Court of Massachusetts communicated to the commissioners a resolution, which had been adopted by the two houses, in which they maintained that the commissioners had not the power, by the articles of confederation, to determine the justice of an offensive and vindictive war, and to engage the colonies therein. This resolution they defended by a variety of arguments. They contended, that although the article, which defines the powers of the commissioners, taken independently,

might seem to grant them the power of declaring war,—yet, when taken in connexion with several of the other articles, it was manifest that no more could be intended by it, than to give them the power of conducting a war already begun, or into which the colonies might be urged without their voluntary act. It was not intended that the power should be given, unless by special instructions under the seal of the colony. So important an act of authority, involving considerations of moral right and obligation, could not be delegated consistently with the supreme authority, expressly reserved to the colonies individually. They declare it to be 'an absurdity in policy, that an entire government and jurisdiction should prostitute itself to the command of strangers—a scandal in religion, that a General Court of Christians should be obliged to act and engage upon the faith of six delegates, against their conscience.' The report of the committee, in which these reasons are enforced, was adopted by both houses of the General Court, and to it the house of delegates subjoined a further argument, which they state in the following formal manner. 'The case in hand may be considered under a double head; first, what supreme governours of a commonwealth, in point of confederation with another nation, may do. Secondly, what this government, in reference to the question in hand, hath done. Concerning the first of these, it is to be considered what they may not, nextly, what they may do. Touching the last, first, they are to act all cases not reserved expressly, or impliedly. Concerning the other, they may not act against fundamental laws, or what else the people have reserved to themselves. The next thing is, to consider in some instance, what fundamental laws are.' They come to the conclusion, that to allow to the commissioners the power of making an offensive war, would be to violate the fundamental law, by which the people of the commonwealth have the right of making immediate choice of the rulers to whom their lives and estates are entrusted.

Soon after receiving this resolution, the commissioners separated, and no further measures were taken by them until their annual meeting in the September following. In the mean time, the general elections,—the time appointed, according to the rumours, for the execution of the plot,—had passed by, and no fatal consequences had ensued.

It is not necessary for us here to go into a discussion of the

merits of this case. It would be sufficient for our purpose, if the ground taken by the Massachusetts government were only plausible enough, to authorize the belief that they acted with good faith and a pure conscience. But we think that their conduct admits of a much more full defence than this. The power claimed by the commissioners, was certainly not given in very express and intelligible terms. It is therefore proper to interpret the words, in which it was supposed to be conveyed, by reference to the general tenor of the instrument. It does not seem very consistent with our present notions of government, that the power of declaring war should be delegated by legislatures,—who expressly reserved to themselves the sovereign authority within their own jurisdictions,—to a board of commissioners, who represented only the governments and not the people of the several colonies, whose resolves were all to be executed by the several legislatures, and who did not constitute so properly a government, as a board of diplomatic agents. There were strong reasons for supposing that the zeal of the smaller colonies, particularly Connecticut and New Haven, for a war against New Netherland, proceeded from no very disinterested motive. They had been in a state of perpetual collision with the Dutch from the commencement of their colonies; and it was exceedingly important to them, that this enemy to their repose should be put out of the way of contesting their title to all they possessed;—for they could not be without apprehensions, lest the title of the Dutch West India Company should at one day or other prove to be as good as theirs to the whole soil of Connecticut. The General Court of Massachusetts, therefore, with much force contended, that to yield to the wishes of the commissioners, would be to give up one of the most important attributes of sovereignty, and to sacrifice the interests of their constituents, with the stain of an unjust war on their consciences.

After the adjournment of the commissioners, the General Court of Massachusetts opened a correspondence with the courts of the other colonies, in which they proposed an amendment and explanation of the articles of confederation. The General Courts of Connecticut and New Haven answered, that in their opinion, the articles needed no explanation, and complained of the Court of Massachusetts for their breach of covenant. A like proposition was made by the General

Court to the commissioners at their next meeting. The commissioners replied, that they neither thought any amendment necessary, nor had power to make it, if they had judged it expedient. After a correspondence between these two bodies, carried on for several days, the commissioners concluded their final communication to the General Court, by proposing, that if they would submit to the interpretation which the commissioners had given to the articles, until they should be otherwise explained by the four colonies, they would proceed in their ordinary business; otherwise they desired to return to their own homes. The General Court replied, 'We see not reason to protract time in fruitless and needless returns: we shall acquiesce in our last paper, and commit the success to God.' Upon this, the commissioners, by vote, expressed their determination to dissolve the meeting immediately.

By the intercession, however, of the Massachusetts commissioners, the General Court made some explanations; in consequence of which, the commissioners were induced to remain, to wave the question in dispute, and to proceed in other business. They proceeded amicably in the less important concerns of the colonies, for several days. At length, they came to a resolution,—one of the Massachusetts delegates only dissenting,—to declare war against Ninigrett, the Narraganset sachem, on account of hostilities committed by him against the Long Island Indians, and to raise an army of two hundred and fifty men, two thirds of whom were to be furnished by Massachusetts. This resolve having been submitted to the governour and council of Massachusetts, they replied, that, having considered the reasons for the resolve, they did not perceive sufficient grounds of war either from any obligation to the Long Island Indians, or on account of the treatment received by the messengers sent to the Indians, or from any other motive presented to their consideration, and therefore they dared not to exercise their authority in raising a force to carry on the war against Ninigrett.

The commissioners then proceeded to vote,—six delegates assenting,—that the colonies had just grounds of war against the Dutch at the Manhadoes. They also voted, that the Massachusetts, in refusing to raise men to prosecute the war against Ninigrett, had actually broken their covenant;—'but what damages may hereby grow to the other colonies, they leave to such discoveries as the wise God shall please to make.'

Against this last vote Mr. Bradstreet, one of the commissioners, entered his protest. 'I shall at present,' says he, 'say only this, that I cannot hinder the honoured commissioners from apprehending what they declare, or declaring what they apprehend; so neither do the one or the other make to that be a breach of covenant, which is not so in itself. The colonies are not bound to act in any offensive war, according to the determination of the commisioners, further than the same is just and according to God.'

No further attempt was made by the commissioners to enforce war against the Dutch. No war took place, and no injury followed from the rumoured conspiracy. The Massachusetts commissioners, in the year following, for the sake of harmony, retracted their offensive interpretation of the articles of confederation, and here the controversy ended.

Whatever censure may deservedly fall on the General Court of Massachusetts, for having endeavoured to evade perhaps the strict letter of their obligation, when the general tenor and spirit of the instrument supported their interpretation of it, their conduct cannot have merited the measure of reproach which is heaped upon it, in the passages which we have quoted; nor can it be compared, to their disadvantage, with the inexcusable zeal of those who would have availed themselves of false and wicked rumours, to excite an exterminating war against their weaker neighbours and rivals, whose only offence in this instance appears to have been, endeavouring to conciliate the natives, that they might aid in protecting them against the hostility which they had but too much reason to dread.

We shall here quit this subject, after quoting one or two passages from the history, which may serve as an indication of the temper which prevailed at that time in the minds of the Connecticut people against the Dutch.

'Augustus Harriman, a Dutch trader, with his vessel, was seized by the people of Saybrook, for illicit trade with the Indians. The Court fined him forty pounds, and confiscated his vessel and cargo. They also made him give it in writing, under his hand, that he had been well treated.' p. 194, note.

It is not certain that the severity of their penalties against the use of tobacco, as stated in the following paragraph, ought to be attributed to their strong prejudice against their neigh-

bours at Manhadoes, yet there is some reason for suspecting it.

'It was ordered, that no person under twenty years of age, nor any other who had not already accustomed himself to use it, should take any tobacco until he had obtained a certificate from under the hand of an approved physician, that it was useful for him, and until he had also obtained a license from the Court. All others who had addicted themselves to the use of it, were prohibited from taking it, in any company, or at their labours, or in travelling, unless ten miles at least from any company; and though not in company, not more than once a day upon pain of a fine of sixpence for every such offence. One substantial witness was to be a sufficient proof of the crime. The constables of the several towns were to make presentment to the particular courts, and it was ordered, that the fine should be paid without gainsaying.' p. 162.

On the restoration in 1660, Cols. Whalley and Goffe, two of the judges of king Charles I, who had subsequently held the rank of general officers in Cromwell's army, fled to this country. Ten of their associates had already been condemned and executed as traitors. They were gentlemen of distinguished talents and polished manners, and at Boston and Cambridge,—where they resided and appeared publicly for several months,—they were treated with great attention and universal respect. Finding at length, however, that it would be unsafe for them to remain there, they retired to New Haven, where they were most cordially received and protected. Soon after they left Boston, the royal proclamation was received, ordering them to be arrested. The governour of Massachusetts received a special mandate, ordering him to require that they should be immediately apprehended. A commission was given to two zealous young royalists, with full powers to search for them throughout the colonies, and to arrest them wherever they might be found. They were soon traced to New Haven. The pursuing officers arrived at Guilford, the residence of the governour, where they demanded full powers and assistance to prosecute their search. He detained them until the next morning, and then told them that he could give them no powers until he had consulted his council. In the mean time, he read some of their papers so audibly, that they were overheard by some of his neighbours, who were friendly to the judges, and intelligence of their ob-

ject was despatched to New Haven. The messengers proceeded to New Haven, but the governour followed and kept them in suspense for a long time, by the ceremony of convening his council. After a consultation of five or six hours, the Council dispersed, and the governour told the messengers that he had no authority to do any thing in the case without calling a general assembly of the freemen. They remonstrated, and told the governour he would incur the resentment of the king for concealing and abetting such traitors and regicides. They demanded, 'whether he and his council would own and honour his majesty.' The governour replied, 'We do honour his majesty, but have tender consciences, and wish first to know whether he will own us.' The messengers proceeded to search the houses of the citizens of New Haven, and the judges made their escape from house to house, without being discovered. They at length entered the house of one Mrs. Eyers, where the judges actually were; but she received them with such address as to make them believe, that they had just made their escape from the house, and in consequence no search was made. The messengers were obliged to return without accomplishing their object, and the judges remained concealed in the colony for several years. Their history is fully recorded in the well known account of them written by President Stiles.

The people of New Haven were more firm in their republican principles than the inhabitants of any of the other colonies. They neglected to proclaim king Charles II, until they were severely complained of, and they dared to delay it no longer. They then acknowledged him in a very ungracious manner, assigning their ignorance of the proper form, as the cause of their delay and of their singular style of doing it.

But the Connecticut colony, soon after the restoration, sent Mr. Winthrop, son of Governour Winthrop of Massachusetts, to England with a humble petition to the king, in which they solicited a charter under the royal signature. They say, that 'by reason of the calamities of the late sad times,' they have had no opportunity to seek for a patent from their sovereign lord and king, and they preferred rather to content themselves without any, 'in those afflicting times, than to seek for power or privileges from any other than their lawful prince and sovereign.' Mr. Winthrop was a gentleman of

fine talents and address, and he succeeded in engaging in his interest several gentlemen of influence at court. He was also possessed of a remarkable ring, which had been given by Charles I, to his grandfather; this, on his audience with the king, he presented to his majesty, and thereby gained his favourable attention. On the 20th of April, 1662, he obtained from the king a patent under the great seal of England, granting the most ample privileges, and confirming to the freemen of the Connecticut colony, and such as should be admitted freemen, all the lands which had been formerly granted to the Earl of Warwick, and by him transferred to Lord Say and Seal, and his associates. This charter established over the colony a form of government of the most popular kind, and provided for the annual choice of a governour, deputy governour, and twelve assistants, who, with delegates not exceeding two from each town, were to form a general assembly, to meet twice in every year, and were invested with the powers of government. This charter was the fundamental law of Connecticut for the space of a hundred and fifty eight years; and it is remarkable, that although it was granted at a period of the world when the rights of the people were little understood and little regarded, and by a sovereign who governed England with a more arbitrary sway than any of his successors, the form of government established by this charter was of a more popular description, and placed all power within the more immediate reach of the people, than the constitution for which it has been deliberately exchanged, in these modern days of popular jealousy and republican freedom.

The people and territory of New Haven were included within this new charter of Connecticut. This colony, although originally established under more favourable auspices, proved much less fortunate than her elder sister. The people were among the most wealthy of the early planters, and they began their settlement with the prospect of improving their fortunes by trade. These hopes were early cut off, as thus related by their historian.

'New Haven having been exceedingly disappointed in trade, and sustained great damages at Delaware, and the large estates which they brought into New England declining, this year made uncommon exertions, as far as possible to retrieve their former losses. Combining their money and labours, they built a ship, at Rhode Island, of a hundred and fifty tons; and freighted her

for England, with the best part of their commercial estates. Mr. Gregson, Capt. Turner, Mr. Lamberton, and five or six of their principal men embarked on board. They sailed from New Haven in January, 1647. They were obliged to cut through the ice, to get out of the harbour. The ship foundered at sea, and was never heard of after she sailed. The loss of this ship, with the former losses which the company had sustained, broke up all their expectations with respect to trade, and as they conceived themselves disadvantageously situated for husbandry, they adopted the design of leaving the country. They were invited to Jamaica in the West Indies. They had also an invitation to Ireland. It seems they entered into treaties for the city of Galloway, which they designed to have settled, as a small province for themselves. Nevertheless they were disappointed with respect to all these designs.' p. 161.

They, however, on turning their attention to agriculture, seem to have recovered from their despondency, and to have been nearly as prosperous as their neighbours. They were a little more strict in their discipline than either of the other colonies, and for this reason they appear to have placed a peculiar value on the right of self-government. It was therefore with great reluctance that they consented to become incorporated with Connecticut. They resisted by all means in their power, for the space of three years; but at length submitted through necessity, all privileges being guarantied to them which were enjoyed by the people with whom they were associated.

Their submission to this measure was hastened by an event which at this time spread an alarm throughout the New England colonies. On the 12th of March, 1664, king Charles II gave to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, a patent of certain territories in America, in which were included the lands from the west side of Connecticut river to the east side of Delaware bay. A fleet was immediately despatched for the reduction of the Dutch at the New Netherlands, and commissioners were appointed for taking possession of the newly granted territories, in which were embraced the whole of New Haven, and a large portion of Connecticut. They were not only entrusted with the government of this territory, but were also invested with extraordinary powers for visiting the New England colonies, and hearing all matters of complaint and controversy which might arise in them. The people of New Haven, on hearing of the arbitrary disposition

of these commissioners, thought it expedient, as the least of two evils, to shelter themselves under the Connecticut charter, and to unite with that colony in endeavouring to secure the privileges granted by it. Mr. Winthrop and others,—a committee appointed for the purpose,—succeeded in obtaining from the commissioners the establishment of the eastern line of New York, nearly where it runs at the present day, and thus preserved the colony from being dismembered of the richest, and most populous section of its territory.

But in 1674, the Duke of York took out a new patent of his possessions, in which the boundaries were described in the same terms as in the former. He appointed Major Andross,—afterwards the notorious Sir Edmund Andross,—governour of New York, and all his territories in those parts. This obsequious agent,—disregarding the priority of the Connecticut patent as well as the decision of the royal commissioners ten years before,—claimed as a part of the Duke's grant all that part of the colony which lay west of the Connecticut river, and threatened to take it by force. On the 9th of July, while a large part of the militia were absent in prosecuting the Indian war against Philip, Andross appeared in the mouth of the river, with an armed force to invade the colony. The fort at Saybrook was immediately manned by a few of the neighbouring militia, and these were soon reinforced by a party under Capt. Bull from Hartford. The assembly, who were in session, voted a pointed protest against the conduct of Andross, which they despatched to Capt. Bull, with instructions to propose to Andross to refer the question of title to Commissioners. For what followed, we quote Dr. Trumbull.

'On the 11th, Major Andross, with several armed sloops drew up before the fort, hoisted the king's flag on board, and demanded a surrender of the fortress and town. Capt. Bull raised his majesty's colours in the fort, and arranged his men in the best manner. They appeared with a good countenance, determined and eager for action. The major did not like to fire on the king's colours, and perceiving, that should he attempt to reduce the town by force, it would be a bloody affair, judged it expedient not to fire upon the troops. He nevertheless lay all that day, and part of the next, off against the fort.' p. 328.

'Early in the morning of the 12th of July, the major desired that he might have admittance on shore, and an interview with the ministers and chief officers. He probably imagined that if he

could read the duke's patent and his own commission, it would make an impression upon the people, and that he should gain by art, that which he could not by force of arms. He was allowed to come on shore, with his suite. Meanwhile, the express arrived with the protest, and instructions from the assembly. Captain Bull and his officers, with the officers and gentlemen of the town, met the major, at his landing, and acquainted him that they had, at that instant, received instructions to tender him a treaty, and to refer the whole matter in controversy to commissioners, capable of determining it according to law and justice. The major rejected the proposal, and forthwith commanded in his majesty's name, that the duke's patent, and the commission which he had received from his royal highness, should be read. Captain Bull commanded him, in his majesty's name, to forbear reading. When his clerk attempted to persist in reading, the captain repeated his command, with such energy of voice and manner, as convinced the major it was not safe to proceed. The captain then acquainted him that he had an address from the assembly to him, and read the protest. Governour Andross, pleased with his bold and soldier like appearance, said, 'What is your name?' He replied, 'My name is Bull, sir.' 'Bull!' said the governour, 'It is a pity that your horns are not tipped with silver.' Finding that he could make no impression upon the officers or people, and that the legislature of the colony were determined to defend themselves, in the possession of their chartered rights, he gave up his design of seizing the fort. He represented the protest as a slender affair, and an ill requital of his kindness. He said, however, he should do no more. The militia of the town guarded him to his boat, and going on board he soon sailed for Long Island.' p. 330.

Connecticut was destined to suffer, with the rest of the colonies, from the violent acts committed in the last years of the reign of the Stuarts. Massachusetts had been deprived of her charter, and Rhode Island had been induced to surrender hers, when in July, 1685, a writ of *quo warranto* was issued against the governour and company of Connecticut. The day of appearance was past, before the writ was received by the governour. A second and a third were issued; but the governour and assembly determined neither to appear to defend their charter, nor voluntarily to surrender it, according to the advice of the time-serving politicians of the day. In December, 1686, Sir Edmund Andross arrived at Boston, with a commission to act as governour of New England. He was a

fit representative of the royal authority of that day, and was the object of terrour and hatred throughout his whole government. He made several applications to the governour and assembly of Connecticut, for the surrender of their charter, but without success. They constantly referred him to the promises of king James and of his royal brother, to defend them in the enjoyment of their estates and privileges.

'The assembly met, as usual, in October, [1687] and the government continued, according to charter, until the last of the month. About this time, Sir Edmund, with his suite, and more than sixty regular troops, came to Hartford, where the assembly were sitting, demanded the charter, and declared the government under it to be dissolved. The assembly were extremely reluctant and slow with respect to any resolve to surrender the charter, or with respect to any motion to bring it forth. The tradition is, that Governor Treat strongly represented the great expense and hardships of the colonists, in planting the country; the blood and treasure which they had expended in defending it, both against the savages and foreigners; to what hardships and dangers he himself had been exposed for that purpose; and that it was like giving up his life, now to surrender the patent and privileges, so dearly bought, and so long enjoyed. The important affair was debated and kept in suspense, until the evening, when the charter was brought and laid upon the table, where the assembly were sitting. By this time, great numbers of people were assembled, and men sufficiently bold to enterprise, whatever might be necessary or expedient. The lights were instantly extinguished, and one captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, in the most silent and secret manner, carried off the charter, and secreted it in a large hollow tree, fronting the house of the Hon. Samuel Wyllys, then one of the magistrates of the colony. The people appeared all peaceable and orderly. The candles were officiously re-lighted, but the patent was gone, and no discovery could be made of it, or of the person who had conveyed it away. Sir Edmund assumed the government, and the records of the colony were closed in the following words:

'"At a general court at Hartford, October 31st 1687, his Excellency, Sir Edmund Andross, knight, and captain-general and governor of his majesty's territories and dominions in New England, by order from his majesty James the second, king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, the 31st of October, 1687, took into his hands the government of the colony of Connecticut, it being, by his majesty, annexed to Massachusetts, and other colonies under his Excellency's government. FINIS."' pp. 371, 372.

The administration of Andross in all the colonies was most arbitrary and oppressive. He dispensed with the services of the elective assemblies, appointed all officers, civil and military, levied taxes at pleasure, put the press under the censorship of one of the most infamous of his creatures, restricted marriages by requiring oppressive bonds, and prohibiting the joining in wedlock by clergymen, undermined all titles to real property, and confiscated estates without number, fined and imprisoned individuals at pleasure, and committed every description of acts of extortion and arbitrary power. But the glorious and happy revolution of 1688 put an end to his career. The intelligence of that event did not reach New England until the April following, and it was received with the sincerest joy and exultation. A gentleman from Virginia, who brought the intelligence, with a copy of the Prince of Orange's declaration, was arrested and imprisoned, 'for bringing a traitorous and treasonable libel into the country.' Two days after, however, the people of Boston and its vicinity rose in arms, seized Andross and about fifty of his adherents, put them into confinement, and compelled the old governour and magistrates to resume the government. Andross was imprisoned until February following, when he was sent to England. In Connecticut, the old government and laws under the charter were entirely re-instated, after an interruption of only nineteen months.

In the year 1692, another attempt was made to invade the charter privileges of the colony. Colonel Fletcher, governour of New York, received from the king a commission, giving him full power to command the whole militia of Connecticut and the neighbouring provinces. He made application to the governour, requiring that the militia should be expressly placed under his command. This demand was not readily complied with, as it was urged that the right to command their own militia was expressly secured to them by charter.

'On the 26th of October, he came to Hartford, while the assembly were sitting, and in his majesty's name demanded their submission of the militia to his command, as they would answer to his majesty; and that they would give him a speedy answer in one word, Yes, or No. He subscribed himself his majesty's lieutenant and commander in chief of the militia, and of all the forces by sea or land, and of all the forts and places of strength

in the colony of Connecticut. He ordered the militia of Hartford under arms, that he might beat up for volunteers. It was judged expedient to call the trainbands in Hartford together; but the assembly insisted, that the command of the militia was expressly vested, by charter, in the governour and company; and that they could, by no means, consistently with their just rights and the common safety, resign it into any other hands. They insinuated, that his demands were an invasion of their essential privileges, and subversive of their constitution.

'Upon this, Colonel Bayard, by his Excellency's command, sent a letter into the assembly, declaring, that his Excellency had no design upon the civil rights of the colony: but would leave them in all respects, as he found them. In the name of his Excellency, he tendered a commission to Governor Treat, empowering him to command the militia of the colony. He declared, that his Excellency insisted, that they should acknowledge it an essential right, inherent in his majesty, to command the militia: and that he was determined not to set his foot out of the colony until he had seen his Majesty's commission obeyed: That he would issue his proclamation, showing the means he had taken to give ease and satisfaction to his majesty's subjects of Connecticut, and that he would distinguish the disloyal from the rest. The assembly, nevertheless, would not give up the command of the militia: nor would Governor Treat receive a commission from Colonel Fletcher.

'The trainbands of Hartford assembled, and, as the tradition is, while Capt. Wadsworth, the senior officer, was walking in front of the companies, and exercising the soldiers, Col. Fletcher ordered his commission and instructions to be read. Capt. Wadsworth instantly commanded,—"Beat the drums;"—and there was such a roaring of them that nothing else could be heard. Col. Fletcher commanded silence. But no sooner had Bayard made an attempt to read, than Wadsworth commands,—"Drum, drum, I say."—The drummers understood their business, and instantly beat up with all the art and life of which they were masters.—"Silence, silence,"—says the colonel. No sooner was there a pause, than Wadsworth speaks with great earnestness,—"Drum, drum, I say,"—and turning to his Excellency, said,—"If I am interrupted again, I will make the sun shine through you in a moment." He spoke with such energy in his voice, and meaning in his countenance, that no further attempts were made to read, or enlist men. Such numbers of people collected together, and their spirits appeared so high, that the governor and his suite judged it expedient soon to leave town and return to New York.' pp. 392, 393.

The assembly sent a special agent to England to petition the king on the subject, and after a full hearing it was ordered, that one hundred and twenty men should be placed under the command of Col. Fletcher for the prosecution of the war, and that the rest of the militia should remain under command of the governour of Connecticut. The people of Connecticut were obliged afterwards, several times, to make great exertions in defence of their charter, but they succeeded in repelling all attempts to wrest it from them, and it remained the palladium of their liberties, until they were acknowledged an independent state. At the commencement of the revolution, they were the only colony which enjoyed the privilege of electing their own governour, and the appointment of all civil and military officers.

The narratives of Philip's war, which abounded in tragical events, and threatened the very existence of the New England colonies,—of the four expeditions against Canada, undertaken with great zeal by the colonies in 1690, 1709, 1711, and 1759, (the three first of which, although prosecuted with vigour, were entirely unsuccessful),—of the two successful enterprizes against Louisburgh, as well as those against Port Royal and Porto Bello,—and of various other important events, we are obliged to pass over without notice.

In the year 1700, Yale College was founded. The project had been the subject of conversation for the space of two years, and at length eleven gentlemen, who had been agreed on as trustees, assembled at Branford, and laid the foundation of the college in the following manner.

'Each gentleman gave a number of books, and laying them upon a table, pronounced words to this effect,—"I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." About forty volumes in folio were thus given.' p. 473.

In the year following, the trustees obtained from the General Assembly an act of incorporation, and a grant of one hundred and twenty pounds annually. The members of the corporation were to be all clergymen, and all over forty years of age. The Rev. Abraham Pierson was, in the same year, appointed rector of the college, and a tutor was also appointed. Eight students were immediately admitted—a part of them to an advanced standing. The first commencement was at Saybrook in 1702. The college was first fixed at

Saybrook, but the rector being reluctant to leave his pastoral charge in Killingworth, it was ordered that the scholars should be instructed at or near his house. On his death in 1707, the senior class were removed to Milford,—that they might be under the immediate instruction of the new rector, who resided there,—and the other students to Saybrook, where they were under the instruction of two tutors. This state of the college, which continued until the year 1716, gave great dissatisfaction. In April of this year, in consequence of the uneasiness among the scholars, the trustees gave them leave to pursue their studies in what place they chose, until commencement. In the next year, it was voted by the trustees to fix the college at New Haven, partly in consequence of the liberal donations which were offered from that town. This decision was violently opposed by a part of the trustees, and by many of the people. A part of the students refused to go there; and on the day, on which the first commencement was celebrated at New Haven, a commencement was also holden at Weathersfield, under the sanction of two of the trustees, and five scholars performed public exercises there, and received degrees from one of the trustees, who presided. At the time of the first commencement at New Haven, the institution was named Yale College, from Governour Yale, who,—from the year 1714 to the time of his death, seven years after,—made several valuable donations to it. Soon after the removal to New Haven, the number of students increased to forty, and in the year 1719, the Rev. Timothy Cutler was chosen to be resident rector.

'Rector Cutler was popular, acceptable to the legislature and the clergy, and the students were quiet under his instructions and government. The college appeared now to be firmly established, and in a flourishing and happy state. But, from a quarter entirely unexpected, it suffered a sudden and great change. At the commencement, [1722] it was discovered that the Rector and Mr. Brown, one of the tutors, had embraced episcopacy, and that they and two of the neighbouring ministers,—Mr. Johnson of West Haven, and Mr. Wetmore of North-Haven,—had agreed to renounce the communion of the churches in Connecticut, and to take a voyage to England, and receive episcopal ordination. Scarcely any thing could have been more surprizing to the trustees, or the people in general, as they had no suspicions that the rector was inclining to episcopacy, as there was no Episcopalian

minister fixed in the colony, and as very few of the laity were inclined to that persuasion.' vol ii. p. 83.

Upon this surprising discovery, Governour Saltonstall, who was well versed in the episcopal controversy, publicly discussed the subject, and disputed it with Mr. Cutler, on commencement day, to the great satisfaction of the people. The rector and tutor were dismissed from their offices in the college, and the two clergymen from their respective pastoral charges. These four gentlemen went to England, where they received holy orders. It was supposed, that several other clergymen had conceived the design of declaring for episcopacy; but on seeing the fate of their brethren, they desisted from it. After this event, the trustees officiated in the office of rector, by turns, for the space of four years,—each residing at the college a month at a time. From the expiration of that period, a permanent rector was appointed. Mr. Williams filled the office thirteen years, and in 1640, the year after his resignation, Mr. Clapp was appointed to succeed him. In 1645 the trustees obtained a new charter, and were incorporated by the name of 'The President and Fellows of Yale College in New Haven.'

About a third part of these volumes is devoted to the ecclesiastical history of Connecticut—a fruitful and interesting subject. On this part of the work, which of itself would afford matter for an entire article, we have not been able to touch. The long chapter on religious revivals and their consequences, is a very remarkable piece of history, and will be read with quite different feelings by persons of different opinions on the subject. We regret that we cannot appropriate to it a few remarks, but it is time for us to draw towards a close.

It is proper here to correct a material errour, which occurs in the title page of the work. It is there stated, that the original patent of New England contained in the Appendix to the first volume, was never before published in America. This is a mistake. The reader will find it in the first volume of Hazard's Historical Collections, published at Philadelphia in the year 1792, beginning at page 103. It is there certified by the clerk of the rolls, to be a true copy from the original record, remaining in the Chapel of the Rolls. There are some verbal differences between the two copies, but they are not material.

The style and language of this work are often inelegant and incorrect. Words are frequently used in a sense not authorized by standard authors, and, if we mistake not, sometimes in a sense in which their use is peculiar to the people of Connecticut. But we have no disposition to make these faults the subject of criticism. There is a vigour and spirit in the style, which in some measure compensates for these defects. In the narration, the author is almost always clear, and unaffected, and in description he is often peculiarly happy in the life and distinctness of his pictures.

But it is not by the style of writing that a work of this sort should be tested. It would have been a matter of regret, had the author employed a single moment in polishing a period, or pruning a metaphor, which it was in his power to devote to successful researches. His style is that of his countrymen at the time he was educated. He has furnished a record of the virtues and sufferings of the founders of his native state, which will always be regarded as a work of substantial merit, and uncommon interest. We recommend it most confidently to the public attention, as one of the best works of the kind published in this country, and wish that the remarks we have made upon particular passages, may not be considered as detracting, in the least, from its general merits, or shake the faith of the reader in its general accuracy. We hope that the author may enjoy, in the evening of his days, the best of temporal rewards for the labours of a long life,—the consciousness of having rendered an essential service to his country.

ART. V.—*Women; or, Pour et Contre. A Tale, by the author of Bertram, &c.* 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1818.

THIS tale has a very recent date, and is connected with events that had hardly ceased to be the news of the day while the author was writing. He intimates in his preface, that he had committed an errour in his former works, by placing his scenes and conceiving his characters at two great a distance from experience;—in this, accordingly, he comes nearer to the affairs and habits of life, and blends his fiction with facts that are fresh in the reader's memory.—Zaira, the principal personage, an imitation of Corinne, and a copy in some respects, it is said, of Madame Catalani,—is the natural

daughter of an Irishman of rank and fortune, who is an infidel in opinions and profligate in morals. His pride and what affection he is capable of, centre in Zaira, and in proportion as he loves her, he hates her mother,—whom he causes to be beaten away from his door and denied all access to her child, so that her wounded maternal affections and misfortunes unsettle her understanding, and she becomes a crazy, prophetic enthusiast and vagabond. No pains or expense are spared on the education of Zaira. Among her instructers is an Italian, Fionetti, who teaches her music, and takes advantage of the opportunity thus given him, to steal her affections, and seduce her into a clandestine marriage, before she is yet fifteen years old. When the marriage can no longer be kept a secret, she is driven from her father's house and thrown upon the world, more miserable than a solitary outcast, inasmuch as the only being with whom she has any ties is a brutal husband, who has no feeling in regard to her, except that of cruelty, and whose only hopes, as a husband, are, that he shall profit by her exhibitions upon the stage. After the birth of a daughter, which Zaira is never permitted to see, they embark for Italy, where, after going through severe preparatory discipline, she comes upon the stage with great eclat and success.

All these circumstances are related by Zaira in a letter to a friend, towards the conclusion of the tale—the action of which commences some fourteen or fifteen years after this period, when Zaira has had the good fortune to lose her husband and to appear with brilliant and lucrative success on the principal theatres of Italy and France. Meantime, her daughter,—Eva her name,—had been taken under the protection and into the family of Mr. Wentworth, a canting methodist, who had made his fortune and retired from business as a merchant, to set up as a saint, which gives occasion to introduce puritanical persons and their jargon,—very refractory materials and not easy to make any thing tolerable out of, either in a story or in fact. The author is familiar with their language and dogmas and practices, but he does not wield them with the same masterly hand with which they are wrought in the Tales of my Landlord. This, however, may be owing to the difference in the subjects,—a Highland Calvinist does not seem to be wholly foreign to a work of fiction, but a scripture-quoting, dogmatizing fre-

quenter of a Dublin conventicle is a sterile subject for the imagination. Yet the part of the story occupied by these persons is by no means void of interest. The polemical metaphysics introduced are not so subtile and dull and long drawn out, as those in Mandeville; and are interspersed with many strokes of the ridiculous. It is to be remarked, that the hard featured faith is made to produce very different effects on different persons,—in some it kills all that is fair and amiable, and leaves the mind barren of every thing except pride, selfishness, and low propensities, which flourish, as the poison tree is said to do, in a desert; while, in others of a better mould,—particularly Wentworth's wife and Eva,—the finer qualities shoot forth through their austere and rugged belief, like grass and flowers in the clefts of a rock. The distinction seems just;—the growths of the mind, no less than those of the earth, owe their qualities as much to the soil in which they are produced, as to the species that happens to be cultivated.

Eva passes for Wentworth's niece, in whose family she is forced, by example and conscience, to listen to eternal prayers, the intervals of which are filled up with fierce religious conflicts, waged by brethren of different tenets, or rather, who express themselves in different phrases. She is beautiful, timid, and susceptible; of a person and talents fit to attract and adorn the world, to which, however, she is a stranger,—her acquaintance is confined to the visiters in the family, and she reads only books of devotion and duty; all her hopes and thoughts are fixed on a future existence, where she seems to be an inhabitant rather than here. She is reserved and constrained in her manner, and being jealous of her attachment to any earthly object, she is more likely to excite a passion than to keep it alive.

Charles de Courcy is the orphan heir of a respectable property in Ireland, and is introduced, at the age of seventeen, entering Dublin alone in the evening, when a carriage rolls past him, from which he seems to hear the voice of some female in distress. He pursues and comes up, but it drives again from him towards the suburbs of the city; again it crosses him, and the same sounds are uttered, but he cannot gain it; once more he hears the wheels rolling along the pavement, till shortly the sound dies away, and all is silent. He is about to give up the pursuit, and turn to grope his way

into the city, when he catches a faint gleam of light from a neighbouring hut, where he applies for admittance, but receives no answer, all being now dark and still.

'He burst the door open in a moment; a cry, fearfully smothered, and quick short breathing near him instantly followed, and he felt that either he or the inhabitants of the place had something to fear from each other. All was dark at first; but in a few seconds there came a gloomy indistinct glare from the turf-embers that burned on the hearth, that still showed nothing but the earthern floor and the rafted roof, leaving the walls in complete obscurity. No human creature was to be seen—Charles paused—the deep stifled breathing increased—at last, a voice near him, the speaker still unseen, whispered, "Is that the *min?*"

'Charles, who knew not what to answer, advanced; a woman then started forward from a dark corner, and stood wildly before him, as if wishing to oppose him, she knew not how. She was a frightful and almost supernatural object; her figure was low, and she was evidently very old, but her muscular strength and activity were so great, that, combined with the fantastic wildness of her motions, it gave them the appearance of the gambols of a hideous fairy. She was in rags, yet their arrangement had something of a picturesque effect. Her short tattered petticoats, of all colours, and of various lengths, depending in angular shreds, her red cloak hanging on her back, and displaying her bare bony arms, with hands whose veins were like ropes, and fingers like talons; her naked feet, with which, when she moved, she stamped, jumped, and beat the earth like an Indian squaw in a war-dance; her face *tattooed* with the deepest indentings of time, want, wretchedness, and evil passions; her wrinkles, that looked like channels of streams long flowed away; the eager motion with which she shook back her long matted hair, that looked like strings of the grey bark of the ash tree, while eyes flashed through them whose light seemed the posthumous offspring of deceased humanity,—her whole appearance, gestures, voice, and dress, made De Courcy's blood run cold within him. They gazed on each other for some time, as if trying to make out each other's purpose, from faces dimly seen, till the woman, whose features seemed kindling by the red light into a fiend-like glare, appeared to discover that he was not the person whom she expected, and cried, in a voice at once shrill and hollow, like a spent blast, "What is it brought you here?"—and before he could answer, rushing forward, stood with her back against a door, (which but for this motion he would not have observed,) and waving her lean nervous arms, exclaimed fiercely,—"Come no further, at your peril."

'This attitude and tone of defiance roused De Courcy,—"At my peril, then," said he; but he recollected that he had to contend with a woman, and attempted gently, but firmly, to remove her from the door. This he found no easy task; the beldame grappled with the strength of a fury, and it was only by his utmost exertions that he succeeded in tearing her from it. A faint murmur within, as if proceeding from some one disturbed by the noise of the struggle, reached his ear as at length he flung the door open. A wretched candle threw its dim light (too dim to be discovered before) on a pallet and a figure in white that lay extended on it. The spotless white of the drapery made a strange contrast to the darkness, filth, and misery around it. De Courcy approached;—it was a female; the face was averted, and, one arm was flung wildly over the head, but ringlets of luxuriant dishevelled hair, that even in the darkness gleamed like gold, were scattered over the shoulder, descending almost to the slender waist, and half the pale cheek, lovely even in apparent death, was seen beneath it. A gush of pity, horror, and indignation, swelled in De Courcy's throat;—he could not speak—he could not approach—he leaned for support against the wretched bed on which she lay unconsciously. She was young,—how young and how lovely that lovely hair and slender milky arm told him as he hung over her. What she must have suffered to be there—what might she not have suffered since she came or had been dragged there! Her present insensibility seemed manifestly the stupor of illness or terror. He spoke to her, though he scarce knew what he said, but she gave no answer. He attempted, as he thought, to raise her, but his touch was too feeble to have raised a far lighter weight, though he felt that even his touch was something like profanation. She fell like a corpse from his arms, but as she fell, a few indistinct reluctant sounds announced, that though life was apparently suspended, it was not extinguished.' vol. i. pp. 14—19.

De Courcy fearing lest the resistance of the hag might draw others to her assistance, attempted to operate on her compassion, and failing in this, offered her money.

'"And you would give money for her soul, would you? and for my soul, too?—you would; but I am no Judas. I won't sell her for your thirty pieces of silver. I have watched for her, I have sought her, I have bought her. I watched in day and in darkness. I waded through tears and blood for her;—she is mine. Do not touch her;—she is bought with the price that you can never pay. Oh! they were weary hours till I paid her price. I

paid it on the mountain—I paid it on the bog—I paid it on the road when I begged—in their dark holes, where they kept me screeching, and told me I was mad—in their prisons, where they kept me starving and said I was a vagabond."' vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

After other struggles and new dangers and escapes, all related in the most admirable manner,—which we do not quote, only because, if we were to extract half that we could wish from this book, we should fill our own,—he reaches the lodge at the Park-gate with his charge.

'Her cold extended hands, closed eyes, white lips, and rigid frame, filled him, as he gazed, with unspeakable horror. Water was the only restorative the people had to offer; but they made their turf-fire blaze in a moment, and when by its light they saw the beautiful and innocent creature that lay apparently lifeless before them, a cry of pity and horror burst from them all, and they eagerly employed themselves in every means for her recovery that well-meaning ignorance could suggest. Simple as these means were, they proved effectual, and De Courcy at last beheld the colour of life tinging her cheek, with a hue as faint as that in the bell of a hyacinth. As returning animation slowly pervaded her frame, De Courcy gazed, and thought that its like had never before been beheld on earth. She seemed scarce beyond the age of childhood, and there appeared about her an etherial lightness and purity, a visible sanctity, that even in that helpless state made her appear as scarce

"Of the earth—earthly."

Her eyes opened slowly, and wandered for some time without discrimination on the objects round her: but the kneeling figure of De Courcy, his locked hands, and his speaking eyes, soon pointed out her preserver among the group.'—'With a feeling, that even the novelty of her situation could not repel, she spread out her white hands to him, and exclaimed, "Oh! how much, how much do I owe you!"' vol. i. pp. 29—31.

This female proves to be Eva, and the hag was her grandmother, the mother of Zaira,—who has been already mentioned,—though not known as such to Eva. It is no where distinctly said, why Eva was brought into this situation, but the reader is given to understand that it was in pursuance of the purpose of Macowen, a gifted holder-forth among the brethren, and with the connivance at least of his friend and patron, Wentworth. The affair is kept in obscurity as a

provocative of curiosity, and we think that this circumstance on the whole heightens the interest of the tale, though we should have been better pleased had it been more satisfactorily cleared up in the end; but its not being so to us, may be owing to the want of sufficient attention on our part. We should have been glad, at least, to have been told who carried Eva away, and how the hag was brought to co-operate in the design. It is true, the reader may make conjectures enough about the matter, which may not be without probability, but it is the writer's business to render this unnecessary, and not leave his story to be finished by his readers.

Eva is restored to her friends, and De Courcy for a while loses all knowledge of her. At length they recognise each other at a conventicle, whither he had vacantly strayed. The circumstances of the recognition are finely told. He, from this time, becomes an inmate in Wentworth's family, is soon the permitted lover of Eva, and comes by degrees to be the object of her reserved, but deep and ardent attachment. He endures the religious exercises and endless disputations of Wentworth and his friends, for the sake of seeing her; she excuses his worldly qualities and habits because they are his.

At this time, Zaira arrives in Dublin, and appears on the stage under the assumed name of Dalmatiani.

'The performance on this night was a succession of scenes from the most distinguished Italian operas. The house was crowded, and the overture just over as they entered. A brilliant audience, lights, music, and the murmur of delighted expectation, prepared Charles for a far different object from Eva. What a contrast in the very introduction, between the dark habits, pale lights, solemn music, and awful language of a conventicle, and the gaiety and splendour of a theatre! He felt already disposed to look with delight on one who was so brightly harbingered, though it was amid a scene so different his first impressions of passion had been received and felt. The curtain rose, and a few moment after Madame Dalmatiani entered: She rushed so rapidly on the stage, and burst with such an overwhelming cataract of sound on the ear, in a bravura that seemed composed apparently not to task, but to defy the human voice, that all eyes were dazzled, and all ears stunned; and several minutes elapsed before a thunder of applause testified the astonishment from which the audience appeared scarcely then to respire. She was in the character of a princess, alternately reproaching and supplicating a tyrant for the fate

of her lover; and such was her perfect self-possession, or rather the force with which she entered into the character, that she no more noticed the applauses that thundered round her, than if she had been the individual she represented; and such was the illusion of her figure, her costume, her voice, and her attitudes, that in a few moments the inspiration with which she was agitated was communicated to every spectator. The sublime and sculpture-like perfection of her form,—the classical, yet unstudied undulation of her attitudes, almost conveying the idea of a sybil or a prophetess under the force of ancient inspiration,—the resplendent and almost overpowering lustre of her beauty, her sun-like eyes, her snowy arms, her drapery blazing with diamonds, yet falling round her figure in folds as light as if the zephyrs had flung it there, and delighted to sport among its wavings; her imperial loveliness, at once attractive and commanding, and her voice developing all that nature could give, or art could teach, maddening the ignorant with the discovery of a new sense, and daring the scientific beyond the bounds of expectation or of experience, mocking their amazement, and leaving the ear breathless—All these burst at once on Charles, whose heart, and senses, and mind, reeled in intoxication, and felt pleasure annihilated by its own excess.' vol. i. pp. 160—162.

This intoxication of Charles's mind and senses continues and increases. He does not at first acknowledge to himself any want of fidelity to his former professions to Eva, nor does he cease to be sensible of her worth and charms, but she ceases to be necessary to him, and he begins to think there is something of monotony and tameness about her. Zaira comes to Ireland in search of her child, who is now and then slightly hinted at in the course of the work, as a son, that the reader may enjoy the agreeable apprehension of his turning out to be De Courcy. She, however, soon receives intelligence, which she supposes to be true, that her child is no longer living. Nothing now prevents her returning to the continent, but her attachment to De Courcy, which for a while she takes for friendship, and then for something more. His imagination is dazzled by the display of her genius and accomplishments, and he thinks he cannot exist but with her, while, at the same time, something whispers him that he can be happy only with Eva. The story then turns mostly upon his struggles and tossings between his admiration of the one, and his regard for the other, enforced by the obligations he had assumed. For a

time, Zaira seems to have the ascendancy; she is the centre and source of all the splendours of the gay world; all the luminaries of fashion are but her satellites, moving in obedience to her attractions, and shining with a borrowed light in her presence; while Eva moves unpretendingly in a humble sphere, and seems for a time to be remembered by De Courcy, only to awaken his regret of her worth and his own obligations, or to be the subject of a disadvantageous comparison with her rival.

An incident happened, which for a time turned the scale in Eva's favour. She was subject to be terrified by thunder, and De Courcy happened to be at Wentworth's during a storm.

'The pitiless elements were putting her constancy to the proof, and beyond the proof. She sat, for she had promised De Courcy to sit and bear it; and perhaps she thought that this effort (which it was agony to her to make,) might restore her some portion of his alienated feelings. She sat with white closed lips, eyes fixing in their sockets, and a rigid, featureless contraction of the face, which seemed to border on convulsion.

'Between the deep resounding peals of the thunder, not a sound was heard but the sudden intermitted vehement rushing of the rain, that forced down in sheets, smoked along the streets, or clattered on the drenched flags like showers of pebbles, and the rapid rush of a solitary carriage that was driven furiously along, the blinded and terrified horses testifying their involuntary horror by the speed with which they flew. Sometimes a passenger was seen—a hardy foot-passenger, pacing with resolute, desperate quickness; hat flapped, head bent down, eyes fixed on the ground to avoid the glancing lightnings. Even this soon ceased; and as the storm increased, the storm alone was heard and seen; the lightning not frequent, but with interval enough to allow fear its full gasp of anticipation; blue and malignant, fearfully glancing through the darkened room, and obviously lingering with short quiverings on the metallic substances it encountered.

'Eva marked her gradations of agony only by grasping De Courcy's hand closer and closer. The dews into which her own seemed dissolving; the increasing rigour of the contracting muscles round her lips, and the short intense vibrations of her frame, made him feel hers were no affected fears, and his own increased every moment. He tried to whisper comfort to her; he entreated her to listen to the faint receding sound of the last peal. "It murmurs," said he, "as if the chidings of the Almighty were past, and the still small voice of his mercy was about to speak to us."' vol. ii. pp. 19—22.

Her terrours increased to delirium; and, in her wanderings, she uttered—'They say he will forsake me'—De Courcy was moved, and he invoked the lightnings to strike him, ere he should desert her. But a new scene produced other sentiments. Zaira had planned an excursion into the neighbouring country, proposing to indulge herself, for once, in De Courcy's society, and then to quit her native country, and surrender him to her rival. On arriving at the Dargle, the two separated from the rest of the party; the tranquillity and beauty of the scenes they were contemplating together, renewed all their intelligence with each other, and gave a fresh vivacity to their mutual sentiments. A gathering storm soon caused the scattered groups to re-assemble.

'The clouds, rising slowly above the Killina hills, soon spread far south; Bray-Head was enveloped from its summit to its base; and the long sweeping folds of leaden-coloured vapour passed from hill to hill southward, like giant spectres gliding over their summits, and leaving the folds of their mysterious mantles lingering and darkening on the track of their progress. Sometimes they were suddenly withdrawn; and the startling gleam of sudden sun-light that broke on the green summits, made even a frightful contrast to the darkness that was blackening and deepening in the back-ground; the Sugar-loaf-Hills, alternately covered and concealed for some time, were at last completely hid, and the ascending clouds hovered in a thick mass over the woods of the Dargle. The wind sunk; the trees were motionless; the birds flew low; and a few thick drops pattered among the upper leaves with a melancholy sound.' vol. ii. pp. 38, 39.

'The thunder, that had rolled among the distant hills, burst in peals over their shrinking heads, prolonged, redoubled, aggravated by the echoes of the mountains; the clouds, that had flung their fairy picturesque shrouds over the surrounding hills, now formed a dense, lived-coloured mass just above them, pausing in undischarged fury, more terrible from the suspension; and the rain came dashing in, in fierce oblique torrents, through the open pillars of the hut, driving the shrinking females together, whose screams became more and more audible, as the strong red lightning flashed in broad sheets above and around them, giving a terrible tinge to the woods, which a few moments before, slept in their dark-brown solitary depths, which it appeared no light could penetrate.

'The alarm of the drenched, terrified females became distressing, even to those who affected to ridicule their fears. It was at

this moment that the soft superiority of Zaira's character made itself manifest, without affected consolation of terrors she must have despised, or a vain display of her own indifference to them. She attempted to reason, where reason would be listened to, and to sooth, where it would not; and, on finding both efforts impracticable, she calmly advanced, with the hope of calming *them*, to the very entrance of the hut, and spoke with gentle, graceful confidence of the superior terrors and dangers of storms on the continent, which she had often witnessed; and she spoke of one in particular at Rome, where the thunder-clouds, long suspended over the city, and streaked with lurid tinges of red, blue, and yellow, cast their terrible reflections on the ghastly upturned faces of the crowd, and made them appear like the faces of demons or spectres. She went on, and, excited by the attention of a literary man, was soon engaged in a discussion on electricity; and as she watched the varying effects of the clouds while they collected, burst, and dispersed, her graceful movements, feminine amid conscious superiority, recalled to De Courcy's memory the image of the "presiding angel," shedding beauty on the storm it directs. It was a fatal contrast for Eva.' vol. ii. pp. 40—42.

This contrast was rendered still stronger by Zaira's deportment at another scene, the description of which, those who have not read the story will be obliged to us for introducing.

'It was the dreadful fire that broke out at the druggist's stores in Castle Street; crammed with combustibles, and as closely crammed on every side with buildings, whose every room contained a family. The best of it was, that it was not yet eleven o'clock; the watch were all awake; the police on the alert; the military in the neighbourhood, so near the Castle; and the families in the street were not retired to rest. All was life, though it was the hour of repose; and all was light, terrible light, though the sky was as dark as December midnight. They attempted to ascend Cork-hill; that was rendered impossible by the crowd; and winding another way through lanes, of which the reader may be spared the names, they got into Fishamble Street. Many fearful intimations of the danger struck them there.—The hollow rolling of the fire-engines, so distinct in their sound;—the cries of "clear the way," from the crowd, who opened their dense tumultuous mass for the passage, and instantly closed again;—the trampling of the cavalry on the wet pavement, threatening, backing, facing among the crowd;—the terrible hollow knocking on the pavement, to break open the pipes for water, which was but imperfectly supplied;—the bells of all the neighbouring

churches, St. John's, St. Werburgh's, St. Bride's and the deep tremendous toll of Christ-church, mingled with, but heard above all, as if it summoned the sufferers to prepare, not for life but for death, and poured a kind of defiance on the very efforts it was rung to invite them to. All this came at once on them, as they entered Fishamble Street, from a wretched lane through which they had been feeling their way. They emerged from it; *and when they did*, the horrors of the conflagration burst on them at once. The fire, confined in the sphere of its action, amidst warehouses thickly enclosed, burst in terrible volumes above the tops of the houses, and seemed like a volcano, of which no one could see the crater.

'On the steps of St. John's church, a number were collected. They had snatched the furniture from their miserable lodgings; piled it up in the street, where the guard were watching it, and now sat patiently in the open air to see their habitations reduced to ashes, unknowing where they were to rest their heads that night.

'All the buildings in the neighbourhood were strongly illuminated by the fire, and still more strongly (though partially from time to time) by lights held out by the inhabitants from their windows, from the shops to the attics, six stories high; and the groups below flashing out in the light, and disappearing in the darkness, their upturned faces, marked with the shifting traces of fear, horror, defiance, and despair, presented a subject for Salvator. No banditti, in the darkest woods of the Apennines, illuminated only by lightning, ever showed more fearful wildness of expression, or more picturesque distortion of attitude. Just then the flames sunk for a moment, but, rising again, instantly poured forth a volume of light, that set the whole horizon in a blaze. There was a shriek from the crowd, that seemed rather like the cry of triumph than despair. It is certain, that a people like the Irish, whose imagination is stronger than any other of their intellectual faculties, can utter cries of delight at the sight of a splendid conflagration that is consuming their dwellings.

'The last burst of flames produced a singular effect. The buildings in Castle Street (below the range of the illumination) lay in complete darkness—darkness more intense from the surrounding light, and the tower and spire of St. Werburgh's, (it had *then* a fantastically elegant spire,) by their height in the horizon, caught the whole effect of the fire, and appeared like a fairy palace of flame, blazing and built among the clouds.' vol. ii. pp. 101—105.

De Courcy's exertions on this occasion were followed by a fever, and the ideas that crowded upon his mind in his deli-

rium, showed how deep the image of Eva was impressed upon his heart, notwithstanding that his imagination had been so inflamed and fascinated by her rival.

Zaira soon leaves Ireland, but does not leave De Courcy;—he accompanies her to Paris, and Eva is abandoned, to consume away with a hopeless passion, which she strives in vain to subdue. The travellers have no sooner arrived in France, than the sentiments of De Courcy begin to change. He finds himself travelling in Zaira's train, and feels that he is rather the protected than protector. He hears remarks upon Zaira's profession, and begins to look upon her as betrothed to the public, rather than to himself. Her displays of intellect and graces of person seem to be the accomplishments of an actress, and not the attractions to be looked for in a wife. She becomes more attached to him, as he is the more estranged from her. She tries every art to revive his regard, and even submits to sacrifices and degradation, to reclaim his affections; but all in vain;—his indifference increases with her devotedness; till at length, receiving intelligence that Eva is wasting away with the sufferings which he had inflicted, he begins to think only of extricating himself from his present situation, and flying back to Ireland. This purpose he soon executes, but still he does not leave Zaira without the regrets of which she is worthy. She being abandoned in her turn, resorts to her friends, but they cannot sustain her—to religion, but it has no consolations for her—and is almost driven into atheism, that seems to be in some sort congenial with her desolation of happiness and hopes. In the end, she desperately resolves to follow De Courcy back to Ireland, where, as the only enjoyment remaining to her, she proposes to witness his happiness with another. On returning, she recognises her mother, in the withered, delirious enthusiast, from whom, now on her death-bed, Zaira learns that she had been the rival of her own daughter. She flies to the chamber where Eva is expiring, but does not arrive till she is no more.

The introduction of some orphan children, whom Eva had educated in charity, renders her death-scene the most affecting part of the novel, notwithstanding some of her conversation with them has a tendency to a contrary effect, particularly her saying, that 'her soul is like the chariots of Aminidab.' It is superfluous to say, that many passages of

scripture, though striking and beautiful in their places, lose all propriety and even meaning, when quoted and applied.

Eva's affection for De Courcy is never turned into resentment. She signifies her forgiveness of the wrongs he has done to her, by sending him her ring before her death. His death soon follows hers, and concludes the tale.

This sketch gives but an imperfect idea of the story, which abounds in bold description and striking portraitures of character and manners; and these constitute the characteristic excellencies of this species of composition. Some of the characters seem, however, to be rather imitations; and, in general, there is no remarkable originality or felicity in the conception of them. There are many instances of coarseness and extravagance both in the manner and the spirit;—faults which are more frequent in the author's former productions, than in this. Thus, in Fatal Revenge, the passions often produce 'gushes of heat and then gushes of cold,' make 'the teeth chatter,' 'eyes dart fire so that the sparks may be felt,' 'the hair rise, and every hair sore, and hissing like a serpent.' And so in Women, they make the eyes 'flash light that seems to be the posthumous offspring of deceased humanity,'—whatever that may be. Curses sometimes 'shake the room,' and sometimes 'hiss along the wall.' Annibal, in groping his way in the castle inhabited by Venazio's band of robbers, 'crushes the eggs of serpents, displaces the nests of lizards and toads, whose slime makes him shudder;'—and another instance, no less vigorous, and at the same time no less disgusting, is where the blood is imagined to creep through 'the veins like cold worms.' We take most of these examples from the author's former works, not because we would condemn *this* for *their* faults, but because these instances happen to be at hand, or in our recollection, and may suffice for illustrations of the out-doings of the terrible and the bold, to which the author is naturally addicted, and which occur more or less in Women.

We wonder at the author's introducing Latin and Greek into his novels, which,—considering to whom they are addressed, and by whom they are principally read,—is much like what Captain Hall mentions of the *Old Man* of the Eastern islands, who made a set speech, in the Corean language, to the officers of the English vessels, with as great gravity and earnestness, as if they had understood what he was saying.

Much has been said of the moral effect of Mr. Maturin's writings;—it seems to us, that, on this score, nothing is to be apprehended from Women, as the lessons it inculcates are generally sound and useful; nor do we believe that the objection sometimes made against his other works in this particular, has so great force as some are disposed to allow it. His scenes and situations are so out of common life, that the principles and modes of thinking of his characters are likely to have very little practical effect, except what follows from the degree and kind of excitement he produces. Were it not, that his fictions are mostly foreign to the usual course of things, there would be ground for the animadversion; for he not unfrequently puts his persons in a situation to be strongly urged, if not absolutely compelled, to violate the kindest and best feelings of our nature. His mode of bringing Ippolito and his brother to conspire against their father, by presenting to them, in the most horrible colours, the act which it is intended they shall commit, is natural, and for aught we know, original and wholly the author's own; but, notwithstanding the masterly conduct of this design, one cannot follow the writer's steps without being, in some degree, revolted.

Perhaps we may not have the concurrence of all readers in the above remark; all will, however, agree, we think, that incidents and images occur in this author's writings, which are shocking and sometimes even disgusting. In the present novel, the concluding scene at the house of Zaira's father is not only disgusting, but wholly superfluous and contributes to nothing. Though making the mother a rival of the daughter, does not perhaps excite absolute abhorrence, still it does not produce a sentiment with which the writer should feel himself flattered. There is a harshness in his stories, owing to their hinging too much upon the selfish passions, as well as to the defects of style already mentioned. It would be gratifying to meet oftener with the generous sentiments that palliate crimes and ennoble virtues. He has, it seems to us, too little scruple in putting his female characters to sacrifices, and making them degrade themselves, on account of their lovers. If a woman were the acknowledged inferiour of the man on whom she had fixed her affections, one might, perhaps, without great reluctance, acquiesce in her assuming man's apparel for the sake of being his page, or traversing wild places and mixing with forlorn wretches,

for the sake of his society, or wandering about the streets of Dublin to get a glimpse of him;—but to do this for an inferiour or even an equal, approaches to a violation of the respect belonging to the female character. Whether this is against nature or not, we put out of the question; we only say, it is a situation of the parties in which the mind does not cheerfully acquiesce. There are, to be sure, examples enough of the same thing;—and Madame de Stael, among the rest,—who was, it seems to us, more in fault in this particular than Mr. Maturin, as she makes Corinne lavish her affections and sacrifices, on an object much less worthy of them than Ippolito, the Milesian, or De Courcy.

But the author has excellencies enough to redeem his faults, were they much greater. No writer places his persons more fully before the reader's eyes, or enables him more clearly to apprehend what they feel and what they are doing, or presents his conceptions in a more vivid and distinct light. This talent and the fertility, splendour, and terrible grandeur of his imaginations, constitute his principal merit. For this reason, we think he has fallen into a mistake in attempting in Women, to copy out resemblances of ordinary men and details of common transactions. To do this well, requires more accuracy of observation, wider experience, a surer sense of propriety, and more grace of execution, than he seems to possess. He does not know how to make looks and gestures and movements, in common intercourse, interpret themselves with an easy and lively significancy. Even in Dublin, where he may be supposed to be most at home, things of this sort do not go forward with smoothness; and in Paris he labours still more, and one is often in doubt, what is to be done next. There is no sprightliness, buzz, and animation;—there is an assembly, it is said, but only two or three figures are shown at once, unless when a group of vacantly transported faces are drawn up around Zaira at her harp; and the author's real purpose in making the route,—that of bringing his own people together in the throng,—is too evident. To fill up the time, he sometimes introduces long discussions, in which two or three persons enter the lists, while the others are spectators. Looks are exchanged, and allusions and explanations made, which, were they to happen in fact, would very much embarrass the parties, and produce a great sensation in those who could not but observe them.

The writer had much better abandon this department of his art to Miss Edgeworth; and he may, without regret, leave it to others to embellish subjects ready supplied to their hands, since he has, in his own imagination, the materials of a creation of his own. He needs not to appropriate to himself what is common and obvious, while he is so richly furnished with treasures peculiarly his own, and has the keys that open the 'source of sympathetic tears and thrilling fears.' Others may more successfully busy themselves in picking up phrases, and imagining looks that mean enough to be sufficiently becoming at a Dublin route or a Parisian assembly;—while he yields to the bent of his genius, in exploring the vaults and recesses of gloomy castles,—in the society of men, as powerful and as obscure in their mode of existence, as supernatural beings; or frequenting caves and forests, and traversing wilds covered with snow, in the company of outlaws and assassins, whose minds are congenial to the scenes in which they live. In such places and with such agents, his invention riots in the abundance of its resources; he is an artist and a master in exhibiting the gigantic features of external forms, the fearful throes and convulsions of nature, and the fiend-like workings of the passions. Nor does he step beyond the visible diurnal sphere on a vain errand; the grandeur and terrour of his images, dispose the mind to refer the appalling influences it is contemplating, to invisible and supernatural agents. How different from the trivial ghost-play of ordinary writers are the mysterious destinies of the House of Montorio! Things, in themselves the most strange and unnatural, are made to have a verisimilitude, by a train of images and accompaniments, that compel the mind to assent to their probability. Fate,—by which we commonly mean only some unknown and inconceivable cause,—is made to seem an intelligible, omnipotent agency, operating upon us from the dark world with irresistible power, so that men and their doings, appear to be the light and inconsiderable appendages of a mighty system of things with which they are borne along.

ART. VI.—*A year's residence in the United States of America; treating of the face of the country, the climate, the soil, the products, the mode of cultivating the land, of labour, of food, of raiment; of the expenses of housekeeping, and of the usual manner of living; of the manners and customs of the people; and of the institutions of the country, civil, political and religious. In three parts. By William Cobbett. Part* I. *Containing a description of the face of the country, the climate, the seasons and the soil; the facts being taken from the author's daily notes during a whole year.* II. *An account of the author's agricultural experiments in the cultivation of the Ruta Baga, or Russia, or Swedish turnip, which afford proof what the climate and soil are.* New York. Printed for the author, by Clayton & Kingsland. 1818.

THE defects of American agriculture are great, from natural and adventitious causes. That of Virginia and the Southern States, was, if we believe a writer of their own,* as late as 1813, 'at the lowest state of degradation.' And as to these Northern, although the condition of labourers, the subdivision of lands, and other circumstances connected with our political state, had somewhat elevated its condition above the lowest point of improvement, yet, in almost every respect, (the cultivation, perhaps, of Indian corn excepted,) its state was, until recently, so humble and depressed, as to give no just cause of exultation, in any comparison. The causes of this may be traced, rather to the condition of the first settlers and their descendants, than to any defect in soil or climate. Their first settlements were made along the coasts of the sea, or on the banks of navigable waters. The ocean and its tributary streams offered fields for cultivation, easier and more lucrative, in the scattered state of their population, than any which the lands could afford. The fisheries, navigation, and commerce thus naturally arrested the attention and chiefly occupied the thoughts of our ancestors. And whatever there was of agriculture was limited to the supply of the necessary wants of the people, and to the yielding of a scanty surplus for the humble demands of colonial commerce. The circumstances of the country, during the first century and a half, after its settlement,—indeed, down to the time of the revo-

* Arator, by the Hon. John Taylor of Caroline County, Virginia.

lutionary struggle,—were such as unavoidably tended to depress agriculture below its just consequence, in the scale of useful employments; and to elevate all the arts, connected with navigation, in a proportionable degree above their proper estimation. Not only was, comparatively, all the little capital then possessed in the country attracted to the haunts of commerce, and drawn away from those of agriculture, but the temptations to trade and to a seafaring life were so strong as to deprive the farmer often of the most active and intelligent of his sons. When to this was added the unceasing drain upon the agricultural population, by the prospects, which the extent of the interiour, and the cheapness of lands opened to enterprize, and the consequent effect upon the demand for labour, there is more cause of surprize at the goodness of the actual state of cultivation, than of reproach that it did not receive higher improvement. Besides, in England itself,—the country, to which, in their colonial state, our ancestors naturally looked for leaders and examples,—the state of agriculture did not begin to attract any general and systematical attention, until a little after the middle of the last century. This was the era of Agricultural societies, and of royal and legislative patronage. At that time, the spirit of Agriculture began in that country to awaken from the sleep and indolence of the dark and feudal ages. Nobles, statesmen and capitalists began to take pride and to find their interest, in superintending and stimulating the labours of the husbandman. The American farmer and capitalist would, probably, have joined earlier in the generous competition, which this new state of things excited, had not, at first, the revolutionary contest, and the subsequent political embarrassments both deprived them of the means and forced their attention upon other objects; and had not, afterwards, the advantages resulting from our neutrality, during the wars of the French revolution, required the employment of all, and more than all, the pecuniary resources of the country. Circumstances have thus, for a long time, tended to fix our own eyes, as they fixed those of our ancestors, almost exclusively upon the ocean.

A new arrangement in the relations of the useful arts to each other, seems to have commenced in our country; founded, as is easily discernible, upon the new state of things, which peace among the powers of Europe and the increase of

population and capital, (the effect of time and successful commercial industry,) have induced.

The natural effect of peace and of the resulting competition of the commercial nations of the earth, must necessarily be to limit the sphere of commercial industry, and to diminish its profits. Capital will be thrown back from the water, to seek employment upon the land. Of the excess, beyond the wants of the merchant, one part will be directly applied to Agriculture, and the other indirectly, by its being vested in manufactures. For whatever tends to create and fix a great population in a country, must unavoidably tend to increase, in that country, the food necessary for its support. So that it may be said, with almost exact truth, that whatever capital commerce cannot employ, becomes eventually a bounty on Agriculture. The United States already begin to perceive the effects of the great increase of capital and population, in the attention paid to this branch of industry, in the Agricultural associations and the legislative patronage, which are active in the principal states of the Union. A new era in the state of Agriculture has, unquestionably, commenced; which, we trust, will not be less splendid, or eventful, than any we have been accustomed to celebrate. The effect of this new state of things is to attract general consideration and concern for the art; to stimulate the ambition of the farmer, and to multiply and concentrate the means of information in relation to all the subjects connected with its prosperity. It is impossible to witness these honourable exertions, without applause and congratulation. They may not, indeed, be crowned with immediate, or with very splendid success;—but it will be progressive and certain.

In this state of things, therefore, it is impossible, not to look with interest on every work, which coincides with the general tendency to advance agricultural prosperity in the United States. That before us is of such a character; and, it must be confessed, is executed in a spirit not less excellent than intelligent. Like all the works of this author, it is often tinctured with the bitterness of party invective. In a work on Agriculture, this display of political weapons is useless and uncongenial with the subject. Its tendency is, however, to give somewhat of variety and vivacity to the discussion, which a dissertation merely didactic would have been unable to attain. Besides, it *identifies* the writer. And this

incidental effect is not uninteresting, when we witness the political gladiator, in other labours than those of spurning the sand of the Arena. Nor is it without pleasure that we see the muscle, which a life of combat has enured to strength and activity, expending its powers on useful labours and in promoting tranquil pursuits.

The volume before us contains only the first part of the proposed work, and consists of two chapters. The first is a description of the climate, seasons, and soil of the United States. The second, an account of the Ruta Baga, or as it is often called, the Russian, or Swedish turnip culture.

The mode adopted by the author, in describing the climate and seasons, is, of all others, perhaps, the fairest and most satisfactory. He presents the reader with a copy of a journal kept by himself for one year, from May 1817, to April 1818. This method, as far as it pretends to go, is, to say the least, unexceptionable. It avoids the necessary indistinctness of general descriptions, and, if fairly kept, precludes all possibility of deception. It cannot be doubted, that this work presents a pretty just account of the seasons, to which it relates. The wit, vivacity, and occasional party and personal asperity of the writer, relieve the natural dryness of a diary. Of the two former, we shall give some specimens. With the latter, we shall have nothing to do.

'1817, May 7. Cold, sharp. East wind;—just like that, which makes the old debauchees in London, shiver and shake.'

'June 9. Rain all day. The wood green, and so beautiful! The leaves look so fresh and delicate! But the flowering locust only begins to show leaf. It will, by and by, make up, by its beauty for its shyness at present.'

'June 13. Hot and heavy, like the pleading of a quarter sessions lawyer.'

'June 19. Fine day. But now comes my alarm. The *mosquitoes* and, still worse, the common *horsefly*,—which used to plague us so in Pennsylvania, and which were the only things I disliked belonging to the climate of America. Mosquitoes are bred in stagnant water, of which here is none. Flies are bred in *filth*, of which none shall be near me, as long as I can use a shovel or a broom. They will follow *fresh meat and fish*. Have neither. Or be very careful.'

'July 21 Fine hot day; but heavy rain at night—*Flies a few*. Not more than in England. My son John, who has just returned from Pennsylvania, says, they are as great torments there as

ever. At a friend's house (a farm house) there, *two quarts of flies* were caught *in one window in one day!* I do not believe there are two quarts in all my premises. But, then, I cause all wash and slops to be carried forty yards from the house. I suffer no peelings or greens, or any rubbish to lie near the house. I suffer no fresh meat to remain more than one day fresh in the house. I proscribe all fish. Do not suffer a dog to enter the house. Keep all pigs at the distance of sixty yards. And sweep all round about once every week at least.'

July 28. Very, very hot. The thermometer 85 degrees in the shade: but a *breeze*. Never slept better, in all my life. No covering. A sheet under me and a straw bed. And then so happy to have no clothes to put on, but shoes and trowsers! My window looks to the east. The moment Aurora appears, I am in the orchard. It is impossible for any human being to lead a happier life than this. How I pity those, who are *compelled* to endure the stench of cities; but for those, who remain there without being compelled, I have no pity.'

We could multiply extracts of this kind; but these are sufficient to exhibit the general style of the Journal. His remarks, so far as they relate to subjects of family economy and agricultural arrangements, are almost universally shrewd, judicious and entertaining.

The second chapter treats of the 'culture, mode of preserving and uses of the Ruta Baga, sometimes called the Russian, and sometimes the Swedish turnip.'

It cannot be doubted, that this vegetable deserves all the eulogium that Mr. Cobbett bestows upon it. In common with many other roots, it can be raised in great quantities on small tracts of land, (from five hundred to six hundred bushels the acre,) with very ordinary skill, and, comparatively, with little labour. It is a food, of which almost every species of animal is fond, and on which they will thrive. This fact is known by the experience of some farmers in our neighbourhood, so far as relates to sheep, horn cattle, horses, and hogs; to these Mr. Cobbett adds 'dogs and poultry.'—In addition to this quality, which it has in common with some other vegetables, it has, perhaps, in the following respect, the preeminence over them all,—the potato not excepted,—that it will keep well and sound, not only through the winter, but through the ensuing summer. 'It loses none of its good qualities by being long kept, although dry all the while. This is the testimony of Mr. Cobbett, and as far as our experience goes, it is a just statement. On all these accounts, this root

ought to be sedulously cultivated by the farmers of these Northern States; as being suited to their climate and remarkably well adapted to ensure a wholesome and cheap food for their cattle, in the spring and early part of the summer.

In treating of the mode of culture, Mr. Cobbett is satisfactory and exemplary. We could wish that every man, who undertakes to describe any particular cultivation, would descend to a similar minuteness of detail, which leaves nothing to be asked or desired. In truth, he seems to us to exhaust the topic which he discusses, as far as such topics are capable of being exhausted. To give some idea of the precision, with which his plan is sketched and executed, we subjoin the heads under which he details his information.

'Description of the plant.
Mode of saving and preserving the seed.
Time of sowing.
Quality and preparation of the land.
Manner of sowing.
After culture.
Transplanting.
Time and manner of harvesting.
Quantity of the crop.
Uses of, and mode of applying the crop.'

Each of these heads is considered, his experience both in this country and in England stated, and the result and the reasons for it canvassed with a characteristic sagacity and liveliness. As we have said, there is extraneous matter that belongs to the man and the politician, and has nothing to do with the subject, or with the American agriculturalist. His course is, in truth, sufficiently eccentric. But if he at times plunges the reader into the mire of transatlantic politics, he at others amply repays him, by the many remarks of a general nature, not strictly belonging to the immediate subject, yet altogether agricultural, with which this little work is interspersed. Upon the whole, it indicates a mind active, laborious, intelligent, interested in the subject and personally attentive to the experiments the writer describes. It abounds with sound agricultural maxims and remarks. And although the author now and then dashes to a conclusion, and reasons concerning a result with more vivacity than solidity, yet this is much less frequent than, from the known general texture of his mind, could have been anticipated. In general, his remarks

are true and weighty, and suited both to stimulate and instruct.

The work we have been thus called upon to consider, has been deemed by us of the greater importance, not so much on account of the particular cultivation, which constitutes the principal subject of the volume, as from its connexion with *root cultivation* in general, and the applicability of the author's reasoning, his system and his experiments to that most important of all agricultural topics. *The cultivation of roots* is the foundation of all hope, in these Northern States, of a prosperous condition of agriculture. In a country and climate like ours, where two thirds of all its cleared lands are mere pasture ground, and whose climate requires that cattle should be fed by hand, at least five months in the year, there can be no extensive amelioration of the condition of its agriculture, without making provision for a cheap and large supply of winter food for its stock. Until this is effected, more than half of the actual product of its pasture-ground is lost, because the proportion of stock kept in the summer will necessarily be regulated by the quantity of food produced for their support in the winter. The experience of all countries distinguished for agricultural improvements ;—indeed, a very slight attention to the nature of the subject,—evinces, that, for the supply of winter food in great quantities, there is no cultivation, in point either of quantity, certainty, facility or cheapness, to be compared with that of roots. The *Mangle Wurtzle*, or Scarcity root, the parsnip, the carrot, the cabbage, the common turnip and the Swedish, or Ruta Baga, have each their advocates. Perhaps each of them has, in particular soils and situations, advantages over the other. All, or at least several of them, should enter into every extensive scheme of husbandry ; inasmuch, as not only variety in food is most conducive to the health of the farmer's stock, but also as the cultivation of several kinds has a tendency to make him more independent of the seasons,—since the same course of weather, which may destroy his hope as to one species, will often ensure his success in another. Whatever root is selected, the general objects of attention, in a wise cultivation, are well illustrated by Mr. Cobbett's rules of proceeding in relation to that of the Ruta Baga.

This it was our original intention to have analysed and illustrated. But we fear we have already trespassed on the patience of those who love learned dissertations, such as savour of books rather than of the soil.

ART. VII.—*Battle of Niagara, a poem without notes, and Goldau, or the Maniac Harper.* 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 143. Baltimore. N. G. Maxwell, 1818.

THIS volume is small, has good parts, gives promise of still better things, and yet is fatiguing. We shall begin with what appear to be its defects.—From the title page, we thought that these must be narrative poems, but they consist chiefly of description; and this is of a singular character, as it is rather telling what things are like, than what they are. And where a man has but an indistinct perception of what should be the prominent object, and introduces a string of similitudes for illustration, they generally become substitutes instead of auxiliaries,—a remark which is perfectly verified in the present work, where few distinct pictures are received from the description, but the fancy is perpetually drawn off and, for a time, amused by sparkling collateral beauties, to the almost entire desertion of the matter in hand. There is more brilliancy than there are objects to shine upon.—In the next place, a visionary, uncertain character is given to every thing,—to waters, shores, woods and hills, to men and their concerns, but with nothing of considerable value in place of the simple reality. There is strange music every where, whether of the air or earth, whether in the ear or fancy, it is not easy to determine. One knows not whether he is to regard himself as upon the ground or in the skies. This is not meant for praise, and as a proof of the author's power,—for he creates no illusion, but only an unfortunate doubt as to his purpose; he does not transport us beyond the world, but only confounds us by his mysterious representations of it. If he merely meant to show how a poetical spirit, in the contemplation of God's works, hears sounds that seem not earthly, and communicates to every object, forms, characters and uses, borrowed wholly from the imagination and suited to its own aspirations, his theory would not be questioned by any man of feeling who had lived long in the presence of nature;—but he does not appear to write from his experience of all this, nor to address our sympathies;—when he makes things cloudy and spiritual, and gives them secret virtues and powers, he is too often conjecturing, instead of feeling what he says.—Then, his poetry is of a singularly evasive cast. He eludes his subject whenever

it comes to him in any definite shape,—he is not willing to have a certain topic. Besides this, we often find ourselves on the brink of something extraordinary,—it may be of something very fine,—and yet fail of it, and thus great injustice, we believe, is done to the author's conceptions, and certainly to our expectations.—Once more, there is a prevailing unwillingness to call things by their own or indeed by any names. The men and women (four or five glorious and shadowy beings) are always spoken of with affected emphasis and parade—'*that* youthful rider,'—'*that* wild one,'—'*that* young mother,'—'the brown-cheeked youth,'—and he, whose 'brow was always bare,' &c. This is not the way to make us acquainted with them, or much interested in their fortunes. For readers of this world, they should be more tangible, more accessible and defined, with less of glare at one time and dimness at another. A little more plain humanity and earthly scenery would have been of incalculable service to the book. But the armies are as indistinct and nameless as the individuals,—they are generally indicated by their banners; 'the red-cross flings a radiant challenge to its starry foe,' and 'the eagle breed flap over the star troops,'—and sometimes, even these faint designations are wholly omitted. After all,—"on, on, you noble English,"—could not be improved by the daintiest circumlocution in the language.

There are signs of poverty in the frequent recurrence of the same expressions, combinations, and we may almost say of whole passages. The author has selected a few favourites and loves to exhibit them every where. Objects appear in nearly the same light. Similitudes are poured upon us with almost eastern prodigality, but they are very closely allied. They are, indeed, enumerated with some rapidity,—the author might even have persuaded himself that he was kindled by new and crowding fancies;—but we miss that natural sprightliness which shews that the mind is at play rather than at work; more intent upon uttering thoughts than finding them; delighted with observing the natural relations of things rather than forcing them into artificial ones. —The book is much too uniform in its tone. The author seems to have resolved poetry into swell and dignity of verse, a strained and unusual way of telling every thing, a whimsical and often inscrutable refinement upon what is most common and entirely depending for its effect upon the perfect simplicity with which it is presented.

The author avows that his object, in the first poem, was 'to do justice to American scenery, and American character; not to versify the minutiæ of battles—not to give names, titles, or geographical references for his authority, for all these may be found in the *newspapers* of the day.' So the subject was too fresh and vulgar to be treated with plainness and particularity,—it would not bear out the poet, but needed to be sustained and countenanced and set off to advantage by him. For our parts, we are much better satisfied with the subject than the treatment. What justice is here done to American character, when, more than half the time, one is in doubt whether the persons are his countrymen or the enemy; and when the only distinction between them is in their banners or feathers, in something outward, and not the least in feeling or character?—As for American scenery, it is sufficiently various, magnificent and peculiar to inspire poetry, and bear honest, unaffected description; and none of our bards will do it justice, till they are willing to paint it as it is. It will not do to talk of it in general terms, and apply to it merely grand and swelling phrases, the common-places of poetry, which may be found every where, which always sound well, and now and then may be appropriate. Such is the favourite language of men whose poetical conceptions are merely conjectural, who undertake to describe what they never saw, to put words in order, rather than things. They 'never go to particulars, but stick to generals, and are safe,'—remembering Mr. Falconer's excellent advice to the ignorant.—Could the author, in his long and eloquent appeals to the Ontario, suppose that he was making any one better acquainted with that lake? He expresses, no doubt, many feelings which the scene would call up,—a wish that it might be ever dark and wild and free, that art might never intrude upon nature, and that the lake's rude children, (if we can make out the meaning of a strangely mixed passage,) should be always unsubdued, always possessed of their native vigour. There are indeed poetical combinations, and passages that have beauty; but American scenery is no more familiar, no more our own, by having a better place in our imagination and affections, than it was before.

If the author had only proposed to himself something definite, and used a less pretending and fallacious, but more significant phraseology,—if he had written more from impulse

and personal notice of things, and appealed more directly to our experience and sympathy,—if he would not mistake vagueness for grandeur, and venture every thing which sounds violent or strange,—his good parts would appear less accidental, and his failures less alarming. It is but fair to say, that with much effort there is here some strength, and in the midst of show there are yet simple beauties;—still, these and the defects are so generally in company, that we can scarcely make extracts on the author's account, without doing some justice at the same time to ourselves. We cannot undertake to decide what he might accomplish, if he were to abandon affectation entirely and an imitation of two or three modern poets, of very unequal merit, indeed, but equally popular and dangerous as examples:—and, probably, his pretensions are not so humble, as to make him very solicitous about the rank he is to hold among American bards. So, all that remains is to give some passages, which we shall take from both poems without much regard to the order in which they stand, for their apparent or avowed subjects are the least important things in them, and would baffle any attempt at a narrative detail. They are devoted to things in general, such as an ambitious fancy easily accumulates, when a regard to facts or plan is wholly out of the question, and when the writer is persuaded that the fainter the analogy, the greater, of course, must be his own ingenuity and nicety of perception.

We begin with the visit of a warriour to his family. He had withdrawn from the camp by night, and after a dim adventure, he reaches a cottage. What follows is the only description here of a domestic kind,—it has unusual distinctness and particularity, and is the most refreshing passage in the book. We have prepared the reader for any unfortunate mixture he may find even in the best parts, and he must follow his own taste in selecting what is good. We have often wished to give some single lines or combinations, which were worth more, perhaps, than any passage we shall extract; but we thought they might suffer a little by their separation even from what was inferior.

'Beneath its venerable vault he stands:
And one might think, who saw his out-stretched hands,
That something more than soldiers e'er may feel,
Had touched him with its holy, calm appeal:

That yonder wave—the heaven—the earth—the air
Had called upon his spirit for her prayer.
His eye goes dimly o'er the midnight scene:
The oak—the cot—the wood—the faded green—
The moon—the sky—the distant moving light—
All!—all are gathering on his dampened sight.
His warriour-helm and plume, his fresh-dyed blade
Beneath a window, on the turf are laid;
The panes are ruddy thro' the clambering vines
And blushing leaves, that Summer intertwines:
In warmer tints than e'er luxuriant Spring,
O'er flower-embosomed roof led wandering.
His pulses quicken—for a rude old door
Is opened by the wind: he sees the floor
Strewed with white sand, on which he used to trace
His boyhood's battles—and assign a place
To charging hosts—and give the Indian yell—
And shout to hear his hoary grandsire tell,
How he had fought with savages, whose breath
He felt upon his cheek like mildew till his death.

'Hark!—that sweet song!—how full of tenderness!
O, who would breathe in this voluptuous press
Of lulling thoughts!—so soothing and so low;
Like singing fountains in their faintest flow—
It is as if some holy—lovely thing,
Within our very hearts were murmuring.
The soldier listens, and his hands are prest
In thankfulness, and trembling on his breast:
Now—on the very window where he stands
Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands.' pp. 51, 52.

He enters and meets his wife with her infant.

'His glorious boy—springs freshly from its sleep;
Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eye-beams leap,
As half in fear—along the stranger's dress—
Then—half advancing yields to his caress:
Then—peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye
With the clear look of careless infancy.' p. 53.

The description in the opening of the third and fourth cantos is too long to be inserted entire. It has some new and strong lines, with much display and generality. Some parts are mystical or unmeaning, and some are delicate even to feebleness. The passage throughout is sufficiently charac-

teristic. We shall take only a few parts, and in them are the thoughts we like most.

'Tis dark abroad. The majesty of Night
Bows down superbly from her utmost height:
Stretches her starless plumes across the world;
And all the banners of the winds are furled.
How heavily we breathe amid such gloom!
As if we slumbered in creation's tomb.
It is the noon of that tremendous hour,
When life is helpless, and the dead have power:
When solitudes are peopled: when the sky
Is swept by shady wings that sailing by
Proclaim their watch is set: when hidden rills
Are chirping on their course; and all the hills
Are bright with armour:—when the starry vests
And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests
Of moon-light sentinels, are sparkling round,
And all the air is one rich floating sound:
When countless voices, in the day unheard,
Are piping from their haunts: and every bird
That loves the leafy wood, and blooming bower,
And echoing cave, is singing to her flower:
When every lovely—every lonely place,
Is ringing to the light and sandaled pace
Of twinkling feet; and all about, the flow
Of new born fountains murmuring as they go:
When watery tunes are richest—and the call,
Of wandering streamlets, as they part and fall
In foaming melody, is all around.' pp. 59, 60.

It is that hour of quiet extacy,
When every ruffling wind, that passes by
The sleeping leaf, makes busiest minstrelsy:
When all at once! amid the quivering shade,
Millions of diamond sparklers, are betrayed!
When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song
Of keen-tuned grass, comes piercingly along;
When e'en the foliage on the glittering steep,
Of feathery bloom—is whispering in its sleep.' p. 61.

And now the daylight comes!—slowly it rides,
In ridgy lustre o'er the cloudy tides,
Like the soft foam upon the billow's breast;
Or feathery light upon a shadowy crest;
The morning breezes from their slumbers wake,
And o'er the distant hill-tops, cheerly shake

Their dewy locks, and plume themselves, and poise
Their rosy wings, and listen to the noise
Of echoes wandering from the world below:
The distant lake, rejoicing in its flow:
The bugles ready cry: the labouring drum:
The neigh of steeds—and the incessant hum
That the bright tenants of the forest send:
The sun-rise gun: the heave—the wave—and bend
Of everlasting trees, whose busy leaves
Rustle their song of praise, while Ruin weaves
A robe of verdure for their yielding bark;
While mossy garlands—rich—and full—and dark,
Creep slowly round them.' pp. 62, 63.

'Fresher and fresher comes the air. The blue
Of yonder high pavilion swims in dew.
The boundless hum that sunset waked in glee,
Hath died away. A deep outspreading hush
Is on the air. The heavy, watery rush
Of far off lake-tides, and the weighty roll
Of tumbling deeps, that fall upon the soul
Like the strong lulling of the ocean wave
In dying thunder o'er the sailor's grave.' p. 75.

We have spoken of the author's constant use of similitudes, and we shall give a passage,—describing a soldier's funeral by way of illustrating something else,—to shew how much he prefers what should be the subordinate thought to the main one.

'The shadows deepen. Now the leaden tramp
Of stationed sentry—far—and flat—and damp
Sounds like the measured death-step, when it comes
With the deep minstrelsy of unstrung drums:
In heavy pomp—with pauses—o'er the grave
Where soldiers bury soldiers: where the wave
Of sable plume—and darkened flags are seen—
And trailing steeds with funeral lights between:
And folded arms—and boding horns—and tread
Of martial feet descending to the bed,
Where Glory—Fame—Ambition lie in state.' p. 76.

Another allusion to the soldier's funeral is made soon after, which has no advantage over the first, though it is introduced more in the style of direct description. Both are good, have strong expressions, and the merit,—quite rare in this work,—

of suggesting a picture to the mind by the enumeration of striking particulars.

'In solitude they lie!—with no friend near:
Not stretched in soldier pomp upon the bier,
With the high casque—and crimson plume—and sword:
With blow of trumpets—roll of drums—and word
Of slow command,—and dragging tramp of steeds—
And all the pageantry the dead man needs—
The banner stretching dark, and float of dusky weeds.' p. 89.

The second poem, Goldau, with a little invention and good management, might have been made attractive. The subject was not without fine incident, and there was room for pathos and awful and mild description. Every body remembers that this village,—situated in one of the most delightful valleys in Switzerland,—was, in the autumn of 1806, suddenly overwhelmed by the fall of a large projection of the mountain of Rossberg. The poem before us hardly touches upon this event, but is principally occupied with a young maniac harper, who had lost every friend he had upon earth by this calamity. His appearance and state of mind are given in endless and very vague description, as well as the effect of his music upon others,—especially upon a peasant's child, the only one he communed with, and she 'a wild and melancholy girl.' The harper once attempts to say something of his country; but 'Switzerland of hills!' and 'Home of the earthquake!' are about the length, breadth and substance of his pictures. At the close, he describes the fall of the hill in the following lines,—the language, indeed, fails now and then, but two or three particulars, which may be found in the accounts published at the time, are given with some spirit.

'But the hour when the sun in his pride went down
While his parting hung rich o'er the world:
While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
And his red-rushing streamers unfurled;—

An everlasting hill was torn
From its eternal base—and borne—
In gold and crimson vapours drest,
To where——a people are at rest!

Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,
And the forests vanished before its path:

And the rude cliffs bowed—and the waters fled—
And the living were buried, while over their head
They heard the full march of their foe as he sped,
And the valley of life—was the tomb of the dead!
The mountain sepulchre of all I loved!
The villages sank—and the monarch trees
Leaned back from the encountering breeze—
While this tremendous pageant moved!
The mountain forsook his perpetual throne—
Came down from his rock—and his path is shown—
In barrenness and ruin—where
The secret of his power lies bare—
His rocks in nakedness arise:
His desolations mock the skies.' pp. 142, 143.

This passage has beauty and feeling—and may prepare one for something still better, hereafter, from the mind which conceived it. The author is speaking of the maniac.

'His sufferings, and his home unknown;
A madman—and a minstrel—thrown
Upon the barren mountain, goes
Unharmed, amid his nature's foes:'
—'never yet, there shone the eye,
Could let him pass unheeded by;
And every heart—and every shed,
Gave welcome to that maniac's tread:
And peasant-babes would run to cheer
His footsteps, as he wandered near:
And every sunny infant eye,
Grew sunnier as his step came nigh:
And when he went at night alone,
Where mighty oaks in fragments strown,
Proclaimed the revels of the storm—
He went in safety: o'er his form
There hung a mute, but strong appeal,
That those, who rend the clouds, might feel:
Unharmed, upon the cliff he'd stand,
And see the Thunderer stretch his wand,
And hear his chariots roll;
And clap his hands—and shout for joy!—
When lightnings wrapped the pole!
And he would toss his arms on high,
In greeting as the arrows flew:

And bare his bosom to the sky ;
And stand with an intrepid eye,
And gaze upon the clouds that past,
Uprolling o'er the mountain blast,
And wonder at their depth of blue :
Then—wildly toss his arms again,
As if he saw the rolling main ;
And heard some ocean-chant anew :
As if upon each passing cloud,
He saw the Tempest harping loud
Amid her fiery-bannered crew.' pp. 109, 110.

The following passages are rather too exquisite. The reader may possibly perceive here some good conceptions ruined by the borrowed affectation of the style. Imitation is almost sure to impair genius, if it does not indicate the entire want of it.

' What holy dreaming comes in nights like these !
When, like yon wave—unruffled by a breeze,
The mirrors of the memory all are spread,
And fanning pinions sail around your head :
When all that man may love—alive or dead,
Come murmuring sweet, unutterable things,
And nestle on his heart with their young wings.' p. 38.

' Where nameless flowers hang fainting on the air,
As if they breathed their lovely spirits there ;
Where heaven itself is bluer, and the light
Is but a coloured fragrance—floating—bright.' p. 33.

We have this again with variations.

' When all the garlands of the precipice,
Shedding their blossoms, in their moonlight bliss,
Are floating loosely on the eddying air,
And breathing out their fragrant spirits there :
And all their braided tresses in their height,
Are talking faintly to the evening light. p. 61.

' Such airs as o'er the waters float—
When symphonies of evening rise
In whispers to the listening skies—
And swell and die so soft away
We think some minstrel of the day
Is piping on its airy way :
Or some sweet songstress of the night
Waves music from her wings in flight :

A lulling—faint—uncertain song—
That but to spirits can belong:
To happy spirits too—and none
But those, who, in the setting sun,
Expand their thin bright wings, and darting,
Spin music to their god in parting:'
'Who has not felt when sounds like these,
Like prayers of lovers on the breeze—
Came warm and fragrant by her cheek
Oh, more than mortal e'er may speak!
As if unto her heart she'd caught
Some instrument that to her thought,
Gave answering melody and song,
In murmurings like an airy tongue:
And echoing in its insect-din,
To every pulse and hope within,
Had set her thoughts to fairy numbers!' pp. 115, 116.

The maniac here speaks of his harp.

'For the night of the heart, and of sorrow is o'er it,
And the passionate hymn that in other days tore it,
With her, who so oft to the green bower bore it,
Have gone like the moonlighted song of a dream!
Like the soul of an eye that hath shed its last beam!
And the tendrils of lustre that over it curled,
With the dark eye that gave all its wanderings birth,
All gone—like a cherubim-wing that is furled.' p. 136.

The following passage sounds remarkably well, and is just fitted to deceive a man into the belief that he is saying something. The author is speaking of the maniac and the secret of his calamity; and, in many of the lines, has contrived to say nothing, with more good language and allusion than we have seen employed in this service for some time.

'But those who knew him, knew full well
That something terrible once fell
Upon his heart, and froze the source
Whence comes enthusiasm's force—
Something of icy touch that chills
The heart-drops of our youthful years:
Something of withering strength that kills
The flowers, that Genius wets with tears—
Fetters the fountain in its flow:
Mildews the blossom in its blow:

And breathes o'er fancy's budding wreath
The clotting damps of early death:
That spreads before the opening light—
The sunshine of the heart—
A cloud that tells of coming night,
And chills the warblers in their flight,
That twinkling gaily to the skies,
With piping throats and diamond eyes,
In unfledged strength depart.

'Something—but what was never known:
Something had pressed his pulses down:
Blasted the verdure of his spring:
Shorn the gay plumage of his wing:
Silenced his harp, and stilled his lyre:
Heaped snow upon his bosom's fire—
And caught away the wreath of flame
That hovered o'er his youthful name,
Obscured his sun—and wrapped the throne
Where Glory in her jewels shone,—
Forever from his searching gaze:
And, on his brain, in lightning traced
The suffering of his youthful days:
Where Madness had with clouds erased
The characters, that Rapture placed
Upon his heart and soul in blaze!' pp. 105, 106.

If we had room and it were necessary, we might shew at once the author's habit of describing by similitudes and giving a dream-like aspect to things, in a remarkable passage—pp. 19, 20,—beginning with:—

'But they speed like coursers whose hoofs are shod,
With a silent shoe from the loosen'd sod!'

The following attempts were not worth failing in.

'And lightnings left his eye,' p. 49.
'his flashing eye
And echoed word along his far ranks fly,
With flash and sound as brief as counted musketry!' p. 77.

'With arrows not like his of sport—that go
In light of music from a silver bow.' p. 32.

'And round about a languid cheek are blowing
Rich silkiness and shade.' p. 70.

'That youthful rider, what an awful brow!
How calm and grand! and now he nods and now,—

Faith 'tis a glorious vision! how his hair
Is blown about his brow, as if it were
A living ripeness clustering in the air.' p. 65.

We must now warn the author against setting too great a value upon his thoughts.

'When watery melodies find birth.' p. 113.
'And angel melodies find birth.' p. 125.
'And solemn melodies have birth.' p. 129.
'Where the waters of melody flow, love.' p. 135.

with much more of 'watery tunes,' 'silky tunes,' and 'windy tunes and pipes.'

'Mirror of garland-weaving solitude.' p. 27.
'This is the mirror of dim solitude.' p. 40.

Such expressions as these occur too often.

'And her plumes were unfolded abroad o'er the sky.' p. 5.
'While his robe was abroad on the breeze that went by.' p. 6.
'No banners abroad on the wind are thrown.' p. 19.
'the blazing flight
'Of starry banners are abroad again.' p. 83.
'with garments blown
'Abroad upon the winds.' p. 87.
'And robe abroad upon the air.' p. 113.

'While the stars are all busy and bright, love.' p. 135.
'And stars are busy there.' p. 42.

This is too much in Leigh Hunt's childish way, when he says—

"There's something at work in the moon-shiny air."

'They pass like thoughts o'er a clear blue eye.' p. 140.
'Land of white bosoms, and blue laughing eyes!
Like miniature pictures of transparent skies,
Where young thoughts like the blessed are seen.' p. 12.

His boats are always aerial.

'Like the enchanted skiff that dreamers see
Self-moved in moonlight breeze.' p. 45.
'it goes as still and fleet
As that etherial bark that sails on high
Amid the lustre of a dark blue sky.' p. 51.

'Now, o'er the waters ye may faintly see
A shadowy something coming silently.' p. 46.

He borrows largely, and often with a show of originality. The "talking rills" of Hunt, Byron's "earthquake's birth," and a daring but sad imitation of his storm among the Alps, are hardly worth mentioning.

'Forms, that rock as the waters flow,' p. 140.

seems to have been suggested by a passage in the Bride of Abydos,—

"His head heaves with the heaving billow." &c.

'The spirit of departed days.' p. 126.

This line may be found in two modern poets, with this difference, that one has *hours* instead of *days*.

'And heaven's blue arch ring back the sprightly melody.' p. 41.

In Ogilvie's hymn, the line runs thus,—

"Till heaven's broad arch ring back the sound."

This line has undergone further amelioration in this country.

"Till heaven's *wide* arch *repeat* the sound."

The original itself is not very remarkable, but it could not be improved, though it might not be worth borrowing.

'Like bells upon the wind that come and go again.' p. 26.

This is expressed with freedom, as if it were original. It was probably suggested by Cowper's description of the same thing.

The Indian sleeping fearlessly,

'On jutting cliff—above a tumbling deep,' p. 29.

just reminds one of Collins' bold personification of Danger;—

"Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

'How like a shade the horse and rider seem!' p. 25.

Campbell's verses—

"Now o'er the hills in chase he flits
The hunter and the deer a shade,"—

might have been in the author's mind—and Campbell might have read the 'Dying Indian' of our own poet, Philip Freneau, where are these lines.

"No deer along these gloomy forests stray,
No huntsman there takes pleasure in the chase;
But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through these visionary glades."

It will be perceived, that we have spoken more of the defects than beauties of this work, as if we thought that the former threatened more than the latter promised. The truth is, that the faults of this writer do not appear to be the consequences of an overheated mind, such as work their own cure,—but of a perverted taste, a bad system, a mistaken adoption of other men's peculiarities. Where he has done well, he is mostly indebted, we think, to his own powers. He is one, whom men censure in the hope,—too generally a vain one,—of seeing him grow better. It gives us no small pleasure to cite so many good passages from the work of a native poet, and we trust that the author will not allow this to be our only opportunity.

It will be time enough, by and by, to shew the disadvantages which our poetry may suffer from its growing up under the eye of critics. Their chief business at present is to save it from being a bad imitation of popular authors abroad; —they will do no harm by insisting upon originality.—It is some consolation to think, that a true poet will never consult critics to ascertain the extent or proper direction of his powers. It is enough, if he can learn from them his mistakes, their source and correction, and especially if he can find that he is surrounded by men who understand him thoroughly.—Nor will a true poet consult his readers too often; —he is more concerned with his thoughts than his success; and if he thinks of the subject at all, he will feel that to humour men is not the way to be permanently in favour with them. If there were any serious danger that the censures of critics or even public opinion might repress literary enterprise in a great mind, it would be time now to urge upon authors and readers the very wholesome remark of Bishop Hall;—'Certainly, look what weather it would be, if every almanac should be verified,—much what like poems, if every fancy should be suited.'

ART. VIII.—1. *A Discourse delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, July 4th,* 1814, *with notes and illustrations. By De Witt Clinton, LL. D. President of the Society.* New York, Van Winkle & Wiley. pp. 184.

2. *Address delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina on the* 19*th of November* 1817, *on Physical Science, and particularly the Science of Chemistry. By Timothy Ford, Esq. one of the Vice Presidents.* Charleston, S. C. J. Hoff. pp. 31.

As these very respectable Discourses are already in the hands of many of our readers, and their merits sufficiently known and acknowledged, we shall venture to depart somewhat from our usual practice, by merely offering such remarks as the subject may suggest.

We regard the establishment of learned societies as one of the principal causes, that have contributed to the rapid progress of the mind during the two last centuries. The ancient philosophers were involved in perpetual disputes, and those of later times were too much secluded from each other and from the world. The learned societies of the present day are united to each other, by a common object, by frequent intercourse, by a mutual exchange of the fruits of their labours, and by a reciprocation of honours and civilities. They embrace persons of all ranks and all professions, the nobleman and the mechanic, the merchant and the scholar, the statesman and the man of business, the observer of nature and the speculative man. They invite to all sorts of inquiries, they profess themselves of no school, they adopt no dogmas; in the examination of nature they acknowledge no authority, but reason, and they propose no end, but the discovery of truth and the advancement of the dignity and welfare of mankind. Noble, sublime project, worthy the most enlightened nations of the most enlightened age of the world.

We are not, however, claiming for learned societies all the discoveries and improvements, that have rendered the period of their history so illustrious. This splendid era was commenced by individuals, in many instances unsupported and unpatronized, nay, in spite of public opinion, and in opposition to doctrines that had received the sanction of the wise and good, and had been hallowed by time, and in violation of

what was deemed the sacred truths of religion. It is to such men, as Columbus, Galileo and Kepler, that we are indebted for the existence of such associations, and for the very spirit of the age in which they originated. The brilliant success, which crowned the labours of these great men, could not fail to attract the eyes of the world, and to inculcate the most important lessons. They afforded striking proofs of what the human mind was capable by a free and vigorous exercise of its native powers, uncontrolled by human restraints.

Columbus discovered a new world, Copernicus and Kepler reformed the science of astronomy, and Galileo overthrew the ancient physics and laid the foundation for the new. The telescope, the microscope, the air-pump, and the electrical machine, presented phenomena, that not only astonished the learned, but were palpable to the most illiterate. A new scene was opened to the world. All became interested in the wonders brought to light by the new philosophy. Many were eager to enter on a career that promised so much to gratify at the same time a rational curiosity and a love of distinction. Princes and magistrates, the noble and the opulent, were ambitious of sharing in those honours which eclipsed the splendour of wealth and titles. Societies were soon formed. More ample means and more sure methods were provided for carrying on the work of discovery. Universities received new endowments. Observatories were erected and furnished with accurate and costly instruments. Persons were appointed to make experiments and observations, with a view to the determination of important questions. They examine and improve the processes in the arts; weigh and analyse air; calculate the height of the atmosphere, and its influence upon celestial observations; count the stars, observe their positions, and watch their motions.

Expeditions are fitted out to different parts of the earth for the purpose of ascertaining its dimensions and figure. A company of philosophers is seen with their telescopes and quadrants amid the snows of Lapland, and another pursuing the same delicate and difficult enterprise among the savages and whirlwinds of the Andes. Suitable persons are commissioned to repair to particular stations in different parts of the earth to watch the passage of one of the planets over the sun's disc, a phenomenon, that had scarcely been presented to human eyes, and that furnished the most accurate method of

determining the magnitudes and distances of the heavenly bodies.

The ardour of these first adventurers is kept alive by the most surprising and unexpected success, by the novelty of the field which they undertook to explore, by the abundance and freshness of its fruits, and by the new paths which continually open upon them as they advance. They are further stimulated by the continual accession of others, who are inspired by their example,—by multitudes, who crowd around to participate in their achievements. The enthusiasm spreads through the different walks of science and the different ranks of society, and all Europe seems to be animated with an impulse, as in a new crusade, to wrest philosophy from the dominion of errour and superstition.

We live to trace the progress of this holy war, and to witness its success in the emancipation of the human understanding, in a respect for truth taking the place of a blind submission to authority, in a restoration of a large portion of our race to the condition of thinking, intelligent, independent beings.

It is no longer a question, whether the mind be progressive, whether, like the brutes, we soon arrive at the greatest improvement of which we are capable, whether it is our lot to labour and spend our strength for nought, to grope on from age to age in an endless labyrinth of doubt and perplexity.

But however gratifying it may be to see the mind escaping from the thraldom to which it was subjected, and disentangling itself from the load of false doctrines and false opinions, which so many ages had accumulated and cemented together, still there is enough to keep us humble in the reflection, that we are so nearly allied to the authors and subjects of so melancholy a delusion. This encumbrance,—which we take so much credit to ourselves for having thrown off,—like that which we have substituted in its place, was once the pride of human genius. We exult in the labours of a few years, and look around us with a sentiment scarcely approaching to awe upon the venerable remains of ancient science, the scattered and mouldering fragments of systems, the work and the wonder of centuries. It is consoling amid these ruins to behold, exempt from the general wreck, the sacred monuments of our religion erect and entire, and only stripped of the scaffolding of human contrivance which had been thrown around them.

We are permitted not only to see the evils from which we have been delivered, but also some of the dangers to which so great a revolution exposed us. It was not to be expected, that the mind would immediately recover its proper balance upon being freed from such a state of constraint. The world's great teachers had been detected in inculcating their own visionary schemes for truths, and distrust is naturally attached to all their instructions. Errour is found to pervade certain branches of knowledge; others are accordingly suspected as equally unsound. The spirit of reform, which had been attended with such salutary effects in religion and many of the sciences, extends itself to every subject of inquiry and speculation. The passion for adventures, so long nourished by the splendid rewards which followed the earlier researches in geography and astronomy, sought new fields in which to signalize itself. Not content with analysing material substances and torturing fire, air, earth and water, to extort some new secret, the active genius of the age manifests itself in new intellectual phenomena; the world of thought is reduced also to its elements; ideas, notions, sentiments, all the furniture of the mind, are subjected to new combinations, and made to pass in review before us, like the fragments of coloured glass in the Caleidoscope.

At one time we are taught, that there is no substance but matter, and no God but the world; at another, that ideas are the elements of things, and 'that we are such stuff as dreams are made of.' We have been moving in an agitated and troubled medium, which has generated innumerable meteors, that flit across our path and emit a momentary glare, leaving us to pursue our way by that mild and steady light that comes from higher and purer regions.

We have, moreover, at length, the satisfaction of contemplating the magnitude and value of the attainments we have made. We have discovered what is the proper sphere for the exercise of our faculties, and what ought to be the end and purpose of our inquiries, and what the method by which they are to be conducted. We have discovered also, what may seem almost a self-evident truth, that the world is a machine, an object of experimental examination, and that it is governed by uniform laws, and not by chance or caprice. We are able to look with composure upon those celestial appearances, which once spread universal alarm and terrour. We are

delivered from innumerable impostures, that were formally practised upon the ignorance and credulity of mankind. Where are now the arts of divination, tolerated by the enlightened Romans, those of magic, sorcery, witchcraft, the trials by water and by fire, and the absurd pretensions of astrologers; and to what are we indebted for this salutary change so much as to a proper understanding of the powers and operations of nature?

The progress we have made has taught us the importance of preserving the facts and principles, that may present themselves incidentally in our inquiries, however insulated and insignificant they may at first appear. We have already been able to perceive relations among phenomena, that long remained detached and neglected. The property which amber possesses, when rubbed, of attracting light bodies, was well known to the ancients. It was by noticing other appearances of a similar nature, that we have been led on by degrees to the explanation of thunder and lightning. A contraction in the limbs of a dead frog, which at another time might have been thought unworthy of notice, by being carefully pursued, opened a new branch of electricity, and put an agent into the hands of the chemist, that enabled him to decompose the alkalies and earths, and, unfold the analogy, if not the identity of chemical affinity and electrical attractions. The fall of an apple, viewed in connexion with the familiar fact of bodies falling also on the tops of mountains, and at the greatest known distance from the earth, suggested to the mind of Newton, that the moon might be embraced by the same power. Hence the astonishing theory of gravity. Certain plumbers, not two hundred years ago, had occasion to raise water by suction, forty or fifty feet. With the utmost care they could cause it to ascend only about thirty feet. This fact coming to the knowledge of some acute men, conducted them by successive and apparently obvious steps to the barometer, the air-pump, and finally the steam-engine.*

* The importance of this instrument to the arts, has been known for some time. Its utility in facilitating internal commerce is just beginning to be perceived. It has already greatly reduced the expense of the transfer of produce. It promises to make the Western States our neighbours, and what is still more, by promoting intercourse and mutual dependence, to make them our friends.

An important relation has been found to subsist even between physical phenomena, and the abstract truths of geometry, that had long been regarded as merely curious. The ancient geometers amused themselves with the properties of certain curved lines, formed by the intersection of a plane and a cone. These are now found to be of the greatest importance in Optics, Gunnery, and Astronomy. There is another curve called the Cycloid, which some later mathematicians had the curiosity to investigate, and thus unawares furnished the means of perfecting the theory of the pendulum, which, besides its uses in common life, is of no less importance in astronomy, than the telescope. Philosophers are like artists and mechanics, who pursue their several trades, independently, some working in wood, some in iron, some in glass, and the products of their labour are laid up in stores for use. By and by, some master workman appears and puts these different materials together, and forms a beautiful edifice.

Nothing is more common in our researches, than to arrive at results altogether different from those, which we had anticipated. Thus, the first astronomers were fortune-tellers, and the first chemists fortune-hunters. The one studied the stars, with the expectation of discovering the fates of men, and the other made experiments upon metals with the hopes of reducing them all to gold. Nothing could seem less calculated to effect a revolution in the affairs of nations, than an enterprise which had for its object, a record of the number, aspects, and positions of the stars. Yet this led in process of time to the discovery, that the earth itself was a star, and that it was round, and that it had a western continent, as well as an eastern.

The sciences, by their influence upon the arts, and especially that of navigation, have changed the face of the world and the condition of human existence. What a monument of human ingenuity is a ship, laden with the richest treasures, throwing itself upon the billows of the mighty deep, and borne by the winds and the waves, traversing this vast globe with such ease, security, and speed, protected as by a divinity from rocks below and storms above, and guided with such certainty to its destined port. The ocean, once an interminable desert, the horrour of man, is, as it were, subdued, cultivated, and inhabited. While it yields an immense supply for our

wants and comforts, it affords indirectly an employment, and the means of subsistence to a considerable proportion of our race. Instead of being the barrier of nations, it has become a bond of union. We are no longer confined to particular islands and continents, like beings of different planets. We have become citizens of the earth, allied to all its inhabitants and interested in all its productions. We are united into one family, connected by a dependence upon each other, enlivened by intercourse, enriched by an exchange of superfluities, and enlightened and refined by a participation in each others discoveries, improvements, literature and arts. How numerous are the benefits resulting from this free communication with the different parts of the earth. They meet us in whatever direction we turn our eyes. Our dwellings are adorned with the products of foreign arts, and our tables are spread with the fruits of foreign lands. It is not merely the luxuries and embellishments of life, for which we are thus indebted, but many of its necessaries and more important comforts are received through this channel.*

Whence is it, that we have derived all this superiority over the nations of antiquity, but from our scientific researches? By more carefully examining a certain species of iron ore, that had long been known, we find, that it will indicate the points of the compass. By making use of a familiar principle in optics, the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection, in connexion with a graduated arc, we obtain the quadrant. By applying a spiral spring to a horizontal pendulum to act in the place of gravity, we obtain a timekeeper that may be used at sea, and which, by measuring time, measures also longitude. All these instruments are of indispensable importance to navigation. But these are not all. The sublime science of astronomy, aided by mathematics, nay, by all the other sciences, has lent itself to this art. The light of all the heavenly bodies, even of those which are not

* It is computed, that more than forty ships are constantly employed in supplying Great Britain and her dependencies with the single article of tea. The coffee plant was transplanted from Arabia to Martinique not two centuries ago. The berry of this shrub is now one of the most important articles of commerce. It is thought to have done more towards preventing the abuse of ardent and vinous liquors, than the most eloquent appeals to reason and conscience. The potato, lately introduced into Europe from America is already regarded in some countries as the staff of life. Its value is just beginning to be known. Its fruit will be found perhaps scarcely inferiour in importance, as an article of food, to that of any other plant.

visible to the naked eye, has, as it were, been concentrated upon the path of the mariner.

It has been said, we have our moon, of what consequence is it to us, that Jupiter has four?—their being removed from the sphere of natural vision is a plain intimation, that they were not intended for us. Still it is not to be denied, that by means of the telescope, we have appropriated them to our use. They often present as many eclipses in one night, as ours does in a year, and, what is of the greatest importance, the commencement and termination of these eclipses are instantaneous. These phenomena, therefore, have served, in many instances, to render us important nautical information, where our moon failed of doing it; they have taught us, at the same time, the velocity of light, and a certain aberration, thence arising, by means of which we have been enabled to apply an important correction to all our observations, even to that of the moon itself.

So also it is said, that it may be very interesting to the mathematician, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones, but what is it to the mass of mankind, who enjoy the benefit of the arts without dreaming of any such thing. It is to researches of this kind, no less than to the mariner's compass and quadrant, that we are indebted for this highly improved state of navigation. It is by the patient and unwearied labours of the study, by immense and most difficult calculations, combined with a long series of observations, that charts, tables and instruments have been provided, that make the profession of the seaman so safe, easy and agreeable. The abstruse doctrine of fluxions has given additional accuracy to nautical tables, and thus, by lessening the dangers of the sea, has rendered an important service to commerce and those extensive interests, that depend upon it.

The introduction of the kine pox and the invention of the safety lamp are justly regarded as most important blessings to mankind, and the world is ready to acknowledge its obligations. It is not so apparent, how many lives have been saved by any great improvement in the abstract sciences, the invention of logarithms for instance, and there are fewer in this case, who recognize their benefactor.

All the sciences concerned in building and navigating a ship are transferred to the art of war, which comprehends also those, which relate to engineering, and the manufacture of

gun-powder and fire-arms. An entire change has thus been effected in this art, the practice of which has constituted so large a part of the business of mankind. The civilized nations of antiquity arrived at nothing which was a counterbalance to the hardihood and physical strength of the barbarous tribes, by which they were surrounded. They became a prey to savage ferocity, to a power, that is common to man and to brutes, and left the work of civilization to be begun anew. What would those savage hordes, who laid waste the earth, avail against a modern army, supported by a navy? In order to carry on an effective war, it is necessary now that barbarians should learn a great, complicated, and difficult art; they must become the pupils of enlightened nations, owe them obligations, and with the art of war learn the advantages of peace; that is, they must become civilized. We no longer stand in need of walls to protect us. Our very treasures are our security. We realize the great and important maxim, that knowledge is power. We hail the benign light of science, like the beautiful bow in the cloud, as the surest pledge vouched to man, that the earth shall not again be visited with desolation.

Besides the influence which the sciences have through the medium of the arts, there is another point of view, in which they have a favourable aspect upon society. They afford an interesting employment, an intellectual subsistence, to a large class of persons in every enlightened community. Men are like children,—to be kept quiet and out of mischief they must be kept employed. Give them toys and they will not play with edged tools. What an immense supply the sciences afford to these restless and busy creatures? How many are employed in assorting and arranging the plants, insects, stones and shells, that are so kindly strewed over the face of the earth? How many in climbing mountains, in searching caves and mines? Formerly, gold and silver were the only metals worth looking for. Now all the metals have become precious, and the transmutation so long sought, is, in an important sense, effected, not only with respect to the metals, but also with respect to stones, earths, and all substances whatever. What an inexhaustible treasure to chemists, mineralogists, geologists, and also to printers, papermakers, engravers, booksellers and reviewers?

The sciences not only give us something to do, but some-

thing to enjoy; not only an engaging occupation, but the means of distinction. They have created a new order in the community, an aristocracy, distinct from that which depends upon wealth, civil employment, military services and polite literature. The discoverer of a new planet or of a new metal is rewarded with a title and a pension, and what is infinitely more, with the gratitude of his country and the admiration of the world. Distinguished success in physical pursuits bears a comparison in point of mere fame to brilliant achievements in war. Buonaparte in the midst of his glory was proud to add to his other titles, 'Member of the National Institute.' There have, indeed, been instances of heroism in the cause of science, that may well excite the envy of the soldier. What can display more intrepidity than the experiments, that have been made in the respiration of newly discovered airs, and the voyages of discovery that have been undertaken, not only in unknown seas, but in the trackless regions of the atmosphere? What hardships and perils are some of our brethren now undergoing in the neighbourhood of the pole? If they should be so fortunate as to meet in this secluded spot, with any of our species, who had hitherto been shut out from the rest of the world, what would be the astonishment of these persons to learn, that their guests had exposed themselves to all this toil and trouble, and braved all these dangers to find out, whether this part of the earth consisted of land or water, and whether the magnetic needle pointed to this or that part of the heavens? They would perceive, that beside all our other arts, we had found out one, perhaps the most important of all, that of becoming interested and happy in pursuits, which, independent of their immediate objects, derive so much value from the estimation in which they are held by our fellow men.

While the sciences thus give to a great number of persons an employment and a consequence in society, they are the means of a substantial subsistence also. They tend constantly by their influence in improving and multiplying the arts, to repair the inequalities of fortune. Every new invention furnishes artisans and mechanics with additional business, and imposes a tax upon the more affluent, which is distributed among the labouring classes.† Beside the useful and orna-

† We have already mentioned, that the Cycloid led to the theory of the pendulum, as the most perfect regulator of clock-work, and that this suggested that of the balance as the best regulator of watch-work, or pocket-

mental articles, there are also many of philosophical amusement and instruction, as the telescope, the microscope and other optical, as well as electrical, instruments, the demand for which is sufficient to support large manufacturing establishments in the principal cities of Europe. Thus, wealth, which tends to augment by a continual accession, is more or less checked and diffused. It is like a river, which, instead of flowing on uselessly within its banks, is by artificial methods, diverted into a thousand little streams, that irrigate and fertilize the country through which it passes.

In addition to all that we have said, there is an intrinsic dignity in the attainments we have made. We consider ourselves as raised by our senses above those animals, that have not these means of communication with the world about them. The sciences, of which we have been speaking, are little else than expedients, which we have contrived for enlarging the sphere of the senses, for correcting their errours, and supplying their defects.

We have in the first place, by direct aid to our natural vision, become acquainted with a vast number of objects, that were removed from our inspection; but, what is still more, we have invented means which have served as a substitute for the faculty itself. There may be beings, who comprehend in their view the revolving of the planets, as we do the motions of an orrery. So, on the other hand, there may be those, to whom the particles of an acid and an alkali, in a state of effervescence, shall appear upon the same scale. Were our sense of sight such, that we could place in full view before us the planets of our system, as we do the little balls which we have made to represent them, we might have dispensed with all the labour and pains we have taken in observing and calculating them. So on the other hand, could we bring to the same scale the minute particles of solids and fluids whose attractions and repulsions have so much perplexed us, we should stand in little need of the science of chemistry. Is it not then, worthy of the highest admiration, that restricted as we are, we have, by our own resources and skill, supplied the want of faculties, that may belong to other orders of beings, so far removed from us,—that we have

time-keepers. This article, which has now become almost as necessary as the garment which receives it, furnishes employment in the city of Geneva alone, to ten thousand persons.

extended in each direction those limits, within which we seemed by the ordinary use of the senses to be confined?

We have thus changed our intellectual no less than physical condition. While we have opened an intercourse with our fellow men upon this globe, we have devised methods of communication also with the universe around us; we have penetrated on the one hand into those worlds of animate and inanimate atoms that lie below us, and on the other into those vast regions that expand above us. We have become a spectacle of wonder to ourselves, and we return from this wide survey, to ponder upon our nature, duty and destination.

'Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, Rex denique Regum.'

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

NATIONAL POETRY.

There has lately arisen a spirit of inquiry concerning the events that took place, and the characters that flourished in our country, from the beginning of its settlement by Europeans, until our establishment as an independent nation. A desire has also been publicly expressed, that men of letters would employ themselves in searching and collecting works and writings, which any wise contributed to the changes in our condition, or which commemorate their various causes.

In the annals of every country, there is an era, in which the people have been pre-eminently actuated by public spirit and enterprising virtue, and the writer is to be honoured, who stays a nation's decline, by holding up to view just and attractive representations of them, through successive ages. If we would perpetuate the race of national benefactors, of those who will encounter dangers and hardships, and labour with their minds and hands, for the promotion of public prosperity and honour and harmony, we must be just to the deceased; we must acquaint ourselves with their worthy deeds and sufferings, and take delight in the recital of their praises. This would not fail to create a higher estimation of posthumous fame among all classes, and an inciting thirst for it among the more generous. A taste of this kind is compatible only with pure and disinterested pursuits; since no one can desire to be mentioned by those whose judgment is without fear or flattery,—and such are all mankind in regard to the dead,—unless his life shall have been deserving and honourable. Some persons, it is confessed, appear to have coveted a brief renown for acts of baseness and inhumanity:—But who is he, of human beings, that can listen complacently to the voice of solemn futurity proclaiming its reproaches over his sepulchre? The general decay of this ennobling anticipation of the regards of after ages is an undoubted forerunner of national decline; but the cultivation and growth of

it must ever exalt the sense of honour, and multiply the good, the industrious and the valiant.

The rank a people take among nations is not measured by its population, wealth and military power, or even by the excelling wisdom of its government, merely, but often by the number of its distinguished individuals of former ages,—and often by the superiority of its men of letters. The regrets of Sallust, on account of the earlier Romans, are well known. The higher renown which they, in his opinion, had merited, was obscured by the glory of the Greeks, solely because partial fortune had granted ingenious writers to the latter, and denied them to the former.—'Sed quia provenêre ibi magna scriptorum ingenia, per terrarum orbem Atheniensium facta pro maximis celebrantur; ita eorum qui ea fecêre, virtus tanta habetur, quantum verbis ea potuêre extollere præclara ingenia. At populo Romano nunquam ea copia fuit, quia prudentissimus quisque negotiosus maxime erat. Ingenium nemo sine corpore exercebat. Optimus quisque facere quam dicere; sua ab aliis benefacta laudari, quam ipse aliorum narrare malebat.'* It is superfluous to add, that this country may look for lasting distinction to its achievements and characters;—that these will have existed in vain, with regard to posterity, unless some gifted author shall record them in a language and manner suited to their sublime import.

It may be of use to consider, whether the poetical form of writing is not the most calculated to accomplish the object recommended. Is it not the best means to acquaint the greater portion of our population with the most memorable acts, to make them familiar in their mouths, and the associates of their favourite thoughts and fancies? Would it not, moreover, the most lastingly preserve the memory of those actions which afford noble instruction, are exemplars of men's ability to be greatly virtuous, and kindle in others an honourable ambition; and at the same time exhibit and tend to perpetuate the characteristic feelings and habits in which all these originated?

The times may be fruitful of events, and men may abound, whose deeds deserve to be kept in remembrance forever; but their country will receive only a transient glory, and after ages be ignorant or hear of them without due interest, unless the record be made vital with a poet's enthusiasm. Histories

* Bellum Catilinarium.

and memorials that detail them are precious to the learned, for they may know in what part of our accumulated libraries to find them. Just so may contracts and title deeds be brought to light, for whomsoever it may concern, by such as are disposed to resort to the registry. But what is it that dwells in the minds of the learned and unlearned,—giving them pleasures that are common and connecting,—and which spontaneously occurs to afford a moral association to every transaction they may be engaged in or witness,—in comparison with those deep and cherished sentiments which were first infused by the recitals of heroic verse? Whatever we have learnt under pleasing emotions is constantly recurring to our thoughts. If we have heard noble actions described in language that charmed our ears, and filled us with transport, shall we not be fonder of reflecting on them and their similitudes; and will they not tend more to give a bias to our dispositions, than if they were related only for the fact's sake, with dry precision and circumstance? None can be blind to the invaluable uses or the dignity of history. Yet how few among the more numerous ranks of the community derive from it any thing to influence their feelings or inform their understandings? It boots nothing what things have happened, if men have no delight in thinking of them. The events and characters, which have distinguished the eras of England are, indeed, well known to the British people, but it is Shakspeare, who has made it a pleasurable thing to be told of them.

It can hardly be doubted, that the American revolution might afford subjects to employ the poet, with success and glory, limited only by his talents. The materials it would furnish are infinite, its characters innumerable, and the scenery of its places full of beauty and grandeur. All ranks of the community took part in it; every station of life was reached by its agitations. The hopes and fears of the remote cultivator and *woodsman*, no less than the busy townsman, the concerns of lovers, their plans for connubial welfare, the prouder calculations of men of property and station, all were at the mercy of the times. Above all, the crisis was brought upon them by their resolute adherence to principles esteemed just.

It is in such periods, that the soul is transformed, and acquires energies unimagined in tamer ages. What calls into

motion all our inward powers, those diviner faculties which are proof of our immortality, like the occurrences of perilous and calamitous times? What men are great like those, who have passed through scenes of general distress, and perplexity, and change, and mighty, but almost despaired of deliverance?

When such a union of interests and feelings exists, as binds together all orders and conditions of men; when the hopes and fears, joys and misfortunes, in which we fluctuate, equally toss and swell the bosoms of unnumbered fellow-beings, the sensations and capacities of every individual are mysteriously magnified. A providential interposition seems to work in us a change, so that we can endure and perform what we could not before have passed through in imagination only, without agony of spirit; and at the same time it yields us solemn pleasures of no earthly nature. The soul, perceiving a more congenial quality in outward things, comes forth into full dominion, thoughtless of its garment of flesh, as if to anticipate its disembodied state. So much superior are the enjoyments bestowed by the predominance of this immortal part of us, to those more connected with our animal nature, that the rudest of mankind, who have once been conscious of them, are not only ever fond of the recollection, but often disposed to renew the dangers and commotions, to which they had owed the transient expansion of their faculties.

But, to be thus moved, we need not pass through these dangers ourselves,—there is efficacy in language for the production of equal excitement. Personal experience is not requisite to him whose intelligence may be quickened through sympathies, which the appealing voice of poetry can touch. It is enough and more than enough for the poet, that in times long elapsed, men and elements have contended and wrought overthrow. His materials already abound,—the ravages of armies, plots of the ambitious, assemblies of men with anxious countenances and agitated hearts;—all past ages have endowed him with their ruins and their glories. Say not, that words are of the substance of air. The words of the poet are like the breath of life to him that hears them worthily. They dilate the intellectual frame, and match it to high and vast contemplations:—they call up our whole humanity, and again soothe the troubled affections into a mild, but never lifeless calm.

But, though the elements of poetry are chiefly strong passions and great interests, and consist not with feeble emotions, yet are the tender affections essential in its composition. The poem that does not abound in themes of kind humanity, in the vicissitudes of friendship and love, in scenes and images of innocent joy and pastoral simplicity;—in the soft bird-like music, as well as the trumpet notes of its verses,—cannot be the lasting favourite of any people. These gentle but impressive incidents were copiously supplied by the situation and habits of our population. Even those who were engaged in the most arduous operations, the civil and military heroes of the times, were involved in the various fortunes, and often romantic adventures of heart-formed connexions. Unlike the European military, who, on entering their armies and fleets, like the monk on entering his convent, separate themselves from all domestic interest and feelings, the American soldiery retained in the fort and field every concern and sympathy of the fireside and neighbourhood. Our females, indeed, came not out among them, girt with shining armour, like Artemisia of the Leonidas, Clorinda and Gildippe of the Jerusalem Delivered, or the Maid of Orleans. There were some, however, as private memoirs tell us, who caught the zeal of martial enterprise, and performed deeds, that might, with slight poetic aid, be managed to equal the exploits of those antique heroines. But the poet need not enlist them in his service. Females, that follow the camp in modern wars, scarcely expect the notice of the muses.—Yet our matrons and sisters were exposed to the dangers and often heard the tumult of the contest; for the march of armies was by their own doors, and the battle field not seldom on their patrimonial hills and plains. An acquaintance with such scenes was not, however, an object of their curiosity or ambition.—They also partook in the civil agitations, for the fortunes and rank in life of both the retired and forward depended also on political measures; and they could not but sympathise with their connexions and friends, who were delegated to councils of government, and returned to their families fraught with the anxieties and hopes and resolves of freemen under proscription.

These circumstances will give animation to local descriptions, of which the poetical uses are obvious. If we take any glory in our country's being beautiful and sublime and picturesque, we must approve the work which reminds us of its

scenery by making it the theatre of splendid feats and heart-moving incidents. If men's minds are influenced by the scenes in which they are conversant, Americans can scarcely be denied a claim to be inspired with some peculiar moral graces, by their grand and lovely landscapes. But, moreover, it is beneficial to connect our best intellectual associations with places in our own land. In part, we love our country because our minds seem to have been furnished from its surface, and because our most natural and vivid ideas are inseparable from pictures which have it for their groundwork. The places which we have long frequented are the props of our memory:—it fails, and the mind misses its fulness of ideas, when we are absent from them. It is no idle forecasting to consider, whether, in the course of providence, it may not be necessary for this nation to avail itself of the full strength and operation of its patriotic attachments and principles.

Important uses will undoubtedly accrue from the labours of the antiquary and historical collector. They have already attested that the lives and adventures of our predecessors comprehend things interesting to the scholar and philosopher, as well as the patriot. The poet and sentimentalist would no longer lament the want of human incident, if informed by them of the numberless trials and achievements which have marked every league of our unmeasured country. There is no necessity, in our travels through it, to recollect the stories and romances and heroic exploits, which have signalized transatlantic regions of similar localities and features. We need but inquire, and we shall seldom fail, wherever the place, to hear some story that will either touch the heart or lift it with strong emotion.

But it may be questioned, whether the modern origin of the transactions and personages designed for celebration, would not defeat the plans of the poet. The antiquity of our compatriots does not extend to two hundred years; and men are now alive, who may have conversed with the children of those who first arrived on our shore. This circumstance, it is apprehended, would cut off the poet from what has ever been esteemed his peculiar province. It denies him space to employ any of those magnificent beings, the kin of gods, which glorify the times anterior to the date of annals. As it requires a misty atmosphere to elevate into view the distant

islands and promontories, which are ordinarily intercepted by the curve of the globe, so is the obscurity of remote time deemed necessary to exhibit the fields of romance and poetry, and their wonder-working inhabitants. It is conceded that history may appeal to our admiration, and secure a passionate interest, although the matters it relates should be of recent occurrence. Herodotus recounted the wars of the Greeks with the Persians in the famed Olympic Assembly, where not a few attended who had been engaged in them, and great numbers who had learnt the principal facts from heroes whose funeral rites they had just performed. He did not, however, refrain from inserting many fables and marvellous traditions, which had doubtless obtained belief in that age. Most of these appear to have been related with the view to expose their untruth or absurdity, and so correct the credulity of the people by the remarks and arguments he subjoined. But they nevertheless had the effect of heightening the interest and ornament of the story. A work under the denomination of history, abounding with similar embellishment, would scarcely be approved at the present day. Yet, for the purposes of moral instruction, as well as entertainment, things real may, without offence, be modified and take their form from the hand of an author not strictly historical; and it is best to leave this to the poet. Characters and events drawn wholly from the imagination, may charm for a moment; but nothing will permanently interest, that is wholly without the sphere of human duties and experience. Traditions and fables are however necessary to poetry. Men delight in listening to them, no less than to recorded truth. In all countries, men have fancied that their first progenitors were empowered to hear the voice of gods and enjoy the personal society of immortals. Therefore, though obscure and susceptible of contradictory meanings, traditions do not cease to be reverenced; for they seem to have proceeded from that favoured ancestry, and to owe to sacrilegious time the loss of what would make them consistent and plain. The poet may interpret them, and illustrate and enlarge their influence upon national character.

A country is undeniably the more endeared by the multitude of its tender and heroical tales and memoirs, fabulous as well as authentic. Let us then not slight even its barbarian annals. Let us not only revisit the dwellings of the Europe-

an settler exposed to savage incursions, and every variety of affecting vicissitude; but let us hasten to acquaint ourselves with the earlier native. Let us hasten ;—for already has the cultivator levelled many a monumental mound, that spoke of more than writings might preserve. Already are the lands cleared of their heaven-planted forests, once hallowed by the visits of the Wakon bird, before she ascended into other regions, indignant at the approach of a race, who knew not the worship of nature. Already are the hills surmounted, and the rocks violated by the iron hammer, which the Indian regarded with distant awe, as the barriers of his 'humble heaven.'—And why should not these vast and magnificent regions have been the haunts of majestic spirits, such as imbodied themselves with mist, and shaped them from the clouds, so as to be seen of heroes and bards of other days? Our tall, dense forests are fitter for the mysterious abodes of the shadowy powers, and our hills lead farther into the sky ;—our mountains present a firmer pathway through the clouds, for the descent of the rushing hosts that deign a concern for the affairs of mortals. In every place, wherever we rest or walk, we may feel, in fancy, the animating spirit, declared by ancient philosophers and poets to pervade the stupendous frame of nature ;—we may feel its life-breathing motions, perceive its immortal complacency in the gleamings which break from out the hill-side and the plain; and listen to its supernatural promptings.

On the Health of Literary Men.

The moral influences of literary occupation have been frequent subjects of speculation,—it may be interesting to examine its effects on bodily health ; especially, as the instances of early decay and death are so frequent among our men of letters. Is there any thing in our institutions or habits, which may have a share in the production of these melancholy effects?

The mind, during the whole of life, has an influence over the body. Its power in some instances is so great, as to subvert long established habits,—to destroy that equilibrium of action in which health consists, and indirectly induce disease. It is reasonable to suppose that this influence will

derange that system the least, which has acquired the most perfect development or growth; and that hence prematurity of mind, acting upon the highly susceptible system of youth, may be among the causes of the feeble and short life, by which we often find it to be succeeded. The early education, therefore, of literary men, or those destined for the professions, should be taken into the account, when we speculate on the probable causes of their diseases;—and it may be safely inferred, that that system of education will be found most favourable to health, which is calculated to retard premature intellectual development, and which at the same time produces a less violent but more healthful mental excitement. This consideration, however, has but a small place in our systems of education, which appear to be essentially systems of intellectual forcing. The time devoted to primary education, whether for colleges or professions, is very short, and yet much is to be done,—a considerable portion of elementary learning is then to be acquired. During this period, important changes in the physical condition are to take place, and it can hardly happen, but that they shall be in some degree affected by the circumstances under which they occur. These changes consist in that gradual development of structure and form, which constitutes growth;—and the effects of external and internal circumstances are discoverable in the susceptibilities which particular organs or the whole system may receive.

Now, in what situation or under what circumstances, may this development most favourably take place, especially in those who are destined to the professions or to literary occupation? Perhaps a more favourable combination of circumstances cannot be found, than in a school and its discipline. There the mind seems to exert something like a mechanical influence over the body, or the influences of mind and body are so perfectly reciprocal, that it would be hardly possible to say, which exerted the most power. A boy at school studies, because he is to find his reward in healthful amusement abroad, and in the affectionate regards of his superiour. He has only to dread the infliction of corporal punishment, or censure, if he fail to accomplish his prescribed task. He has something specific and tangible in view in his labours, something which must be done; and though they

may be fatiguing, he knows that the will of his instructer, or certainly the decline of the sun, will bring them to an end.

While this salutary discipline directs his mind, a no less salutary one influences his body. The hour that closes his intellectual labour is a period of perfect intermission. It is filled with activity, and fatigue is lost in amusement. His diet is simple and regular, and excess is checked by the wholesome restraints of home. Here, certainly, is a combination of circumstances admirably adapted to preserve the sound mind in the sound body.

Unfortunately, in this country, this discipline is but of short continuance;—from school, the boy is early removed to the university. What is the difference between the two situations?—and what is there in the discipline of the university, unfavourable to health at this early age? The boy is at once submitted to entirely new and very powerful influences. He is no longer to be rewarded by play or punished by seclusion. His reward is now to be found exclusively in intellectual distinction, and his punishment in a declared and conscious inferiority. He is at once brought under the influence of the strongest passions and sentiments which can find a place in his heart,—he is perpetually vibrating between a too elevated excitement, and debilitating depression. His habits are violently broken—the restraints of home and of school are abandoned, and the willing dependence of boyhood is made to give place to entire self-direction. We have here some of the causes, which tend to disturb or destroy that equable action, which should always exist in a system whose parts are only forming, and every organ of which may receive healthy or morbid susceptibilities, according to the influences which act upon them. It is unnecessary to shew the particular affections, which may be produced by these causes, or the order in which they occur. The general effect, however, is feeble life, or at least a predisposition to some of the most formidable maladies to which the body is liable.

The circumstances of our scholars, after the course of their education is completed, present some obstacles to the formation and preservation of regular habits. We rarely cultivate literature professionally;—nearly all our men of letters are also men of active business, subject at once to the opposite influences and demands of an active and sedentary life. And he who carries the fatigues of study into the world, and those

of business into his closet, with a mind long upon the stretch and directed to a variety of objects, with little command of his hours, choice of amusements, or restraint upon his ambition, will soon feel the necessity and lament the difficulty of establishing any thing like system in his labours or relaxation. His pursuits are indeed various, but change is not remission. The hours he takes from his profession must not only be repaid, but they are given to other toil, though of another kind. He feels too, that his active labours are very far from answering the purpose of free, careless exercise in the open air, and that study is not rest. The excitement of the day ceases not, perhaps, at its close; and he who may have only half lost his consciousness at night, whose powers may have only been confused and troubled by sleep, must yet see the sun and his labours dawn upon him together.

Our scholars are with us in our social and convivial amusements, and here they are in danger of conforming to the world in dissipation, that may be harmless to the merely active or to the fashionable, but which offers violence to those habits of a scholar, which are most essential to a clear, tranquil mind, and a perfect command of its powers. To be wholly independent of society will not do. It has claims and uses which no man should despise. There are affections to be cherished and expanded, and courtesies of life to be observed;—and no plans should be formed without a regard to them, or with which they may not innocently interfere. Besides, the scholar should be much in society for its excitement, for the diversion it gives to his thoughts. He should surrender himself sometimes to the influence of other minds. He must relax his strained powers, be gay and even vacant, if he would remove the feverishness, the depression and restlessness, which so often visit him after long and intense study. But it is also necessary that every class of men should have habits suited to their occupations,—habits of pleasure as well as of work; and besides the difficulty of establishing these, which arises from the variety and irregularity of their pursuits, our scholars are too few to form a separate class, with distinct manners and an appropriate mode of life, and therefore are apt to accommodate themselves in these respects, where imitation is more natural than in almost any other, to the mass among whom their lot is cast. And nothing can be more fatal to that composure of the faculties and tranquillity

of the circulations, which are so essential to the health of a student, than the irregular hours, the innocent dissipation, the parties, dinners, and suppers to which he is continually exposed and solicited. Regularity is the first of his wants, and the habit of avoiding all strong excitement should be the first of his cautions; and if he fails in neither of these, health will almost surely follow.

It is not desirable, indeed, that our scholars should have all the influence in polished society, which the philosophers of France enjoyed, who governed in the drawing-room as well as in the Academy. And yet, when we know that, for the last century, the average of the life of a man of letters in France has been stated at something over sixty years,* and that the ages of twelve of her laborious philosophers, taken at random, amount to a thousand years, one cannot help ascribing this in part to their independent mode of life, and wishing that our own scholars would feel it a right and a duty to prescribe their indulgences as well as their labours. If they must attend to active business for support, and to letters for amusement only or distinction, society,—if it can value their services and influence,—will not judge them harshly, when they neglect its pleasures or enjoy them temperately, or even when they withdraw for a time from their duties. The scholar is the best judge in his own case;—the season and limits of exertion, repose, exercise and dissipation should be determined by his own sensations, his consciousness

* The same has been stated of Italy.—We also hear often of the long lives of the German students, of their vivacity in advanced years, and even that the oldest are the most efficient and useful;—and this, in spite of intense study, little exercise, and an almost intemperate use of tobacco. But it is hardly safe to attempt an explanation of the difference in these respects, between them and our own scholars, (allowing that there is one,) by pointing out a few circumstances, in which the modes of living, here and there, are opposed. The instances of early decay among our literary men, are, I believe, much more frequent than among those of foreign countries; certainly, they are enough to deserve serious inquiry into the cause. If we should discover circumstances in the lives of our students, that will account for the evil, our conviction might be strengthened by finding that they did not exist among the healthier students of another nation;—and yet we are to remember, that the habits, which are harmless in one country, may be hurtful and even fatal in another, and that excess in labour or indulgence, will be less injurious every where, if one's mode of life is thoroughly systematical. Something important would be gained from the inquiry, if we should find (what I believe to be the case) that the situation of foreign students is more favourable than that of our own, to maintaining regular habits, suited to their occupations and duties.

of strength or debility. He is not to put off the care of his health, till decay creeps over him, till his flesh is wasted, and customary toil becomes a burden; till the signs of exhaustion are seen from abroad, and a hint is given him that he is weakened or diseased. He knows when his body fails, and his delayed and protracted studies are irksome. He alone knows or can know, when his habitual and favourite toil becomes as it were a stranger, and is put by as an unwelcome one.

Character of Sir Thomas More, by Erasmus.

[We have translated for the amusement of our readers, a part of a letter of Erasmus, giving an account of Sir Thomas More. Erasmus, it is generally known, was his contemporary, and, when he went to England, was patronised both by More and by his master, that 'excellent king' Henry VIII. Great intimacy subsisted between them, and there were many points of resemblance in their characters to conciliate mutual esteem. They were both men of an amiable disposition, a ready and playful wit, elegant scholars, and, in enlargement of mind and liberality of sentiment, much before the age in which they lived.

This letter is curious for the manner in which it speaks of the profession of the law, and also for the view it gives of the character of Henry VIII. which accords with the observation of Hume, that Henry, in the beginning of his reign, 'even in the eyes of men of sense, gave promising hopes of his future conduct.' At the time this letter was written, he had been on the throne ten years and was twenty eight years old. How different must have been the language of Erasmus, when he learned that this same Henry, whom he so highly extols, had caused his friend, the amiable, the humorous, the eloquent and virtuous More, to be beheaded:—beheaded, because he had too much honesty and firmness to acknowledge Henry to be the supreme head of the church, against the dictates of his conscience. Erasmus, at least, might with consistency complain of his friend's untimely end. His principles and feelings inclined him to the side of toleration. It gives us pain to think that the mild temper of More could be so much exasperated by the spirit of the times, as to make him participate in acts of persecution which must have told him, when his turn came, to suffer and be silent.

We trust none of our readers will be disposed to find fault with the trifling nature of some of the circumstances selected by Erasmus in his description. Trifling as they appear in themselves, the character

of More gives them an interest; and related with so much simplicity, they seem to carry us back to the age and to the house in which he lived, and make us personally acquainted with him. More was put to death in 1535 in the fifty-third year of his age. Erasmus was thirteen years older than More and died the year after him.]

Erasmus of Rot. to Ulric Hutten.

You are by no means singular, most excellent Hutten, in the enthusiasm with which the writings of Thomas More have inspired you for his genius. Nothing, as you justly observe, can be more full of learning or of humour. Your admiration too is not without a return on the part of More; for he is so delighted with the style of your writings, that even I almost envy you. This is in truth that most amiable philosophy of Plato, which kindles a much more ardent passion among men than any beauty of form however admirable. It is not, indeed, perceived by the natural eyes; but the mind has its eyes also. So that here too the Greek adage* holds true,—love comes from seeing. By these eyes persons are sometimes joined in the closest affection, who have never interchanged a word or a look. And as it is commonly the case, from causes not to be explained, that one form attracts one person, and another another, so between minds there seems to be a certain secret relation, which makes us exceedingly delighted with some and not at all with others.

With respect to your request, that I would paint you as it were a full length portrait of More,—I wish I could do it with a skill corresponding with the earnestness of your desires. For to me it would be highly agreeable to spend the time in the contemplation of the most charming friend on earth. But, in the first place, it is not in the power of every one thoroughly to understand the qualities of More;—and in the next, I know not whether he would like to be taken by every artist that comes along. Nor, indeed, do I think it an easier task to paint him, than Alexander or Achilles—nor are they more worthy of immortality. Such a subject absolutely demands the hand of an Apelles; though I am afraid I shall resemble Fulvius rather, or Rutuba. I will, however, endeavour to give you a sketch, more properly than a finished picture, of the whole man; as far as a long and intimate acquaintance

* Ἐκ τοῦ ὁρᾶν γίνεται ἀνθρώποις ἐρᾶν.

has enabled me to observe or recollect. But, if at any future period, some foreign embassy shall bring you acquainted with him, you will then perceive what an unfaithful workman you have selected, and I fear you will accuse me either of envy or blindness when, out of so many fine traits, I have seen or been willing to present you so few.

To begin on the side on which More is least known to you;—in size he is far from being tall, yet one would not observe upon his shortness. The proportion of his limbs is so excellent, you can discover no fault in it. He has a fair skin, his face inclining to whiteness more properly than paleness, not ruddy, only a delicate colour every where shining through,—his hair brownish yellow, or if you choose, yellowish brown,—beard thin,—eyes greyish with specks;—which kind denotes a very happy disposition, and with the English is even accounted lovely; though our countrymen are most pleased with black eyes. No species, it is said, is so free from defects. His countenance corresponds to his disposition—always exhibiting a pleasing and friendly good-humour, sometimes made up for laughing; and to say the truth, he is better fitted for fun, than for gravity or dignity; although he has nothing of silliness or buffoonery. His right shoulder seems to be a little higher than his left, especially when he walks. This is not natural to him, but arises from habit, which makes many things of this kind adhere to us. In the rest of his person there is nothing to criticise; only his hands are a little clumsy—at least when you compare them with the other parts of his body.

He was always from a boy very careless of every thing relating to the adorning of his person, so much so, that he paid little attention even to those things which Ovid says are the only ones which men should regard. Of the beauty of his youth it is easy to form an opinion from the remains,—indeed, he was a young man, not more than twenty-three, when I first knew him; for he is not much above forty now. His health you would hardly call robust; it is sufficient, however, to enable him to go through all the duties belonging to a good citizen, and is subject to none or very few disorders. There is a prospect that he will be long lived, as his father is quite advanced in years and is still fresh and vigorous. I never saw any one less difficult in the choice of his food. He drank water till he was grown up, in which he copied after his

father. But lest he should give any one uneasiness, he used to cheat his guests and drink beer very much diluted, and sometimes pure water out of an earthen mug. As it is the custom there to pledge one another, he now and then just sipped the wine, that he might not appear to have an utter aversion to it, and at the same time, that he might accustom himself to things in common use. Beef, salt meat, bread of an inferior quality and much fermented, he preferred to those dishes which are generally considered as dainties. In other respects he was not disinclined to any thing which affords pleasure, whether to the mind or the senses. Dishes in which milk is an ingredient, and fruits were grateful to his appetite—eggs he esteems a great delicacy.

His voice is neither powerful nor very slender, but easily heard, and not shrill and effeminate. It is manifestly a voice for speaking only; for nature seems not to have made him a singer, although he is delighted with every sort of music. His speech is wonderfully distinct and articulate—not rapid nor hesitating. He is plain in his dress, and never wears silk or purple or gold chains, except when it would be a breach of decorum not to put them on. It is surprising how careless he is of ceremonies which common people are apt to think constitute politeness. As he does not exact them from any one, so he is not very scrupulous to observe them himself, neither in the ordinary intercourse with men nor at table—although he is not ignorant of them, when he chooses. But he thinks it effeminate and unworthy of a man to consume time in trifles of this sort.

Formerly he kept himself aloof from court, and the familiarity of princes, because he was particularly inimical to arrogance and fond of equality; for, indeed, you will find scarcely any court so well regulated as to be free from clamour and intrigue and hypocrisy and luxury and claims of superiority. Henry VIII was able, not without great difficulty, to draw him to his court, although no one would desire a prince more condescending and well bred.

By nature More is rather fond of his ease; but as he indulges his inclination when opportunity presents, so when business demands his attention, no one is more active and persevering. He seems to have been born and fashioned for friendship, in which he is very sincere and constant. He is not afraid of the πολυφιλίαν which Hesiod discommends. He is

open to the acquaintance of any one, not difficult in his choice, forward and constant in cherishing and preserving friendship. If he lights upon any person whose faults he cannot mend, he withdraws from his society as occasion permits—letting his friendship die a natural death—not using violence.—When he finds any sincere and congenial to his disposition, he is so charmed with their company and conversation that they seem to constitute his chief happiness. For to billiards, dice, cards and other games, with which the herd of great folks are wont to beguile the tedious hours, he has not the least inclination. In his own affairs he is somewhat negligent; but, in taking care of the business of his friends, no one can be more attentive. In a word, if any one seek for a perfect pattern of friendship, he will find none better than More. In society he has so much affability and sweetness of manners, that there is no person of the severest disposition that he does not enliven—no business so appalling that he does not dissipate its irksomeness. From a boy, he was so much delighted with jests, that he seemed born for them, but he never indulged in buffoonery nor detraction. When a youth he wrote and acted little comedies. If any one ever said any thing smart, he was always pleased with it, even though the observation were directed against himself,—so fond is he of whatever is witty and savours of genius. Whence he used to make epigrams when a young man, and was particularly pleased with Lucian. and what is more, he set me to writing the praise of Folly,—which to be sure is pretty much like making a camel dance. Nothing occurs among men, even in the most serious affairs, in which he does not hunt for entertainment. If he has to do with men of learning and ability, he is charmed with their talents—if with the ignorant and fools, he enjoys their folly. He is not displeased with the professed jesters of great men, accommodating himself with wonderful facility to the feelings of all.

With women, commonly, and even with his wife, he is always laughing and cracking jokes. You would say he was another Democritus, or rather, that Pythagorean philosopher, who used to saunter in the market, speculating upon the bustle of buyers and sellers. No one is less swayed by the opinion of the multitude, and on the other hand, no one adheres more closely to common sense. He takes a peculiar pleasure in observing the forms and habits and affections of the differ-

ent animals; there is scarcely any species of bird which he does not keep at his house,—so of any rare animal, as the ape, fox, weasel, ferret, and the like. And, if he meets besides with any thing foreign or otherwise curious, he purchases it with great eagerness;—every corner of his house is so filled with these things, that no one can enter without finding something to gaze at, and More's delight is renewed as often as he sees others entertained.

While his age would permit, More had no great aversion to an amour, taking care however of his reputation. He did not seek women, but indulged himself only when they came in his way, and he preferred the interchange of mind to sexual gratification.

He was instructed in the rudiments of learning in his earliest years. In his youth he applied himself to Greek literature and the study of philosophy, in which his father,—otherwise a sensible and excellent man,—was so far from favouring him, that he left him destitute of all assistance, and was almost tempted to disinherit him, because he was unwilling to devote himself to his own profession, which was that of a practiser of the laws of England.* This profession, as it is wholly foreign to literature, so with the English, those who acquire influence by it are reckoned among the greatest and most distinguished men, and scarcely any road leads so directly to wealth and honours,—for this study has laid the foundation of most of the noble families in that island. They hold that no person can be a thorough-bred lawyer without toiling many years. Wherefore, although his young mind, born for better things, had some reason to be disgusted with these dry studies,—yet, after tasting of literature, he became so well versed in the law that litigants consulted no one with more willingness, and no lawyer, who

* 'He was the son of Sir John More, Knt. who was one of the judges of the king's bench, and a man of rare abilities and integrity. Sir John had also much of that pleasant turn and gaiety of wit, for which his son was afterwards distinguished; and as a specimen of it, Camden relates that he would compare the danger in the choice of a wife, to that of putting a man's hand into a bag full of snakes, with only one eel in it; where he may indeed chance to light of the eel, but it is a hundred to one he is stung by a snake. However he ventured to put his hand three times into this bag, for he married three wives; and was not so stung, but that he made shift to live to almost ninety years; and then did not die of old age,—being lusty and strong, as is said,—but of a surfeit, occasioned by eating grapes.' *Biog. Dict.*

attended to nothing besides his profession, had a more lucrative practice.* So great was the force and activity of his mind.

In addition to all this, he bestows no small labour upon the volumes of the orthodox divines. He had hardly arrived at manhood, when he read public lectures to a full audience upon the books of St. Austin De Civitate Dei; and it was neither disreputable nor unprofitable for priests and old men to learn sacred truths from a youth and a layman. At this time, he gave his whole mind to religion, preparing himself by vigils and fastings and prayers for the office of a priest. In which he was not much wiser than most of those who rashly enter upon so arduous a profession without any previous trial of themselves. Nothing prevented him from adopting this course of life, except that he found it impossible to shake off his desire of being married;—so he chose to be a chaste husband rather than an incontinent priest.

He married into a family of distinction. He selected a woman who was young and untaught, (having always lived with her parents and sisters in the country,) in order that he might mould her to his own notions. He had her instructed in letters and in every kind of music, and formed her in such a manner that he would have been well satisfied to spend his life with her, had he not been deprived of her by her premature death. He had several children by her, of whom three girls are living—Margaret, Heloise, and Cecilia—and a son named John.† He could not endure to remain long a widower, although his friends so advised him. In a few months after the burial of his wife, he married a widow, more for the sake of taking care of his family than for pleasure—for she was not handsome and no chicken, as he himself used merrily to say—but she was a notable housewife. He lives with her, however, just as pleasantly as if she were the most lovely creature in the world. Seldom does any husband obtain so much obsequiousness from his wife by authority and severity, as he

* More says that he made four hundred pounds a year by his profession, with a good conscience.

† 'Sir Thomas had the three daughters first, and his wife very much desired a boy; at last she brought him this son; who proving little better than an idiot, Sir Thomas said to his lady; "Thou hast prayed so long for a boy, that thou hast one now, who will be a boy as long as he lives." However, he had all the advantages of a liberal education, by which his parts seem to have been much improved.' *Biog. Dict.*

by his caresses and pleasantry. For what may he not accomplish, after he has effected that a wife, already verging towards old age and not the most pliable for such a purpose, and very attentive besides to her affairs, should learn to play on the harp, the lute, the monochord and the flageolet, and every day perform a task on them at his requisition? In the same gentle manner he governs all his family,—no bustle—no scolding. If any difficulty arises, he finds means to remove it. He never let any one leave him with feelings of enmity on either side. A felicity,—decreed by fate,—seems attached to his house, in which no one ever lived who was not advanced to better fortune; in which no one ever contracted a stain upon his reputation. We seldom meet with persons who live in such harmony with their mothers as he did with his step-mother—for his father had already married a second wife—each of them he loved like his own mother. And now lately his father is married to a third; and More swears upon his honour he never saw a better. Towards his parents and children and sisters, his behaviour is neither troublesome from importunate kindness, nor wanting in the offices of affection. His mind is entirely free from sordid love of money. He lays up for his children out of his income such a sum as he thinks will be sufficient for them, and the residue he generously expends.

While he practised at the bar, he gave every person correct and friendly advice, with an eye to their advantage and not his own. Many he used to persuade to settle their disputes, telling them it would cost them less. If he did not succeed,—for there are some who like to be engaged in lawsuits,—he then told them in what way they might contend at the least expense. In London, his native city, he acted for many years as a judge in civil causes; which office required very little labour (for the court was held only on Thursdays in the forenoon) and was very honourable. No judge despatched more causes, or conducted himself with stricter integrity. He frequently gave back the money which suitors are bound by usage to pay—for before every trial the plaintiff lays down three groats and the defendant the like sum, and it is illegal to exact any more. By this behaviour he has rendered himself very dear to his fellow citizens. He had determined to rest satisfied with this situation, which was sufficiently respectable and not exposed to great hazards.

More than once, was he compelled to go upon embassies—in which he displayed so much ability, that the most serene Henry VIII would not be contented until he had dragged him to court. I say dragged,—because no one was ever more solicitous to gain admittance than he to avoid it. But when that excellent king designed to fill his cabinet with men of learning and wisdom and virtue, among others, he sent for More in particular—with whom he is so intimate, that he never lets him go from him. If business is to be transacted, no one is a better counsellor; and if the king chooses to unbend his mind by pleasant conversation, no companion is more agreeable.

Difficult causes frequently require a judge of great authority and discreetness. More manages them so skilfully, that both the parties feel under obligations to him. He never was prevailed upon to take a bribe. Happy for the people, if the prince always appointed magistrates like More. Nor has any haughtiness followed in the train of these honours. In the midst of this throng of affairs he remembers his humble old friends and often recurs to his favourite letters. All the influence he derives from his dignity and the favour of a munificent prince, he uses for the public good and the benefit of his friends. His disposition always inclined him to confer favours, and was wonderfully turned to kindness, and he shows it the more, now his means of gratifying it are increased. To one he gives pecuniary aid; another he protects by his authority; another he advances by his recommendation. And to those, whom he can assist in no other way, he gives good advice;—so that no one ever leaves him with a sad countenance. More may be called the patron of all the poor. He accounts it a great gain if he has been able to relieve the oppressed, to extricate the perplexed and embarrassed, to restore the alienated to favour. He bestows a kindness with the utmost willingness and never reminds one of it. Although he is perfectly happy with so many debtors, and felicity is apt to be attended by vain glory,—yet I never saw a man more free from this fault.

I return to the mention of the studies which chiefly conciliated the mutual affection between More and myself. In the early part of his life he attended most to writing verse; afterwards he laboured a long time to render his prose more harmonious—trying his hand at every style of composition;

with what success, it is needless to say,—to you, especially, who have his works perpetually in your hands. He was particularly fond of disputations, and for these he preferred paradoxical subjects, because they gave greater scope for ingenuity. Hence, when he was but a lad, he undertook a dialogue, in which he even defended Plato's community of wives. He answered Lucian's tyrannicide, in which argument he wished me to oppose him, in order that he might make a more satisfactory experiment of his proficiency. He published the Utopia for the purpose of pointing out inconveniences in government, with a particular reference, however, to the British constitution which he understands thoroughly. The second book was composed first in a period of leisure; he afterwards wrote the first book in haste as occasion served. Hence there is some inequality in the style. In ex-tempore speaking he is very happy. His invention is prompt and always anticipating; his memory ready,—which, as it has every thing numbered,—if I may use the expression,—suggests at once whatever the time or subject demands. In controversies he is exceedingly acute—so that he frequently gives trouble to the ablest theologians, even when contending on subjects belonging to their own province. John Colet, a man of shrewd and correct judgment, often says in conversation, that Britain possesses but a single genius; though fine geniuses abound in that island.

He cultivates true piety with assiduity, but he detests all superstition. He has stated hours, in which he offers prayers to God which come from the heart and are not a mere ceremony. With his friends he discourses of a future life in such a manner, that you may know he speaks from his soul, and not without the best hope. Such is More, even in a court. And yet there are some who think christians are no where to be found but in a monastery. Such men, a most wise king not only admits into his family and bed-chamber, but invites,—nor invites merely, but even draws by force. These men he has the constant observers and witnesses of his whole conduct—they sit in his councils—they are the companions of his travels. With these he rejoices to be surrounded, instead of being beset by young men ruined by dissipation, or courtesans, or sycophants; of which one may allure to absurd pleasures—another inflame to tyranny—another invent new arts to plunder the people. Had you lived in this court, Hut-

ten, you would have given a different description of a court and been no longer a court-hater; although you now live with a prince as virtuous as one can desire. Nor are you destitute of men to encourage noble undertakings,—such as Stromerus and Coppus. But what are these few to the swarm of distinguished men,—Montjoy, Linacer, Pace, Colet, Stockeslie, Latimer, More, Tonstall, Clerk, and others like them?—Of whom, whichever you name, you speak of a world of virtues and knowledge. But I have hopes, and no ordinary hopes, that Albert, the ornament at this time of our Germany, will both call men into his family like himself and be a powerful example to the other princes to endeavour,—each at his own court,—to do the same thing.

You here have a copy from a most excellent original, poorly drawn by a very bad artist. It will please you the less, if you should ever become acquainted with More. But I have taken care that you shall not accuse me of disobedience, nor always reproach me for the shortness of my letters. Although this one has not seemed long to me while writing it—and I know it will not be tedious to you when you read it—which is all owing to the charm of our friend.

* * *

Antwerp, July 23, 1519.

Literary Institutions.—University.—Library.

Under this head, in the twentieth Number of this Journal, some remarks were made on the uses and objects of a University, in the larger sense of the word. It is an establishment for systematical education in the three principal professions;—also an institution, to which a young man, who has time to spare before entering on the study of his profession, and a young man of fortune, not bound to devote himself to any active calling, may repair for courses of lectures, political and historical, with all their subsidies,—courses physical and philosophical, on polite literature in all its branches, and in general, on what deserves to be known, and what people desire to know. Such an establishment is moreover the means of gathering together, of creating the literary profession among us; by providing support to a few men of genius

in the pursuit of letters, and causing literature as a department, to be taught and patronized; and not left merely to the encouragement it may receive as the handmaid of medicine, divinity or law.

One of the practicable ways of obtaining a proper university in different sections of the country is, by increasing the number of the professorships and enlarging the literary and scientific apparatus in some of the older and more considerable colleges. The Institution at Cambridge, from the resources it already possesses, offers many advantages for combining with the instruction of a more elementary kind, a system adapted to maturer minds and advanced students. Such a system has been commenced. But several important deficiencies must be supplied, in order to the completion of the design.

An extensive Library, answering to the wants of the literary men, who are to use it, is essential to the public and effectual promotion of learning. In this country, the want of large libraries is a serious discouragement of superiour attainments and accurate researches in almost every walk of study. The time necessary for reading or examining a particular book is often consumed in attempts to discover or obtain it; and frequently, after every effort, it cannot be procured. We are obliged to give over our inquiries on subjects, where we would arrive at fulness and exactness in our knowledge, because destitute of the assistance, which the learned, in the same track of study, have furnished,—or to continue them under the disadvantage of ignorance respecting what has been done by others. Thus we are liable to be occupied in solving difficulties, which have been already cleared, discussing questions, which have already been decided; and digging in mines of literature, which former ages have exhausted.—Every one, who has been in the way of pursuing any branch of study in our country beyond the mere elements, or the polite and popular literature of the time, knows how soon the progress is often arrested for want of books. This is not the case merely with persons of moderate means, who are unable to purchase a library of their own, but it is a want felt under the most favourable circumstances.

The two most considerable libraries in our country are the Philadelphia library, and that of the University at Cambridge in Massachusetts; the former amounting to about thirty

thousand volumes, and the latter with very recent additions, and including the Boylston Medical library and that annexed to the medical college of the University at Boston, approaching within one or two thousand the same number. After these, the libraries at our colleges, however respectable for the circumstances under which they are formed, and sufficient for their immediate purpose in respect to the undergraduates, or to the mass of readers, are, as general repositories of knowledge, of course inconsiderable.*

Now a large, well chosen library is the soul of a university. No other advantage can supply the want of this, and with this, learning may flourish, with less of other facilities than were otherwise desirable.

In the beginning of a study, whilst passing the elementary stage, and getting acquainted with the first principles of a science, a single author, well selected, is better than many. We must learn a book and then a subject. The foundations being well laid, the period commences for extended knowledge, minute inquiries and philosophical views. The student is to be encouraged to take a wider range, instead of following the ideas of an individual mind. It belongs to the professor to give an impulse to his reason, not control it; not so much to teach the pupil as to put him in the way of teaching himself; to show him the path of knowledge, as was observed, and not bear him heavily along upon it, to suggest topics for his researches, and refer him to sources of information. If the student has not a store of materials to search himself, to furnish food for his own mind, the most that a professor can do, is to train up blind disciples of himself, who, without having had the means of comparing the doctrines of their preceptor, with what wise and learned men have written, has gained only a little knowledge by rote.

It is also of great importance, that the library of a university should not only be good, but very good, ample, munificent, a deposit of the world's knowledge. It is a grievous thing to be stopped short in the midst of an inquiry for, per-

* The collection of theological books at the seminary at Andover is very valuable and excellent. The ten thousand or more volumes in the Boston Athenæum, do great honour to its founders and patrons. The public libraries at New York, Baltimore, Charleston, and those belonging to different medical colleges, are proofs and instances of the love of reading and information, and the spirit of improvement.

haps, the very book, that throws most light upon it; and the progress of learning must be but small indeed among us, so long as the student must send across the Atlantic at every turn for the necessary aids to his pursuits. It is not with us as it is in Europe, where very many large libraries exist, and where what is not contained in one, may be found in another; and the learned are able to aid each other's labours by furnishing mutually, as desired, extracts and references to such books as may exist at one place and fail at another. To say nothing of our two best libraries being remote from each other, and from many parts of the country, they are themselves, of course, inadequate. In making one tolerably complete department expressly chosen for that, and entirely devoted to it, we might easily comprise the amount of books in our largest collection. When it is added that the libraries mentioned are miscellaneous, their number of books small, as the sum total is scattered over all the parts of knowledge, and many introduced by separate contributions, without mutual reference to each other,—it is obvious, that, comparatively speaking, the best must be extremely defective. We say comparatively speaking; for we would not, through a desire of what we have not, be made insensible to what we have, and undervalue existing institutions. We are acquainted particularly with the Library of Harvard University at Cambridge. It reflects honour on the munificence of its early benefactors, and on the occasional liberality of later contributors. A recent patron has made it rich in materials relating to the history and geography and statistics of America.* Its government have in the very last years made appropriations for the purchase of books from the general fund, to the utmost amount which the well known limited extent of this fund will admit, and which cannot be often repeated. Many of the very best and earlier works are on the shelves of this library, and some rarely to be found in the best European libraries; and it comprises numerous volumes that do not come into use in the studies, which are required for the first degree; and some, which are seldom wanted in any species of investigation, but which, when wanted, ought to be found. While, however, we take high complacency in the amount and value of this collection of literary works, its

* See at the end of this Journal the notice of the donation of the Ebeling library.

signal deficiencies must be admitted, when we compare it with a full series in all or the principal departments of knowledge, or with such a library as an extensive university ought to possess. It is acknowledged that it has not increased in proportion to the growth of the institution in other respects, nor to the wants of the literary men, who share its advantages. The additions made to it for many years past bear but a most inconsiderable proportion to the rapid multiplication of valuable books in every branch of literature and science during the same period. The whole number of volumes is not larger than is contained in various private libraries in Europe; and is small indeed compared with many European libraries belonging to literary institutions, or open to public use.*

We have seen an official statement on this subject prepared for the consideration of those, who may be able or disposed to endeavour to effect a remedy. From this it appears that although something has been done by late importations of continental books from Europe to supply the great deficiency in works of this description in the Library, and particularly by a selection of Spanish and Italian authors, still there are many important works in the modern, and many in the learned languages published on the continent, of which we know nothing more than their names and their reputation, or of which the use is to be obtained only through private favour. Germany, it is observed, has for the last half century been prolific in works of literature and science, and whatever may be the faults or vices of its literature considered in a moral point of view, or as an object of taste, it cannot be doubted that it is a subject of rational curiosity, and in many respects, of just admiration. We may and we do regard many of the speculations of the German theologians as altogether indefensible and licentious. But it cannot be denied, that the science of theology has for some years past, been far more an object of attention in that country than in any other; and that many

* To enumerate the fine libraries in Europe, would be to enumerate almost all its residences, and to enumerate those, which equal our best would be to enumerate every city of magnitude on the continent. See the table of several principal foreignlibraries in the Appendix of Worcester's Gazetteer. He omits the University Library at Cambridge, England, 90,000 volumes;—the Bodleian, Oxford, said to be the largest in Europe next to the Vatican. To this library the company of stationers must furnish a copy of every work printed in England.

works of more or less value, some of them exceedingly valuable, have been produced in consequence. But of the works of the Germans, and especially of their theological works, both in their own language and the Latin, we want many; many which are among the most important or the most distinguished; and many, which it is desirable to see and examine, if not to read or study. The same may be said with equal truth of the productions of the other continental nations of Europe.

But it is in English literature, the most valuable which the world can afford, and which no difference of language prevents from being accessible to every student, that the calls for large additions to the library are most pressing.

Not to mention old and new works desired for the Law library, only commenced, or for the departments of Theology and Medicine; the institution is furnished with but a small part of the great number of valuable works produced in England for the last thirty or forty years. During this period, there have appeared a profusion of voyages and travels, from which a very useful selection might be made, some important histories, several distinguished geographical works, many interesting biographies of eminent men, voluminous biographical dictionaries, many curious and costly volumes relating to antiquities and the fine arts, some valuable translations from the classics, translations from oriental writers and other works relating to the east, translations from the old French historians and travellers, many complete editions of the early English authors, with a corrected text and valuable notes and illustrations, several important works on languages, grammar and philology, encyclopædias and other dictionaries relating to different arts and sciences, treatises on the pure and mixed mathematics, many publications relating to the mechanic arts, and to agriculture; all those treatises, which are most important in chemistry and mineralogy; a multitude of valuable works on the different branches of natural history, many works treating of politics and the passing history of the times, some of which have a permanent value; and many works on political economy. Of the works included in this recital, we have but a very small portion; and besides, should be mentioned likewise, several periodical works of deserved reputation, and the transactions of different learned societies. We do not speak of works of genius in polite literature, re-

published in this country, nor of the American authors, not contained in the University library, which ought to be collected and preserved there.

In proportion as books are very scarce and difficult to be procured among us, is the advantage to a university of an abundant library in another respect, as contributing to make the situation of professors easy, and increasing the inducements to accept places at the institution. A library, which should preclude the necessity of purchasing books to the individual, is a recommendation, whose power is felt by any one who has made the experiment of being in the alternative of wanting a volume, or buying it for himself, at a price he can ill afford. It is not the pecuniary saving alone, however, which makes the attraction of such a seminary,—although very important to persons excluded by their calling, from travelling in the paths of wealth. A man of liberal and enlarged views finds a congenial air in the neighbourhood of a large library. He perceives himself within the reach of his mind's sustenance, and to place him where there is a dearth of books, is to make the air which he breathes sharp and thin.

We are afraid however, that prepossessions exist on this subject. Hence the ideas expressed on this point may appear to some to indicate over zeal. When it is said to be desirable that steps should be taken to rival in literary advantages the establishments of Europe; to have at one or more of our most considerable universities or elsewhere in our nation a great repository of learning; when mention is made of fifty, a hundred or two hundred thousand volumes at Cambridge, at Berlin, Hamburgh, Goettengen, &c. and a wish intimated that this part of the literary interest of our country might be administered by the government, even at an expense equal to the cost of a single frigate,—or if such a thing cannot be, that a William of Wickham, a Wolsey, Gresham, Colbert, Borromeo, Bodley or one of the Medicis may appear; an Atticus Herodes, like him of antiquity; or one to emulate some of the Russian, or Hindoo private literary patrons of modern times, and others who have liberally espoused the cause of learning among ourselves, early and recent founders and benefactors; when these things are said or alluded to, the question is perhaps seriously moved, whether a great library is serviceable, and whether we have not now more books than we can read.—It is said, that a selection is better than a whole Goettingen

library. We may ask, Better for whom, for what? The notion is not that each student or each professor is to read the whole, but what his purpose requires.

In gathering a library ever so large, there is room indeed for a selection of proper books from those which are not so. Its worth must depend upon the care with which the selection is made. It would be very possible to import a collection of many hundred thousand volumes, which would not be worth half the expense of their freight. The literary selection, that is, what author,—the bibliographical, what edition shall be chosen,—is important. Regard should be had to what the library already has, to what other collections within reach have, to what is first wanted as being of common use and essential service, and to what is wanted in particular departments. There is occasion for selection with respect to many of the books, in the place of purchase, whether England or Germany, Leipsic or Holland, and in the manner, whether of booksellers or at auctions, or otherwise; for it is not from the booksellers, that books of a certain description are to be procured at good advantage, and in many cases at all. Hence the foundation of the catalogue and of the purchase of books for a general library should be committed to a person properly qualified as well in a literary as in an economical respect. It would be well if he could be sent abroad to collect them as fast as opportunity might allow, making also advantageous arrangements for future additions. But if by selection be meant, not merely preferring useful to useless, and cheap to dear, but a limited to a great number, who shall make the selection? Shall it be entrusted to a Professor of Law, who would doubtless choose the books wanted by a philologist and divine, provided he could give himself time to form an acquaintance with philology and divinity sufficient to select a collection of books in these departments? But the chair of law may be filled,—as it ought to be, if he can be found,—by an exclusive man, who never thought a thought, nor spoke a word out of his branch; who would recommend the Year-books as a capital treatise on chronology and Espinasse's Nisi Prius as a work on conjunctions and adverbs. Such a jurist would not be a fit person to select a public library. Let the selection be made by a Professor of Oriental languages, and what would you do, if being also an exclusive man, he should put the young critic upon Leusden's Philol-

ogus Hebræo-mixtus, and begin a list of works on antiquities, history and travels, with the Tractatus Perke Avoth and Rabbi Benjamin's Itinerarium. A professor of Theology might take all the departments into view, according to their importance; but as the division of mental labour grows more and more definite, we may have professors of divinity who would recommend Ames' Medulla and the Gangrena Theologica, as essays on physiology and nosology,—who would put the young politician upon Boston's 'fourfold state,' to learn the balance of powers in a republic, and propose Thomas Aquina's *Summa*, as a good introduction to arithmetic. If the Agricultural society should look to the Greek or Latin chair for books on rural economy, they might have a recommendation of Orvilii Vannus Critica for models of winnowing machines, and the Georgics of Virgil for information on the best mode of procuring a swarm of bees. Undoubtedly the selection of books must be made by every man for himself; no one else can, or will, or ought to make it. There was an instance in point, when a cry was made by an assailant of Christianity four or five years ago about the work of Surenhusius, and we were all in trouble that it was no where to be found. This comes of our having a selected library. The production in itself is worthless; no one who bought books for their own value would give a groat for it. Circumstances made it important, and when it was wanted, it could not be found.—It is agreed, however, that the selection should not be committed to one. The professors in our largest university shall be directed to combine and furnish catalogues respectively in all their departments. Let this be done; let each professor furnish a full apparatus in his department, with liberty to propose works in any other; a list be formed from these, and sent out to a faithful agent in Europe, to get the new works on the easiest terms practicable, and the old ones as they occur at auctions, and no doubt it would amount to a number to be mentioned with the principal libraries in the old nations. It may still be said we do not want books. What do we then want? do we want literature? do we want science? do we want knowledge to be in the land? do we want something written, that will give a tone to the nation, that will promote general taste in the people, that will furnish our children something to boast of?

Will it be said, a great library will not supply these wants?

Let Mr. Ames answer,—'all the libraries in America would not furnish materials for a work like Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire.' Whatever causes may stand in the way of such a work being written, this is one and an adequate one,—for all the gifts and graces within the circle of the seven sciences, cannot confer the power of working without tools. One would think that a library should be that, wherein least division of opinion should exist. In this, all other nations have agreed, ancient and modern, Greek and Roman, catholic and protestant, all have their large libraries. We alone will take upon ourselves to do without them; either despising the literary character, or undertaking to invent over again the arts and sciences, and re-write the books of all other countries and ages.

THE JESUITS.

In a former number, I gave the testimony which the Bishop of Paris bore against the Jesuits, when he explained himself on their subject by order of parliament; though they were yet but in their infancy, and had yet shewn but two of the bulls which they had obtained, carefully concealing the others.

How wise soever was the advice of the Bishop of Paris, a much greater perspicacity is remarked in the judgment which the faculty of theology pronounced upon these fathers. The faculty assembled on the first of September to examine the two bulls of Paul III and Julius III, for the Jesuits as yet produced only these two. On that day were read the different passages of these bulls, and, not to do any thing with precipitation in an affair so grave and of so great importance, these are the terms of the registers of the faculty,—they postponed the determination to another assembly, and each one of the masters was admonished to reflect seriously on this great affair, that he might be in a condition to treat it with all the care and exactitude which it demanded. Finally, after a discussion which continued several months, the faculty on the first of December 1554, gave its conclusion, so celebrated and since so frequently recollected. It was formed with unanimity and after four assemblies held on the subject.

The doctors, who were then regarded as the most zealous against the heresy of the protestants and the most attached to

the catholic faith, were also the most active against this new and dangerous society. The conclusion is found in Latin in a multitude of collections; we will give it from the translation of the faculty itself.—'In the year of our Lord 1554 the first day of December, the most Holy Faculty of Theology of Paris, after having celebrated the mass of the Holy Spirit according to custom in the chapel of the College of the Sorbonne, assembled in virtue of their oath in the same college for the fourth time, in order to give their advice concerning two bulls, which the popes Paul III and Julius III have granted, as it is said, to those who wish to be distinguished by the name of the Society of Jesus. These two bulls have been brought by a bailiff sent by the Court of Parliament to the faculty to be read and examined. As all the faithful and principally the theologians ought to be ready to give a reason to all those who demand it, upon what concerns the faith, the morals and the edification of the church,—the faculty has thought that it ought to satisfy the desire, the demand and the intention of the court. For this reason, having read and several times reperused and well comprehended all the articles of the two bulls, and after having discussed and examined them during several months at different times and hours, according to custom, regarding the importance of the subject, the faculty has with unanimous consent formed this judgment, which it has submitted with all sorts of respects to that of the holy see.

'This new society, which attributes to itself particularly the unprecedented title of the name of Jesus, a society which receives with so much liberty and without any discrimination, all sorts of persons, however criminal, illegitimate and infamous they may be, a society which differs in nothing from the secular priests in the exterior habit, in the tonsure, in the manner of saying the canonical hours, or in chanting them in public, in the engagement to reside in cloisters, and to keep silence, in the choice of aliments and of days, in the fasts and the variety of rules, laws and ceremonies which serve to distinguish and preserve the different institutions of religious orders: this society, to whom have been granted so many privileges and liberties, principally in what concerns the administration of the sacraments of penitence and the eucharist, and this without any regard to any distinction of places or persons, as also in the function of preaching, read-

ing and teaching to the prejudice of the ordinary clergy and of the hierarchical order, as well as of the other religious orders, and even to the prejudice of princes and temporal lords, contrary to the privileges of the universities, and, finally, to the great charge of the people: this society seems to wound the honour of the monastical state; it weakens entirely the painful exercises, the pious and very necessary virtues and abstinences, the ceremonies and the austerity. It even gives occasion to abandon too freely the religious orders; it exempts from the obedience and submission due to the ordinary functionaries. It unjustly deprives the lords, both temporal and ecclesiastical, of their rights, introduces confusion into both polices, causes many subjects of complaint among the people, many lawsuits, debates, contentions, jealousies and different schisms or divisions. For these reasons, after having examined all these things with many others with great attention and solicitude, this society appears dangerous to the faith, capable of troubling the peace of the church, of overturning the monastical order, and more proper to destroy every thing than to edify any thing.

'When we recollect the universal overthrow which the Jesuits have caused through the whole universe, those multiplied crimes, that perseverance for more than two hundred years in usurping upon all authority both spiritual and temporal, in ruining all corporations one after another, in attempting the lives of princes and of those who passed for not being favourable to the society, those monstrous errours upon all points of theology, those pernicious maxims in morality which they have adopted and of which they have made themselves the protectors,—can we refuse to acknowledge in this testimony, which the faculty of theology bore against them from their origin, a prophecy too exactly fulfilled?'

The advice of the Bishop of Paris and the conclusion of the faculty became for the Jesuits a severe trial. In the life of St. Ignatius by the father Bouhours, they acknowledge that an opposition against them arose on all sides; that the preachers did not spare them in their pulpits, that the curates attacked their institutions openly, and that the professors made them the subject of their lectures.

The Bishop of Paris, thus supported by the suffrage of all his diocess, interdicted all their functions; and this conduct was imitated by several prelates who were then in Paris.

But to set the bishop at defiance, the Jesuits, then as intractable as they have been ever since, retired into the quarter of St. Germain, where they pretended to be exempt from his jurisdiction and where they continued to exercise their functions in spite of the interdiction. The prior of the abbey of St. Germain, ambitious to support the rights of his church, suffered them to remain there in tranquillity.

These enemies of the episcopacy and hierarchy, consequently, were little embarrassed by the judgment which the Bishop of Paris, the curates and the faculty of theology had promulgated concerning their institution.

Nevertheless, Ignatius, who still lived, exhorted his disciples to expect every thing from time, and not to be discouraged,—a maxim of which they have since made great use;—and to console them, he obtained from the Inquisition in Spain a decree which censured the conclusion of the faculty of Paris; but the Jesuits remained several years without daring to stir in France.

It was not only in France, that so unfavourable a judgment was formed on this rising society. George, archbishop of Dublin in Ireland, in the year 1558, prophecied of them in these terms.

'There is a fraternity lately arisen, who call themselves Jesuits, who will seduce many; who, living for the most part like the scribes and pharisees, will endeavour to abolish the truth. They will almost accomplish their purpose, for this kind of people metamorphose themselves into every form. With the pagans they will be pagans, with the atheists they will be atheists, with the Jews they will be Jews, with the reformers they will be reformers; for the determined purpose of penetrating your intentions, your designs, your hearts and your inclinations, and by these means to seduce you to become like the fool, who says in his heart there is no God. These people are scattered over the whole earth. They will be admitted into the counsel of princes; they will fascinate them to such a degree as to oblige them to reveal their hearts and their most concealed secrets, without their being able to perceive the snare;—this will happen to them, because they have abandoned the law of God and his gospel by their negligence to observe it and by their connivance at the sins and crimes of princes. Nevertheless, God in the end, to justify his law, will suddenly cut off this society, even by the hands

of those who have the most encouraged it and made the most use of it. So that in the end, they will become odious to all nations. They will be in a worse condition than the Jews; they will have no fixed residence on the earth; and from that time, a Jew will be more favoured in the world than a Jesuit.'

In reading this prophecy, who would not believe at the first blush that it was made after all the facts at the end of 1759, when the king of Portugal, by an irrevocable edict, banished forever from his states all the Jesuits; and when we see all these fathers wandering over the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean sea? It was at that time nevertheless, between two and three hundred years old.

It was in Portugal that these fathers properly formed their first establishment, even before the bull of 1540, which confirmed their institution, had been granted them. The ambassador, Mascarenhas, had brought with him into Portugal, Francis Xavier and Rodriguez. While Xavier, full of zeal, traversed the seas to convert the infidels, the patriarch Ignatius neglected not to send into Portugal several of his companions, who found means of introducing themselves to the court and obtained permission that the schools should be confided to them. The king of Portugal, by his edict of the 28th of June 1759, has informed us that from that time, the schools fell away through all the kingdom, from that degree of perfection to which they had before arrived, and that the cause of that declension was the obscure and revolting method which the Jesuits had introduced, and still more by the inflexible obstinacy with which they maintained that it had not these effects, and that it was not pernicious,—although the evidence and certainty of the facts demonstrated the contrary,—that the plan of these monks was to deceive the Portuguese and to put an obstruction by the same method to the progress of their studies, to the end that, after having nourished and restrained them a long time in ignorance, they might hold them always in a subjection and a dependence as unjust as pernicious.

Nevertheless, ignorance was not substituted to science without opposition;—the sinister intentions of the Jesuits and their deplorable success were foreseen by men of the greatest abilities and the greatest experience in the useful arts. For these men, who were the ornaments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, comprehended and predicted that the

vices and method of these monks would necessarily produce the ruin of studies so indispensable. The university of Coimbra in a body formed an opposition in 1555,—fifteen years after the Jesuits had been introduced into Portugal,—to deliver to the Jesuits the college of Philosophy. At the congress of the deputies of all the cities of this kingdom, which was convoked by the king in 1562, the people presented the most lively complaints of the great fortunes which these same monks had already acquired in the twenty-two years they had been in the kingdom, and against the corrupt studies which were cultivated among them. The nobility and people of Portugal united on the 22d of November 1630, to form a deliberation against the schools which these monks had opened that year,—enacting grievous penalties against all those who should go, or who should send their children to study in those schools.

It is remarkable, that it was in 1555 that the university of Coimbra augured so ill of the Jesuits;—precisely at the time when the faculty of theology in Paris pronounced, by their decree of the 1st of December 1554, that the society appeared to be born rather for destruction than for edification. The gentlemen of the law in the king's service have many times presented to the parliaments of France the judgment of the faculty of theology, as a prophecy already accomplished.

The king of Portugal gives to his subjects the judgment of the university of Coimbra, as a prediction. Events have verified the prophecy made about the same time by the archbishop of Dublin in Ireland. Indeed, as we have seen, the learned Melchior Cano had before predicted that a time would come when the kings would resist the Jesuits and would not find means effectually to do it.

Extract from a letter addressed to the Editor, on the importance of an Observatory at Cambridge.

It has long been considered as very desirable to have an Observatory at Cambridge, connected with the University. It was a favorite object with our late Presidents, and some steps were taken by them towards having one erected. Many new offices have since been created, and the system of instruction much enlarged, so that the want of such an establishment is still more apparent and more sensibly felt.

An Observatory has long been considered by enlightened nations, as one of the noblest objects that can claim the patronage of the public or of individuals. In Great Britain and Ireland,—beside the great national Observatory at Greenwich, and two others endowed by the King,—there is one belonging to each of the Universities and about twenty in the possession of noblemen and private gentlemen. There are no less than ten Observatories in Paris and about as many more in the different parts of France. There are two or three in Portugal, four in Spain, eight or ten in Italy, one in most of the large cities of Germany and Russia, several in Sweden and Denmark; and even Norway and Iceland are not without similar establishments. China and many of the nations of the East were even before the Europeans in their attention to these means of cultivating Astronomy, and in their encouragement of those persons who were disposed to make use of them. We are almost the only nation of any pretensions to learning and the arts, which has totally neglected to provide for this branch of knowledge. Amidst all our public seminaries and public societies, instituted for the promotion of useful science, we cannot boast of a single foundation for an Observatory in the United States, or in North America. It is believed that there is not one upon this continent,—which may be said to owe its discovery to the light that was thrown upon it from this source.

We depend upon Europe, not only for our knowledge of the heavens, but for our astronomical tables and books of navigation, for the means which we possess of determining the relative situation of places among ourselves, for whatever instruction and gratification we derive from the few astronomical observations which are made amongst us. We could not even calculate an almanac without help from abroad.

The Observatory at Greenwich so justly celebrated,—which is of such inestimable importance to the scientific world,—was built expressly for the purpose of aiding commerce by rendering navigation more safe and easy. This purpose has been most happily answered. The most valuable improvements have been made here in the means and methods of finding a ship's place at sea and of conducting her from one port to another. The lives of thousands, it may be presumed, have been saved by the information and directions that have been derived from the labours of this institution.

But the methods which are furnished to mariners are not yet perfect;—there are many places, especially upon our coast, whose latitude and longitude are so uncertain as to mislead the most skilful. There are local points also in astronomy, as well as in navigation, that deserve attention. There are phenomena in the heavens, that are to be observed only at particular times and in particular parts of the earth. There are modifications and corrections of common nautical observations, that depend upon peculiarities of climate and situation, and which can be determined only by fixed instruments of the best construction. The scientific and commercial world have a right to expect from us that information which is to be obtained in no other place. Besides, it is time for us to begin to observe and examine for ourselves and to contribute something to the general stock.

The first Observatory of a country, if well endowed and well conducted, naturally takes precedence of all subsequent ones, and is acknowledged as a centre and common place of reference for astronomical and geographical observations. There are many things that give Cambridge a claim to this distinction. It has very great natural advantages for such an establishment. Its situation with respect to foreign Observatories, deduced from observations that have already been made, is better understood, and the library and philosophical apparatus of the College are better furnished, than those of any other place in the country. It may be added also, that the Corporation of the College have taken measures for improving these advantages. They have authorized a committee to make out an order for a few of the best instruments for an Observatory. But such instruments are very expensive. A single one, lately erected at Greenwich, cost more than five thousand dollars. It is pronounced to be the most perfect and the most magnificent instrument ever consecrated to astronomy. We wish to procure one after the same model and by the same artist, and that our other more essential instruments may be exact copies of those which have recently been made for this celebrated institution. We might thus avail ourselves of the science and skill of the old world, which have been the fruits of so many years' experience and research. But our means are too limited to admit of our putting this plan in execution. We not only want instruments to the amount of eight or ten thousand dollars, but we want a building that

will cost as much more, and we want a person to take charge of this establishment who shall devote himself entirely to the objects intended to be answered by it. We might then look at the stars with our own eyes; we might then hope to do something for the advancement of science and for the honour of our country. To accomplish all this, we want nothing but money. We have a man amongst us most eminently qualified for the station,—a profound astronomer, who is already considerably accustomed to the business of observing, much attached to the College, highly respected and beloved by all his acquaintance,—and who has translated the most complete and the most difficult work which has hitherto appeared on the subject of astronomy, illustrating it at the same time with copious notes, that will probably render it accessible to a hundred persons, where it is now accessible to one. This work, should the public be favoured with it, will make him better known, and we shall learn from foreign critics more justly to estimate his talents and attainments.

Cambridge, Nov. 1818.

Professor Ebeling's Library.

[The following are the proceedings of the Corporation of Harvard College, relative to the donation recently made to the University of this valuable library. We subjoin a brief account of the collection.]

Harvard University, Cambridge.

At a meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, June 26, 1818:—

The President laid before the board a letter from the Hon. Israel Thorndike of Boston, of the following tenor, viz.

'Dear Sir—Having been informed, some time since, that the late Professor Ebeling of Hamburgh had left a very extensive and valuable library containing many volumes, maps, and charts, peculiarly adapted to be useful in the United States, I determined upon purchasing it, provided it could be obtained at a fair price, considering its intrinsic worth, and to present it to the University at Cambridge as a mark of the great esteem I feel for those who compose the government of that seminary, and of veneration for its great antiquity and usefulness. You will perceive by the enclosed let-

ters and copies, that this object has been effected, and that orders have been given for the shipment to the United States for account of the University.

I have to request that your corporation will be pleased to accept this library, with my best wishes that it may be found conducive to the great end we all have in view,—the extension of knowledge in our country.

'I am, dear sir, with respect and esteem,

'your obedient servant.'

Whereupon it was voted:

That the corporation most gratefully accept this donation to the University. They beg leave to express to the donor their high gratification in this act of munificence, which entitles him to the respect and gratitude of present and future times; which is the means of keeping together a rich mass of materials for illustrating the history, circumstances and resources of our country; which indicates a becoming participation in the views and sense of the services of a distinguished professor and excellent man, abroad, who employed the greatest part of a long life in researches and labours relating to America; and which makes a peculiarly valuable and interesting addition to the apparatus possessed by the University for cultivating the recording sciences and for acquiring and diffusing a knowledge of our country and of the new world in general.

The corporation take satisfaction in this generous gift, not only on account of its intrinsic worth, but also as it presents another instance in which good learning receives that individual patronage from which, in the present state of our society, the endowments of literature must principally flow;—an example of favour to the interests of lettered knowledge, which they trust will contribute to preserve and promote among the reflecting and patriotic, blessed with opulence, a worthy emulation in assisting the intellectual advancement of our state and nation, and augmenting the usefulness and renown of our ancient and cherished University.

Voted:—That the President, Hon. J. Davis and Hon. J. Phillips, be a committee to communicate to Mr. Thorndike these proceedings of the corporation; and to take such order in regard to the reception and disposition of this property, as shall appear expedient and proper.

Attest, JOHN T. KIRKLAND, President.

We have been favoured with the sight of the Catalogue of the American Library of the celebrated Chr. Dan. Ebeling, Professor of History at Hamburgh, which one of our distinguished citizens has lately presented to Harvard College. This library, collected with the greatest care and expense by the unwearied labour of fifty years, contains above three thousand volumes, of which six hundred and one are folios, including three hundred and fifty two volumes of newspapers, printed in this country, three hundred and forty one quartos, and two thousand and ninety octavos and smaller books.

The plan of the catalogue is analytical,—the Index exhibiting *first*, the COLLECTIONS of writers on America, *next* the history before Columbus, then the authors, who treat of America in general,—1. Columbus, Vesputius, &c.; 2. books of general history and geography; 3. of general geography; 4. history and origin of the Indians; 5. history, ecclesiastical; 6. —— literary; 7. —— natural; 8. commodities and discommodities, derived from America. Then follow the works that treat of the grand divisions of America: 1. North, in general; 2. South, in general; 3. Islands. The next division, which is very copious, embracing above three hundred volumes on the Spanish Colonies, is thus subdivided: 1. Mexico, 2. California, 3. Florida, 4. Terra Firma, 5. Venezuela, Caraccas, &c. 6. Guiana, Oronoco and the river of the Amazons, 7. Peru, 8. Chili and Patagonia, 9. Paraguay and Buenos Ayres, 10. ecclesiastical history, 11. —— literary, 12. —— natural, 13. geographical descriptions, further subdivided into nine parts, 14. statistics, 15. of the genius, &c. of the natives. The Portuguese colonies stand next, under these heads: 1. history and descriptions, 2. history ecclesiastical, 3. —— natural, 4. —— of distinct Captaincies, 5. statistics, 6. history of the natives. The French follow; then the Danish, occupying twenty-one volumes,—then the Swedish, then the Russian, occupying three volumes, and the Dutch, thirty. The English colonies, which succeed, have contributed, of course, much wealth to this collection. The West India Islands, belonging to all nations, occupy a large division, the last in the Catalogue.

The chief labour of the Professor, however, was evidently bestowed on the collection of works relative to our part of the continent;—the books in which the United States generally are treated of, being first exhibited by the Index,—next, the

principal subjects of inquiry, under six classes, with divisions too numerous to be here stated, comprise all the information printed by foreigners or residents.

That every thing we could desire will be found in this American library, would be too much to declare; but the degree of its completeness may be estimated from this fact, that several books, published in England or here, of which no antiquary could find a copy in either country, are now restored to us. These indeed are little more than curious, and by most men would be thought of little worth. But the works of great learning, research and cost, which all languages have bestowed so liberally on America, contained in this collection, we may unhesitatingly affirm, could be found in no other single library in the world. The Athenæum in Boston has probably many fine works of less rarity, which the German Professor had failed to acquire, and the Massachusetts Historical Society contains no small number of curious tracts, which would by him have been sought in vain,—but this library exhibits double or treble the quantity of books relating to America, in which those invaluable depositories are deficient. It is hoped that this most liberal foundation for a Bibliotheca Americana, in the most extensive sense of the phrase, will stimulate the present age and posterity to supply whatever enlargement the superstructure may admit. The immense mass of authorities can never be employed and improved by a single scholar, but must be divided, like the materials of commerce, by a philosophical partition among many labourers. The exertions of Professor Ebeling in collecting this library,—which was, and would have continued, an extraordinary or an unrivalled one in Europe,—were well known; and the munificence of Mr. Thorndike, by which this intellectual treasure is secured to Cambridge forever, may be further appreciated by the general knowledge of the fact, that his competitor for the purchase was the king of Prussia.

Quarterly List of New Publications in the United States.

American Works.

Biography.

Memoirs of Andrew Jackson, Maj. General in the United States Army. By S. Putnam Waldo. Hartford.

Memoirs of Henry Obookiah, a native of Owhyhee, and a member of the Foreign Mission School, who died at Cornwall, Con. Feb. 17, 1818.

Sketches of the life and character of Patrick Henry. By William Wirt. Third edition, 8vo, $3,50, Philadelphia.

An Essay on the life of Gen. Putnam. By Col David Humphreys; with an appendix, containing a historical and topographical sketch of the battle of Bunker Hill. By S. Swett. 12mo, $1,25, Boston.

Geography and Topography.

A new Map of the state of Georgia, from actual surveys. By Daniel Sturges.

Gazeteer of the United States. By J. E. Worcester, 8vo. $2,50. Andover.

First Lessons in Geography and Astronomy, with seven maps and a plate of the Solar System. By J. A. Cummings. Boston, Cummings and Hilliard, 25 cts.

Natural History.

Outlines of the Mineralogy and Geology of Boston and its vicinity, with a Geological map. By John F. Dana, M. D. and S. L. Dana, M. D. $1, Boston.

Chemistry.

A System of Chemistry. By Thomas Thomson, with Notes, by Thomas Cooper. 8vo, 4 vols. $12, Philadelphia.

Law.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Errors and Appeals of the state of Tennessee. By J. Hayward. vol. iv, 8vo, $5, Nashville.

The Counting-House Assistant, or a Brief Digest of American Mercantile Law. By J. C. Gilleland Esq. 12mo, $1,50. Philadelphia.

Reports of Cases adjudged in the Supreme Court of the state of Pennsylvania. By Thomas Sargeant and William Rawle, Jun. Vol. i. 8vo, $6,50. Philadelphia.

The Law of Libel. By Francis Ludlow Holt. With references to American cases. By Anthony Bleecker, Esq. 8vo. $3,50, New York.

The Trial of Charles N. Baldwin for a libel in publishing a charge of fraud in the management of lotteries in the state of New York. 75 cts. New York.

Reports of Cases in the Courts of New York. By William Johnson. Vol. vii. second edition, with notes and references, 8vo. New York.

Theology.

A last appeal to the Market Street Presbyterian Church and Congregation, in a series of seven Sermons. By James McChord, A. M. 8vo, pp. 332, Lexington, Kentucky.

Truth and Calvinism contrasted, in a letter to the Rev. Jonathan Curtis, in reply to a Sermon published by him. By Peter Young, 17 cts. Concord, N. H.

A Sermon preached at the Ordination of the Rev. John Gorham Palfrey, to the pastoral care of the Church in Brattle Square. By Eliphalet Porter, D. D. 8vo. Boston.

Theology Explained and Defended, in a series of Discourses. By Timothy Dwight, D. D. LL. D. Vol. iii & iv. 8vo. New Haven.

Five letters, proving the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. By Elhanan Winchester, 20 cts. Providence.

The Controversy between B. and Quæro, which appeared in the Alexandria Newspapers, on some points of Roman Catholicism. By a Protestant, $1, Alexandria.

Further Documents shewing the causes of the distressed state of the Roman Catholic Congregation in Charleston, S. C. By J. P. de Cloriviere, 50 cts. Charleston.

Sermons on Practical Subjects. By William Barlass, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Peter Wilson LL. D. New York.

Medicine.

Some account of the Fever which existed in Boston in the Autumn and Winter of 1817 and 1818. By W. Gamage, Jun. M. D. 8vo, 62 cts. Boston.

The Edinburgh New Dispensatory, with large additions relating principally to the vegetable productions of the United States. By Jacob Dyckman, M. D. 8vo. New York.

Discourses on Cold and Warm Water Bathing, with remarks on the effects of drinking cold water in warm weather. By John G. Coffin, M. D. 12mo, 50 cts. Boston.

A Memoir on Contagion, more especially as it respects the Yellow Fever. By Nathaniel Potter, M. D Baltimore.

Medical and Surgical Register, consisting chiefly of cases in

the New York Hospital. By Drs. Watts, Mott, and Stevens. 8vo, $1,50, New York.

History and description of the Epidemic Fever at Gardiner, Maine, in 1814. By Enoch Hale, M. D. 8vo, pp. 246, $1,50, Boston.

A Discourse on Fever, delivered before the Massachusetts Medical Society, June, 1818. By James Jackson, M. D. 25 cts. Boston.

Education.

A Grammar of the English Language, intended more especially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors, Apprentices, and Plough boys. By William Cobbett. 75 cts. New York.

Arithmetic simplified, a plain System for the use of Schools. By John J. White. Hartford.

The Commercial Swift Writer, or Clerk's Sure Guide to Penmanship. By G. B. King, 37½ cts. New York.

The Latin Reader, in which the Idiom and Construction of the Language are illustrated by analysis, applied to the Fables of Phœdrus. Philadelphia.

Poetry.

The Battle of Niagara, a poem without Notes; and Goldau, or the Maniac Harper. By Jehu O'Cataract. 87½ cts. Baltimore.

The Backwoodsman, a Poem. By J. K. Paulding, Esq. 12mo. $1,50. Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

The Domestic Animal's Friend, or Complete Virginia and Maryland Farrier, in five parts, prescribing the proper treatment of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, and Dogs. 8vo, pp. 436, $2, Winchester, Va.

Tables of Longitude. By James M. Elford. Second edition, 8vo. $3, Charleston, S. C.

Narrative of a Tour in the Summer of 1817, on the shores of Lake Superior, and the other Northern Lakes of the United States, addressed to Maj. Gen. Brown. By Samuel A. Storrow, 8vo, pp. 40.

Statement of Facts, relative to the appointment of the Rev. Gamaliel S. Olds to the office of Professor of Chemistry in Middlebury College. By himself. Greenfield, Mass.

An Appeal to the Government and People of the United States, in behalf of the Independent South American Provinces. New York.

Deaf and Dumb, a Historical Drama from the French of M. Bouilly, with a preface by Laurent Clerc. 37½ cts. Hartford.

A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the ship Oswego on the coast of Barbary. By Judah Paddack, her late Master. 8vo, pp. 340, $2, New York.

'Tother Side of Ohio. By J. Oldfield. 25 cts. Hartford.

Hints for an Essay on the Pursuit of Happiness. By Benjamin L. Oliver, Jun. 8vo. $2, Salem.

A Memoir on the Antiquities of the Western parts of the State of New York. By De Witt Clinton. New York.

Journal of a Journey performed in the months of February, March, and April, 1818, from Georgetown, D. C. to the Miami, in the state of Ohio, 12½ cts. Georgetown.

Letters from Washington, on the Constitution and Laws, with sketches of some of the public characters of the United States. 75 cts. Washington.

Inaugural Address, delivered in the Chapel of the University at Cambridge. By Levi Frisbie, A. M. Alford Prof. of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy and Civil Polity. 2d Ed. Cambridge.

The Brief Remarker on the ways of Man; or Compendious Dissertations respecting social and domestic relations and concerns. By Ezra Sampson. $1, Catskill, New York.

Brief Essays on Volition and Pleasure. By Athanasius Fenwick. Philadelphia.

Rules and Regulations for the Naval Service of the United States, prepared by the Board of the Navy Commissioners. Washington.

Memoirs of the American Academy. Vol. iv. Part 1, 4to, pp. 318. $2, Cambridge.

An Essay on the Pronunciation of the Greek Language. 4to, pp. 70, Cambridge.

A Discourse delivered at the opening of the New Alms House in Cambridge; Sept 17, 1818. By Abiel Holmes, D. D. Cambridge.

American Editions of English Works.

Sacred Biography, or the History of the Patriarchs. By Henry Hunter, D D. 8vo, 4 vols. Philadelphia.

Considerations on the principal events of the French Revolution. By Madame de Stael. 8vo, 2 vols. $5, New York.

Felix Alvarez, or Manners in Spain. By Alex. R. C. Dallas. 12mo, 2 vols. $2, New York.

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A Practical View of Christian Education in its earliest stages. By J. Babington, member of the British Parliament. 2d American edition, Boston, Cummings and Hilliard, 12mo, 75 cts.

Travels in Canada and the United States in 1816 and 1817. By Lt. Francis Hall. 8vo, $1,50, Boston.

ERRATA. p. 4. l. 2 & 7. for '*has*' read '*have.*' l. 16. for '*directs,*' read '*direct.*'

ERRATA in vol. vii. p. 82. l 24. read, '*their* reputation" :—p. 135. l. 20. read, 'open *to* his' :—p 218. l. 18. read, 'preface—by' : p. 225. l. 19. dele '*to*' :—p. 242. l. 15. for '*right,*' read '*night*' :—p. 339. l. 32. read, 'France was *not,* during' :—p. 358. l. 20. dele '*is*' :—p 401. l. 13. read 'form *of* a' :—p. 404. l. 5. for '*claves,* read '*classes*' :—p. 410. l. 16. for "*Humanely*', read '*Humanly*' :—p. 411 l. 4. for '*affecting*', read '*effecting*' :—p 419. l. 12. for '*aim*', read '*arm*' :—p. 424. l. 16. begin a new period after '*remarks.*'

[By an arrangement, made since the last Number, this work will hereafter be published every three months, instead of every two months, as formerly. Two numbers will now make a volume, of the same number of pages as three contained before. The quarterly publication of the work commences with the present Number. The next will be published in March.]

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS JOURNAL.

No. XXIII.

MARCH, 1819.

ART. IX.—*Histoire de la Médecine, depuis son Origine jusqu' au dix-neuvième siécle, par Kurt Sprengel; traduit de l'Allemand sur la second édition, par A. J. L. Jourdan, Chev. del'ord. de la réunion, et revue par E. F. M. Bosquillon, D. R. de la Faculté, de med. de Paris, Censeur Honoraire, &c. &c.* 8vo. Tom. 7. A Paris, 1815.

THE interest of medical history is principally felt by men devoted to the study and practice of medicine. They seek in its records the condition of this science in different ages. They are interested in its progress and derive important instruction from investigations of the causes which have produced its revolutions. This interest however can hardly be confined to the physician. The history of medicine has an intimate connexion with that of human nature. This art or science had its origin in society. It has been obedient to the feelings, the prejudices, the condition of all ages. It was dark when society was so, and it has been enlightened by the progress of civilization. The science of medicine, perhaps more than any other, is removed from the public eye, and what is strange, even from public curiosity. The reason of this is perhaps to be looked for in its nature, and more especially in its practice. But if its mysteries lie too deep for the profane, still there must be an interest to know something of an art, which has occupied and filled great minds in all ages,—which has accompanied learning and letters, through their whole progress,—yielded to like influences with them,

and which has found motive and nurture in the better feelings of man.

We can know but little of the progress of this art, without knowing much of human nature. Was ancient medicine little more than a few arbitrary rules, and did its practice principally consist in the observance of many superstitious rites? The state of society required no more, and it is not upon record, that life was then shorter, or more uncertain than at present. Is the science now burdened with the accumulated learning of ages, and are its theories so numerous, and its practice so various, that every individual may choose a system and master for himself? The state of society ordains it to be so. Luxury and learning have combined to give occasion and character to modern medicine, and it is as obedient to their influences, as when it prescribed by the oracle, or was practised by the priest.

Sprengel, the author of the work we are examining, has given a new face to medical history. He has not filled his seven volumes with barren and isolated facts. He has connected medicine with mankind and with nature. If it be in Greece that he traces the first approximation to any thing like just reasoning in medicine, he shows you that this favored spot of nature was of all others the fittest for the birth-place of this and the other sciences and arts. If the Druid alone practised medicine among the Celts, he appeals to the age for an explanation of this barbarous and ridiculous union of professions.

To be introduced to the physicians of antiquity, we must enter the temple, the camp and the gymnasium. To find the records of their medicine, we must raise the fallen column from the accumulated dust of ages. Their writings are not always formal descriptions of diseases, drawn out into ponderous volumes. They are not unfrequently enrolled with the deeds of heroes and gods;—as in the first-born of poetry, the epic of Homer. It is in this relic of antiquity, almost miraculously preserved, that we find the names and even the practice of some of the earliest physicians. Surely there can be no want of interest in the history of medicine, if such be its records. Curiosity is invited to what is most rare,—veneration inspired for what is most venerable, and even the imagination is enlisted in its cause, with a sublime muse to minister to its aspirations.

When learning declined,—learning such as it was,—medicine was cultivated by those who overran and pillaged the fairest portions of the globe. The conquerors preserved, if they did not advance learning, and thus held in their hands the elements which another age was to collect and arrange, and of them to form a sublime and beautiful world of taste and science.—This was necessarily a slow creation. The first labours bestowed on it were arduous and protracted. It would seem that the men of the time thought, that the world looked to them to supply the deficiencies of preceding ages, and that the light, they were destined to shed over the darkness, was at least to be a wide, if not a clear beam. They reasoned like the dull theologians of Cromwell, who measured their devotedness to the good cause, by the number of folio pages they could fill on the dullest subject. Thus medicine has its imposing folios, which, unless dusted by the historian, might now hold an endless slumber. If these works, however, teach us but little of the art of healing, they confirm the remark which has already been repeated, that medicine has uniformly yielded to the spirit of the age.

A philosophy purely inductive at length appeared, and shed a healing influence over a morbid learning, and a corrupt taste. Men were taught by this philosophy to see and observe, rather than to imagine and theorise. Phenomena, and not occult causes became objects of study. Medicine was submitted to these influences, and what it now is, it owes principally to them. Such is a hasty glance at some of the periods of learning and medicine. Superstition and war, philosophy, the arts, and even christianity, have been among the agents which have formed and changed the features of each. If we would learn their progress, we must steadily follow the path which civilization has pursued. By keeping this in view, we are constantly furnished with a steady, uniform principle, upon which the revolutions experienced by medicine may be truly explained. Has philosophy ever been the parent of medicine? By combining their history, we learn what were in each age the extent of knowledge, the prevailing opinions, and the genius of the art. A passion for demonstration in the schools of philosophy produced a kindred spirit in those of medicine. As soon as philosophers began to introduce a critical scepticism into all human learning, the physicians were the first to reject every principle

which was not the result of faithful observation. It is thus that the history of the times, is necessarily blended with that of medicine itself.

The legitimate objects of medical history are the changes which medicine has at various periods undergone,—the systems which have successively reigned,—and the different methods of treatment which have been proposed and adopted. It farther embraces the lives of celebrated physicians, and an enumeration and criticism of works, which have appeared on the art of healing in general, and on each of its branches in particular. The history of those sciences which have contributed to the advancement of the art of healing, as anatomy and physiology, and of those also which contain in themselves the materials of medical practice, such as chemistry and botany, is also among the objects of the medical historian.

Learning and impartiality are the principal qualifications of the medical historian. He should have read the principal writers of each age. Sprengel says he should imitate the conduct of a man who is a perfect stranger to the science, and guided by sound reason, travel through the works of physicians,—identify himself with them,—understand the spirit of the age, and seize the ideas of each author, as if he had the power to make himself his contemporary. He should feel no preference for the medicine of the ancients, or for that of the moderns; but understand how to estimate the advantages of every age, and expose its defects with impartiality. In a word, the medical historian should give us the art as it has been, not as it should be.—From the discordance of writers on the subject of ancient chronology, the author has employed the olympiads as dates before the christian æra, in preference to that of the age of the world.—He commences with the origin of medicine, and traces the science through every period of its history. In our analysis, we shall confine ourselves to ancient medicine, and more particularly to that of Greece.

What medicine was at its earliest appearance, and where it first appeared, it is impossible for us to determine. It is highly probable that attempts at healing disease and curing wounds have been as universal as the existence of these physical evils. In what these attempts really consisted, in the earliest periods of the world, can only be inferred, from what is known of the habits, the wants, the condition of man in a

savage state. From what we know of him in this state, it is safe to infer, that his diseases were few, strongly marked, and easily recognised. Luxury has been the prolific parent of disease. How short then must have been the annals of medicine, when all were completely satisfied with the gratification of a few perfectly defined physical wants? The principal circumstances of interest to them in their diseases would be their cause and their cure. If they believed in a superintending divinity, in a being who gave them food and raiment, it would require but little additional faith to regard the same being as the source of their sicknesses and sorrows. The worship of their divinity would be entrusted to a distinct order of the community, and if these sought for and obtained for them exemption from the consequences of vice or from moral evil, how naturally would the additional function be granted them, of supplicating the gods on behalf of physical suffering. All this was probably the case. We have it not upon record, it is true, but the first dawning of history places the inference beyond a doubt. The temples were the earliest hospitals. and the priests the first physicians. The simplicity of early medicine may thus be inferred from the simplicity of manners of early ages. Add to this the moral influence possessed by the priests over the people, and medical practice is resolved into little more than powerful impressions made on the imagination of the sick.

Surgery,—or the manual treatment of injuries inflicted by external violence and evident to the senses,—would appear to have had an origin prior to medicine, properly so called. Men might indeed invoke the mercy of a divinity for a patient, and even trust a case of fever to the interference of providence. But a severe external injury, a bleeding wound, would plead its own cause with the spectator, and make an irresistible demand on his sympathies and skill. Haller, however, contends for the priority of medicine, and reasons from the injurious influences of climate and seasons over health, in favour of his opinion; while the small number of offensive weapons employed by infant nations, offered but few occasions for surgery. But this great philosopher, remarks the author, did not reflect, that men who have just left the hands of nature, far excel a luxurious age in their power of resisting the influence of climate, or an unwholesome atmos-

phere, and that it is hardly necessary to look to war for occasions of external injuries, when they are to be found on all sides and in the very circumstances in which an early age finds itself placed. Brambilla argues rather ludicrously for the priority of surgery, when he tells us that Tubal Cain was a surgeon,—that the patriarchs continued the art, and that it has its name from Chiron the Centaur, who first practised the art methodically. The surgery of such an age, however, could with as little propriety be called an art, as its medicine a science. If one consisted in an observance of certain rites, the other could have been little more than the application of vegetable and a few mineral substances to wounds, and the forcible removal of foreign substances, which the accidents of common life, or of war, had forced into the body. Thus medicine and surgery had an origin, wherever their offices were required. To become sciences, there was something more necessary than the existence of disease. What this was will be developed as we proceed.

In pursuing the progress of medicine from its probable origin, we pass from the region of conjecture, to that of fable. It is however the genuine fable of the times upon which we are entering, and it possesses all the interest, which the scanty remains of a very remote antiquity must always come to us with. The historian naturally begins his labours with Egypt, though some have questioned the superior antiquity of this country over that of India. Egypt possesses, to this day, monuments whose origin is lost in the night of fabulous times. In the sacred traditions of the Israelites, the most ancient historical records in the possession of man, we every where find abundant proofs that civilization had there acquired a certain degree of perfection, at an epoch in which contemporary nations still followed a wild and wandering life. Plessing argues that Egypt was the only place in which man had the power to commence the labour of civilization. His argument is, that man will never of himself become civilized, because civilization is the tomb of that liberty, in which his happiness consists. Necessity alone therefore will constrain him to submit to social laws. There was every thing in Egypt to favour civilization, and much that made it necessary. Its isolated situation, the inundations of the Nile, its limited territory and the fertility of its soil, invited men to an union of toil, in itself not severe, and which promised the

only sure means of subsistence. What we know of Egyptian medicine we learn from what remains of its mythology. The author has given a minute history of the medical divinities of Egypt,—their influence over health and disease,—and their temporal as well as spiritual dominion over this ancient nation. The question that principally interests us here, is the state of medicine in this earliest age of the human family. This may be shown by giving a brief history of those who were devoted to medical practice;—a rapid sketch of their character, manners, and the influences to which they were subjected.

Diseases were regarded by the Egyptians as tokens of divine wrath. Here the cause is definite. There is no room nor occasion for hypothesis concerning the cause of disease, nor its mode of operation on the body, where it is ascribed to intelligence, and an uncontrollable power. The cure was looked for from the direct agency of the same superior beings. The mode of procedure was thus perfectly simple, and would depend principally on the power of the imagination of the diseased. The priests were the sole physicians of Egypt. The art of healing was nothing more than an absurd worship rendered to different divinities. Medicines were disguised under a language purely allegorical, and the art of using them was regarded as a secret revealed only to the favourites of the gods. The medical doctrines and practice of Hermes Trismegistus were first engraved on the columns of the temples. When the use of the papyrus was discovered, they were collected into a book, entitled '*Embré, scientia causilitatis.*' This work contained the rules of medical practice, which physicians were obliged implicitly to follow, and they were drawn up by the nearest and most celebrated successors of Hermes. If the physician strictly followed them, he was relieved from all responsibility in any event of the case. If he departed from them, and the patient died, he answered with his life his honest attempt to advance his favourite science. In their manners and habits of living, these physicians spared no pains to impress the people with the profound sanctity of their character. Their rank was highly honourable, scarcely inferior to that of the sovereign. The sciences were hereditary in their order. Much that appears peculiar in habits to the priest-physicians, was in a measure common to the people. The art of preserving health

was sought after and practised by all, and history informs us, that the whole people, during three days in every month, were subjected to the use of some active medicine. Taking these circumstances along with us, when we consider the perpetual serenity of the Egyptian sky,—its mild and uniform climate,—its facilities for human subsistence,—the strong imagination of the people, and their perfect confidence in their physicians, we are not only enabled to make out the condition of their medicine, but also come to believe that there was a correspondence between the degree of medical knowledge, and the demands made upon it, quite sufficient for many beneficial purposes.

It would be unwise then to wonder that so little was known there. The circumstances in which time has placed the men of later periods have done every thing to promote discovery and increase learning. Before these circumstances existed, these effects could hardly have been looked for. There are writers, however, who, in place of regarding with surprise the imperfect science of remote ages, have argued from various customs, which have come down to us, that the ancients possessed positive knowledge, on subjects which others regard as exclusively the property of modern times.* The art of embalming in Egypt was carried to the highest degree of perfection. It seemed almost to promise an exemption from the operation of a law, which had never ceased since the fall of man. Herodotus and Diodorus have given very minute histories of this art, its different kinds, and the expenses of each method. According to these writers, the place on the left side of the body of the deceased, in which the incision was to be made, was first very carefully designated. The objects of the incision were to remove the internal viscera, and to introduce the materials which were known to possess the power of preserving the body after death. No sooner was the incision made, than the operator precipitately left the house. This was indispensably necessary for his personal safety. The performance of his function was esteemed a violation of the dead, only to be expiated by his own life, and the friends of the deceased at once endeavoured to make him a sacrifice. Notwithstanding the circumstances now detailed, and which rest on high authority, some have found

* Vid. Millar's Disquisitions in Medical History.

in the art of embalming, a means for great anatomical discovery, and have even inferred that in Egypt this science must have acquired considerable perfection. We see in it, however, not a single circumstance which could have promoted anatomy. This remark, it should be recollected, applies to the art, as practised in ancient Egypt. When Pliny, therefore, contends, that the kings of Egypt ordered dead bodies to be opened, to discover the causes of disease, he unquestionably is speaking of the Ptolemies, to whose reign the origin of anatomy is traced.

History and fable thus concur in tracing the origin of the art of healing to Egypt. The institutions of that people long retained their original character. Their perfect isolation was a check to foreign influence. They held other nations in absolute detestation. Before the reign of Psammeticus, however, the opinions, the learning of Greece began to be introduced, and during his reign, the Grecians themselves, who of all nations had been the most despised, began to appear there. Psammeticus first granted to those Grecians who had served as auxiliaries in his armies, permission to establish themselves in Egypt. He afterwards entertained on friendly terms their compatriots who visited them, and finally committed to them the education of the young. Here was an end put at once to national jealousy and antipathies, and the sciences, the religion, and the arts of Egypt, became the property of all nations.

The medicine of the Israelites very properly succeeds that of Egypt. There were some circumstances in their history which made them intimately acquainted with the Egyptians. Thus they were captives in that country four hundred years. There was, notwithstanding, so much of peculiarity in the Jews, that one can hardly fail to be surprised, that under any circumstances they could have been brought to so near a resemblance to the Egyptians. Their religious faith and institutions were totally unlike those of Egypt. Theirs was a pure theocracy. They worshipped the true God. They worshipped him under no symbol. But, like the Egyptians, they offered him sacrifices. Like them, they attributed to Jehovah their physical and spiritual evils, and sought to appease his wrath, and remove disease by offerings at his altar. 'As the domination of the priests formed in Egypt the basis of the constitution, so Moses established among the Israelites a govern-

ment purely monastic. As in Egypt knowledge of every kind was hereditary in the priesthood, so the Levites formed the hereditary nobility among the descendants of Jacob. They were the sole judges and physicians of the people,—no one but they could undertake the cure of diseases.' From the priests, medicine passed to the prophets. Sprengel has collected with great industry from the sacred writings the medical history of the Israelites. Their medical practice was remarkable for the time in which they lived. Much of it, however, being miraculous in its nature and means, it is unnecessary to draw a parallel between it and that of Egypt. From what has been said, it may be remarked, that considering the great and striking differences between these nations, and their total want of resemblance in every thing relating to religion, there is a very remarkable correspondence in the external characters of many of their institutions.

What the Hindoos now are, it is highly probable they have always been. Alexander, in his expeditions into India, found their social institutions carried to a high degree of perfection, and very much in the same state in which we now find them. The antiquity of the Hindoos is unquestionable, and as there is some ground for thinking that it even exceeded that of Egypt, it is reasonable to conclude, that what they were, they owed to themselves. We know of no nation from whom they could have received an impulse to determine their character and institutions; hence, we must regard them as purely original. They possess resemblances to other nations, with whose history we have some acquaintance. Like Egypt, the Hindoos were divided into distinct orders or castes. As in that country, the Priests or Bramins were the most distinguished order, and as there, also, the priests were the learned and the physicians. They cured diseases less by medicines than by regimen, and relied much on external remedies. They devoted themselves particularly to the study of medicine, and regarded much attention to other sciences as useless and even injurious. Botany was a favourite study among them, and they conceived a great veneration for the virtues of plants. The Hindoos possessed a science of anatomy and physiology, and, instead of referring diseases immediately to the wrath of a divinity, they sought for its cause in an alteration in those actions of the body, in which, when natural, they considered health to consist. This is very unlike what we have found

to have been the case in the medical history of other nations. Here was reasoning applied to medicine, and an attempt made to explain, while other nations had only sought to cure. The medical practice of the Hindoos deserves notice. There appears to have been a national antipathy to the use of the lancet in this people, and this continues to our own times. Caustics were and continue to be very favourite means of cure among them. They applied them in fevers and other diseases. For ophthalmy their treatment was perfectly good. They scarified the eyelids, and made incisions into the neighbouring parts. In very severe fevers they prescribed the utmost abstemiousness, and let blood, if this means failed. They possessed an almost infallible remedy for the bites of venomous serpents.*

It would seem from what has been said of this interesting people, and the remark applies to other countries, that much intellectual developement at a very early period of a nation's existence, is not necessarily in itself a cause of its future advancement. Succeeding ages find enough already done for the great purposes of social life, and view as an inheritance the institutions of their fathers, and labour to transmit an unincumbered patrimony to their children. It would almost seem necessary to great future intellectual growth, that it should not commence till particular circumstances, a gradual civilization, bring it into life. The ancient institutions for learning in India are as permanent as its mountains. You may waste them both, but the great outline of each will still be what it ever has been.

The medicine of ancient Greece resembles that of all other civilized nations. It should not, however, on this account be passed in silence. In the earliest records of Greece we look for character rather than attainment, and seek with deep interest for features which should, in the revolutions of time, be impressed on the most venerable and valued relics of antiquity. What was there in the original model and structure of this character, that it should have led to wise researches into nature and man, and made Greece the birth-place of eloquence, legislation, history, and poetry?

Egypt formed for a long time a polished state under the Pharaohs, and the Phœnicians possessed a widely extended

* In a paper by Dr. Scott on the Arts of India, in the Journal of Arts and Sciences, of London, very interesting details of the surgical practice of this people may be found.

commerce, whilst the inhabitants of the peninsula, now called Hellene, dwelt in caverns, alike ignorant how to protect themselves from the rigors of cold, or ardent rays of the sun, profoundly ignorant of the elements of agriculture, of domesticating animals, and living upon roots and herbs.—The Pelasgi, originally from the coasts of Ionia, were the first Greeks who abandoned this rude and wandering life, at the epoch in which the children of Jacob journeyed into Egypt. They clothed themselves with skins, they cultivated the *Quercus Esculus*, the fruit of which was for a long time their sole sustenance. Other colonies afterwards imitated their example. They deserted Asia Minor, and even Phœnicia and Egypt, in order to establish themselves in Greece. They drove hence the ancient inhabitants, and introduced with themselves, the arts which contribute to the happiness and grace of life, manners more mild, and the religious ceremonies already generally disseminated in the regions they had left. The chiefs of these strangers distinguished themselves by their bravery, but especially by their wisdom, and superior knowledge. It was this which made them to be regarded as the ambassadors and favourites of the gods, and to their inspiration were attributed all the efforts they made to promote the happiness and improvement of society. These children of the gods transmitted their titles and knowledge to their children. Families were thus long known by the name of some remote ancestor. It is highly probable, remarks Sprengel, that this was the case in the instances of Hercules and the divine Homer, and he afterwards proves that Hippocrates was nothing more in the historical periods of Greece, than the common name of the family of the Asclepiadæ.

The first circumstance that interests us in the medicine of Greece, is that it was a divine art. The principal medical divinity of this nation was Apollo, the son of the Sun. Homer and Hesiod, Pindar and Euripides, Aristophanes, Plato, and a multitude of other ancient writers, have devoted their genius to celebrate the skill of Apollo. His sister Diana and Ilithya, the daughter of Juno, have found a perpetual memorial of their medical skill in the same authors. We shall not enter into a detail of the controversies which the learned have held on the subject of medical mythology. They are in some measure to be resolved into a misconception of the ancient

use of the allegory and the fable. Poetry was the very language of the age. It was sometimes employed as a vehicle for elaborate research, and at others it unfolded the mysteries of heaven and earth. The fervour of the imagination supplied it with agents and events, and in the power of the fable and of the language, dwelt the influence of the poet, as well as his fame. The allegory was an exhaustless source of materials for poetry, and the ancients not only invented, but liberally employed it both in prose and verse. It does not appear, however, that in the earliest age of Greece the allegory was known, much less was it applied to philosophy. Not a little errour therefore, but much confusion, has resulted from an attempt to give a philosophical interpretation of what was never intended to convey one. In Greece the application of allegory to philosophy does not appear to have been made prior to the æra of the olympiads. The fables of Homer, therefore, which are read with so much interest, have no further signification, than that which should be attached to the words themselves. Ignorance or *charlatanism* alone, remarks the author, could have put into the mouths of the singers (chantres) of the Iliad and Odyssey, philosophical reasonings of which they had not the least idea. It was in after times, while the fable still retained all the freshness and attractions of its youth, that the sciences of mind and of nature began to appear. Philosophy yielded to the spirit of the age. It was constrained to preserve the ancient fable; and rendered its doctrines more fascinating by the dress in which they appeared. 'In this manner was gradually produced the allegory, which Theagenes of Rhegium first applied to the poems of Homer,—which Metrodorus of Lampsacus afterwards accommodated to all the works of the ancient poets,—which Plato in an especial manner brought to perfection, and which in the more modern philosophical schools, particularly in those of Alexandria, gave place to so many interpretations, entirely contrary to good sense and sound reason.'

The medicine of ancient Greece was heroic as well as divine. This is a new feature in the medical character of the Grecians. But the art of war was with them a national art. A military spirit was diffused through all their institutions, and entered intimately into the national character. The union of the art of healing with that which necessarily made occasions for medical skill, in the same individual,

grew directly out of the other institutions of Greece. Its priesthood monopolized religion and learning of every kind. It has been shown that they were the sole physicians. The art of cure was taught to none by them, and their duties in the temples confined their medical practice within defined limits. It was necessary then that the hero should be the physician of his soldiers, and when we consider how little skill was required by the times, we can find no order so well fitted to practise the art as the heads of the army. We are to recollect, too, that veneration entered largely into the confidence which was reposed in the physician. He was regarded as of a superior order, or as one entrusted by heaven with the welfare of his countrymen. The hero was of all men, next to the priest, the being who exercised the widest influence, and if he led an army to victory, the conquest of disease seemed but a slight task. Finally, if we again advert to the simplicity of the practice of the times, that it consisted principally in the use of the most obvious and the nearest means, we can conceive of no order in an army that would employ them so well, as those whose superior powers of mind had raised them to the command.

Chiron of Thessaly, surnamed the Centaur, ranks first and highest among the heroic physicians of Greece. His fame gathered round him a great number of pupils, and he taught them music, legislation, astronomy, the chase and medicine. Homer speaks of Achilles as the most distinguished pupil of Chiron for medical acquirements. Achilles taught his friend Patroclus the use of medicines, and the case of Eurypylus acquaints us with the means he employed. 'Scarcely had the valiant son of Menœtius spoken, when taking Eurypylus affectionately in his arms, and supporting him on his breast, he brought him into his tent. One of the most zealous officers of Eurypylus seeing them arrive, spread the skins of oxen on the ground, upon which Patroclus laid the wounded warrior. He dilated the wound with a sharp instrument, in order to extract the fatal arrow; he washed the part with luke-warm water, and removed the black blood which had covered it. He afterwards applied a bitter and anodyne root, which had been bruised between his hands. In an instant the pain was dissipated, the blood ceased to flow and the wound became dry.' This plant, supposed to be the millefolium, has since been named, in honour of the hero, Achillèa.

Of the pupils of Chiron, no one has descended to us with a fame more full, or better deserved, than Esculapius, or Asclepius. Medical history gives him the most honourable place in its records. Fable has been more than commonly busy in its accounts of the birth of this distinguished physician. Poetry and even sober history have entered with their imagination and their research into the task; but we pass their details in silence, nor even question the truth of the assertions of the modern Platonic school, which has placed the residence of Esculapius in the sun.—Like the young heroes of his time, he was taught by Chiron all the arts, more especially that of healing external diseases. What he knew of medicine, we have on the best ancient authorities. Plato, reasoning from the actual state of society in the earliest ages, and justly concluding that medicine as a science owes its existence to luxury, infers that the medicine of Esculapius must have been extremely simple. If we except vegetable articles, in the treatment of Esculapius, recourse was almost always had to prayers and invocations of the gods, and these prayers were frequently versified, or couched in words of mystery.

The moral treatment of diseases was an important feature in the medicine of Esculapius. To those who suffered from violent passion, he recommended the perusal of works of poetry, the study of hymns or songs, and an attendance on light comedy. He prescribed to others riding, the chase, fencing, and the use of arms which required skill to use well. Hyginus has related that Esculapius was the founder of clinical medicine, that is to say, the examination of disease at the bed side of the sick. This method, however, from the very nature of the practice of the temples, could not have been in use at the time of Esculapius.—The death of this celebrated physician has its fable, as well as his birth. He, with other heroes and priests, is said to have raised the dead, and the manner of his own death is considered a valid argument in support of the story. Diodorus Siculus relates, that he offended Pluto by raising the dead, thus threatening to depopulate his dominions. Pluto besought of Jupiter the destruction of this enemy, and Esculapius was forthwith destroyed by a thunderbolt. Heraclitus however, a more modern author, gives a more probable account of the death of Esculapius. According to this philosopher, he died of a violent inflammation, which Suidas places in the chest.

A distinct chapter is devoted to the practice of medicine in the Greek temples. The erection of statues and temples was partly designed to preserve the remembrance of benefits conferred by heroes on mankind. Great moral excellence, and in fact all individual distinction, were calculated in the times we speak of, not only to call forth veneration, but even to lead to a belief that a more than human power, a peculiar spirit, dwelt in the hero or the sage, and deeply influenced his character and deeds. The temple erected to him, and which contained his statue, with all that an enthusiastic age could consecrate to him, was not merely considered as an expression of national gratitude, but was also felt to be the abode of his spirit. Thus the good which had been done might be again hoped for, and if disease had been relieved while the hero lived, it might still yield to the healing atmosphere of the temple where the god was now supposed to dwell. Pilgrimages to the temples thus became the mode of medical treatment in ancient Greece, and whether it was on account of the dissipations of the journey, the salubrity of the spots where temples were built, the power of confidence, or merely accident, it is undeniable that the practice was not only safe but salutary.—Esculapius has always been considered as the first of the divinities of medicine, and his temples are the most celebrated. Of these, the temple of Epidaurus attained to the highest dignity, and received the appellation of *sacred place.* The particulars which interest us in these temples are first, their situations. The most salubrious spots were chosen for the worship of the god of health. Of these were Cyllene, the most smiling and fertile country of the Peloponnesus and Epidaurus, bordering on the sea, and surrounded by hills crowned with woods. They constructed these edifices in sacred groves which obstructed unwholesome breezes, and the exhalations from the trees and shrubs were thought to purify the air. Where forests were wanting, gardens were made to surround the temples. They were sometimes placed on the tops of mountains and visited by no other breezes than those of heaven. If near to cities, the most remote and elevated suburbs were selected. Thus the temple of Las was seen resting on the top of a mountain in Laconia, and at a little distance flowed the pure and salutary waters of the Smenus. The temple of Cos was in the suburbs of the city, and that of Megalopolis was placed on a vast plain,

surrounded by hills. The neighbourhood of streams, especially mineral waters, was particularly preferred. At Corinth, a spring of salt and boiling water springs from a rock, and bathes the walls of the temple of the god of health. No profane person, or rather no one who had not been purified, dared to approach these temples, and no buildings could be erected within their boundaries.

These temples contained statues of the god, which were covered with symbols, so difficult of explanation that it was regarded as the perfection of learning to explain them. Let the statue, however, be what it might, and its ornaments ever so varied, the serpent was always found in close company with it. This reptile had been for ages sacred in Phœnicia and Egypt; and it was translated to Greece along with the mythology of those countries.

In the medical practice of the temples of Esculapius, we are every where shown, how much consummate knowledge of human nature may do in any age, to compensate the want of all other knowledge. It is only to know the true spirit of almost any times, and a man or a body of men may not only lead an age, but absolutely give tone and character to long succeeding times. We have said that Esculapius in his own treatment had an especial regard to the feelings, imaginations and tastes of the sick. This, which we have called a moral treatment, lost none of its power in the temples. The imagination was elevated by a long course of fasting, bathing, prayers and music, before the sick man could be submitted to the healing influences of the god. His disease was represented, and believed by him, to have had for its sole cause the wrath of the gods. The worship of the temple, the sacrifices, the mystic ceremonial, were the means of expiation, and of conciliating the divine favour. The priests were the medium of intercourse with the higher powers, and they were informed in dreams of the means of cure.

The effect of all this on the imagination was abundantly displayed in the case of Aristides. He was absolutely driven into genuine madness by it. The extreme debility induced by the preparation for the temple, was increased in this distinguished patient by various active medicines; and to ensure a cure, the god ordered that they should be alternated by blood letting, and at each bleeding *one hundred and twenty pounds* of blood were to be abstracted. This, which was so truly

ridiculous, was calculated to open the eyes of the patient, one would think. Aristides however explained it by saying, that Esculapius only meant he should not trust to too small bleedings. The occurrence of death in all cases was explained by want of faith or of obedience in the patient. The interpretation of dreams was the great labour of the priests, and in this they were assisted by the orators, the sophists and the philosophers of the time.—The restoration to health was acknowledged by votive offerings. These were very curious. They consisted of golden, silver, or ivory models of the part of the body which had been diseased, and were religiously preserved in the temples. Plates or drawings of the same parts were also made and hung upon the walls and pillars. We are not to infer, however, from these facts, that the ancient Grecians had attained to great accuracy in anatomical knowledge. In other parts of the temples were engraved on metallic columns, the names of the patients, the diseases, and the remedies employed in the cure. Six columns of this kind were still remaining in the temple of Epidaurus in the time of Pausanias, with their inscriptions, written in the Doric dialect.

The memory and deeds of Esculapius were honoured by processions and other splendid fetes. His descendants, dwelling in the Peloponnesus and Cos, were the heirs of his skill, and retained the exclusive privilege of practising the healing art. Strangers were precluded from its study or practice. The Asclepiadæ, like the priests of Egypt, constituted a particular order, with peculiar privileges. One of the most ancient laws on record declares expressly that sacred things should only be declared to the elect, and were to be revealed to the profane only when initiated in the mysteries of the science. Oaths of a most solemn nature were administered to the initiated. The monopoly of medical practice it appears was established also in the school of Alexandria. The system adopted by the Asclepiadæ of instructing and initiating their disciples, and the distinction which it constituted, will be found to exist even in the schools of the ancient Greek philosophers.

We have thus given a hasty sketch of the medical history of ancient Greece. We have invited our readers to recollections of men, of customs and of feelings of the remotest ages. They interest us, because they bring with them new views of

human nature. The medicine of antiquity was religion. Religion in that age was every thing. It was philosophy, history, the universal science. It was truly medicine. Thus the medical historian has an object as extensive as the actual state, and the most intimate relations of society itself. To become sensible, remarks the author, of the antiquity of Grecian medicine, we have only to recollect, that for more than six hundred years, even the ruins of the temples of Epidaurus and of Cos have disappeared,—that it is more than two thousand since the order of the Asclepiadæ existed. Inscriptions on monuments however still remain. It is in decyphering them that the historian may truly read in the times that are past.

We have brought into view some of the elements of the ancient Grecian character, and pointed out some of those original features, which were not to be lost in its after history. The press of foreign colonies to Greece was the transplanting of old opinions, maxims, tastes and manners, to a new and congenial soil. In the mixture of new and various spirits, we find the materials of a new character, and as all were bold and original, and favoured by situation, we should have inferred the future glory of Greece, if a faithful history had not recorded it. The age we have been contemplating was an heroic age. Poetry and mythology and medicine, nay, all the sciences were blended in the same mind. The mind was all motion and activity. Emotions were strong, impressions deep. Every passion was ardent to excess. Friendship was never more exalted, nor hatred so deep. The whole age was peculiar. Its original elements were the rudest among the rude. It became intimately and suddenly blended with contemporaries of the very highest order. We shall hereafter trace the progress and elevation of learning and art in Greece. We shall trace there its decay and its death. Hindostan remains unchanged, but Greece, the commentator upon all preceding learning, and original in every thing but mythological nomenclature, is gone from among nations. It lives only in recollections.—The history proceeds with an account of the medicine of the Romans to the time of Cato the Censor.

The early history of the Romans shows how near is the resemblance between the medicine of all uncivilized nations. Pliny relates an interesting fact with regard to Roman medicine. It appears that for six hundred years no such order

as physicians was known in Rome. Medical practice consisted in the accidental use of what caprice or mere chance might prescribe. History, eloquence and legislation were the pursuits in which the nation almost exclusively delighted and excelled. They borrowed their sciences from Greece, and faithfully adopted its language in every thing that was technical. They owe to Greece their mythology, their medicine, and their physicians. It was through Greece that they became acquainted with Egyptian medicine, and we find many of the medical divinities of the latter to have been worshipped at Rome. They had however a medical mythology of their own. On the Palatine mount was placed a temple of *Febris*, another near the tomb of Marius, and a third in the Via Longa. Fessonia was invoked by patients enfeebled by chronic disease. Ossipaga presided over the consolidation of bones, and Carna over the reproduction of flesh, in cases of wounds. The temple worship of the Romans was similar to that of Greece. They practised peculiar rites in order to put a stop to the progress of epidemics. The most solemn of these consisted in driving a nail in the right wall of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. This was a ceremonial of so much solemnity, that none but a dictator could perform it, and it was universally believed that thus fixing a nail would stop the ravages of the epidemic. The first practitioners of medicine in Rome were Grecians, and history gives us the name and character of the first who came to the republic. Archagathius of Peloponnesus and son of Lysanias came to Rome about 219 years before the christian æra. His methods of treatment were so barbarous, that he received the surname of *executioner*, and the people refused to employ him. He with his medical brethren were renowned for their cupidity, and Cato the Censor is distinguished by his aversion to them and all their countrymen. The Romans, however, came to regard the physicians of Greece with great favour, for when the law was passed expelling the Grecians from Italy, an honourable exception was made in favour of the physicians.

The author has collected with vast labour, and from numerous authorities, the medicine of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Scythians and the Celts. The same intelligence which is discoverable in his other labours, is manifested here. He does not collect a few isolated facts, and then proceed to deduce general and sweeping inferences. He first examines

the peculiarities of character of each nation, and having learnt the genius of the age, endeavours to illustrate it by a simple statement of pertinent facts.

After giving these, the history returns to Greece. It finds a new æra dawning there upon medicine, and there traces the first scientific works on this art. The first indications of any thing resembling a medical theory are to be found in the philosophical schools of Greece. There was in this favoured spot of antiquity a remarkable combination of circumstances to favour the progress of all the arts and all the sciences. In the worship of their temples, with all its mysteries and rites, there was still too much of nature for it to pass without some notice. Diseases came to them to be cured, but they were also examined. Symptoms were attended to, descriptions of them taken, and a regular record kept of the effects of medicine and the progress of disease. It was neither in Egypt nor in India, nor in Palestine, nor among the Romans, but in Greece alone, that we must look for the first germs of rational and scientific study in all the branches of human learning. These germs were developed under its happy sky, where the sciences and the arts made a wonderful progress, and arrived at results the most astonishing. To explain the singular phenomenon in the history of man, which is presented in the intellectual greatness of Greece, the author turns his attention to some very interesting particulars which were peculiar to Greece and to Grecians. These are the physical constitution of its early inhabitants, the climate under which they lived,—the position of the place which they inhabited,—the government to which they were subjected,—their national education,—their manners,—their commerce, and finally the frequent connexions into which they entered with foreign nations.

The physical constitution of the earliest Grecians presented every thing that was beautiful and perfect in the human form and expression. On the arid mountains of Caucasus, nature had given birth to a race excelling in the beauty and regularity of countenance and frame. The fertile coasts of Greece were peopled by this remarkable race. By having perpetually before them such perfect models, the Grecians acquired an exquisite taste and knowledge of the beautiful. Thus the mind became susceptible, its powers known to the individuals themselves, and they might surely act well, for their earliest impulses were from nature herself.

'The situation of this country, bordered on every side by a sea whose numerous gulphs contributed to increase the extent of its coasts, and the climate of the delicious islands scattered in the Archipelago, hurried on in the inhabitants the development of genius, imagination and sentiment. All the poets of antiquity and of modern times have celebrated the beautiful sky of Greece, which extends itself over the colonies of Asia Minor and of Italy. The lyre of Orpheus was not needed to polish the manners under a sky where men enjoyed a perpetual spring. In these nations united together by a sublime philanthropy, the sacred principle which nature has placed in the hearts of all men, enkindled and gave place for those touching traits of friendship and generosity, the recital of which cannot be read without astonishment and emotion.'

The education and manners of the Grecians still farther promoted intellectual development, and contributed especially to advance medical science. The various gymnastic exercises, which were very early regulated by law, extended a powerful influence over the art of war, which had ever been most rude,—they gave flexibility and grace to the body, and acted directly to promote and preserve perfect health. To these sports, remarks the author, were added, by a most happy alliance, the study of every species of knowledge which was important to the happiness and support of society. And the youth were not admitted into the world before their frames had acquired force and appropriate development. What immense progress, he exclaims, might art and science make, when practised, not by beings, languishing, *valetudinary*, and ruined by a bad education, but by robust men, whose athletic *physique* could not fail to communicate an astonishing force to the moral faculties. The gymnasia had a political as well as a moral and physical influence over the age. They collected together the inhabitants of Greece from its remotest borders, and a circulation of good, of learning, of morals, was thus preserved through all its parts. These institutions were consecrated to Apollo, the god of physicians, and their connexion with the art of cure grew out of their direct tendency to promote and preserve health. Their directors, and the bathers, so called, attached to them,—from attending to slight complaints received the appellation of physicians, and gradually came to monopolize the practice of the art of healing.

The government contributed less to develop the first germs of the sciences, than to accelerate their progress, and liberate them from all constraint. The Ionian colonies were governed by an elective monarchy. The Greeks of Europe preferred a republican institution. It is curious to observe the effects of these different forms. Republican Greece was for a long time behind its Asiatic compatriots, and Solon himself was obliged to promulgate a law, purporting that those who did not oblige their children to study some profession, should not have the privilege of requiring of them a support in their old age.

The author has given an account of the various philosophical systems which prevailed in the schools of Greece, and which were intimately blended with the medical theories of the time. They furnished, in short, the bases of these theories. The peculiarities of these systems are well known by those who take an interest in these researches. There is one, however, to which we will pay a moment's attention, for it has a relation to the science of medicine. This is the system of Pythagoras, the sage of Samos.—Pythagoras rendered peculiar services to physiology by directing the attention of his disciples principally to the explanation of the functions and phenomena of the human body during health. He did more even than this to advance medical science. He connected its progress with that of legislation and the art of government, and thus rendered it the important service of wresting its practice, in some measure, from the religious worship of the temples. His system had a direct tendency to rouse and occupy the minds of his contemporaries, and in this way it contributed to the good of the state, by elevating the intellectual condition of the people.

The part of the philosophical system of Pythagoras, which had an immediate bearing on medicine, and which influenced in a remarkable degree the systems of subsequent physicians, is that which relates to his theory of numbers, and his opinion on the origin of bodies. Modern commentators have contributed vastly to the obscurity in which the notions of the philosopher on these subjects were shrouded from the beginning. They have taken the doctrine from the disciples who formed the modern school of Pythagoras, and not from him.

The practice of medicine in Greece continued in the temples down to the fiftieth olympiad. At this period certain philos-

ophers, with Pythagoras at their head, conceived the bold enterprize of wresting the art from the hands of the priests of Esculapius. They first wisely fell in with the spirit of the age, and retained the magic, the expiations, and other superstitious rites. Gradually, however, the mask was thrown off, and those who left Italy, after the destruction of the order of Pythagoras, were the first who avowed that they cured disease by the use of natural means.—They thus exposed themselves to the hatred of the powerful order of Asclepiadæ, and of the philosophers. But truth prevailed, and under its influences the progress of medicine soon became visible. The destruction of the ancient Pythagorean sect was brought about by the Crotonians. The revolution took place during the life of its author, and had its origin in the ambition of his disciples to intermeddle in the government of the smaller states of Greece. Its consequences were deplorable. Many were destroyed, and the rest were obliged to seek safety in flight. The bond was thus broken which had bound together this distinguished brotherhood. Their secret mysteries became public, because they lost their sanctity, and they soon became the property of the profane. It was thus that one Metrodorus of Cos, the son of Thyrsus, discovered their principles relative to medicine, and publicly explained the writings of the philosopher of Samos.

Democedes of Crotona was in the number of Pythagoreans who were obliged to quit Italy. A price was offered for his head. He escaped, went to Platææ, and afterwards practised medicine at the court of Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos. Herodotus speaks of Democedes as the most celebrated physician of his time. The inhabitants of Crotona and Cyrene, many of whom were initiated in the mysteries of Pythagoras, were regarded after the destruction of the order as the best physicians in all Greece. They gained confidence by their disclosure of their knowledge, and by teaching the art publicly. They visited the gymnasia, and taught the youth the art of preserving health. In this way they stripped the Asclepiadæ of the credit they had so long enjoyed, and so completely renounced the secret practices of their own school, that at the time of Isocrates, it could hardly be believed that they were the descendants of the ancient Pythagoreans. The author has drawn together, with his wonted industry, a great variety of interesting details, concerning the philosophers of

this school, the modifications to which its original doctrines were submitted by them, and the peculiarities of each of their systems. To this succeeds the medicine of Hippocrates, which constitutes one of the most important æras of ancient medical history.

It is well known that in Greece, the sciences and arts arrived at a point of perfection far beyond what had been before known, and that the genius of the age was favourable to still farther and permanent intellectual development. It was in Greece that medicine was to experience a revolution, whose effects were not to terminate there, but which promised to contribute to the promotion of science in general, and to take a part in improving the national character. This revolution took place in a quarter in which it could have been least looked for, and the individuals who brought it about effected it at the sacrifice of privilege as well as rank. 'The appearance in the order of the Asclepiadæ of a family of priests who voluntarily renounced the reputation of sanctity accorded by superstition to its ancestors,—who divulged all that it knew with a noble candour,—who, inspired as it were by divinity, discovered the only method of insuring perpetuity to the progress of the art of healing, and who, in fine, running with courage this long and painful career, reaped an abundant harvest of highly important truths,—the appearance of this family, repeats the author, is a phenomenon whose causes and effects the historian should develop with scrupulous exactness.'—This revolution was gradually effected. Among its causes was the knowledge of diseases which ages had been collecting and sacredly preserving on the votive inscriptions of the temples. Philosophers were labouring to advance the science of medicine, by subjecting it to the subtilties of their various systems. Under the very porticos of the temples of Esculapius, they not only established relations with the priests, but constrained them to rend the veil which had covered their mysteries, and even to acquire some positive knowledge in order to sustain a contest with their rivals, which they could not avoid.

The name of this family was Hippocrates. In the space of between two and three centuries, it furnished seven physicians of this name, celebrated equally for their practical skill and for their writings. The most remarkable individual of this family was Hippocrates II, the son of Heraclides. He was

born at Cos, a flourishing city of Ionia, which, with Cnidos, was the theatre of medical reform at an earlier date than any portion of Greece properly so called.* He is regarded as the genuine reformer of medicine. He completed the revolution which his predecessors had commenced.

Very little remains of the life of Hippocrates. We have little more relating to it, than what has been preserved by Soranus.—We speak of true history. Men have not been wanting to the miserable task of labouring to obscure his fame, —to find detestable causes for his great acquisitions, and to seek the germs of his character in the times, rather than in his native powers, and in their admirable direction.

Hippocrates undoubtedly studied, and with benefit, the contents of the votive tablets of the temples of Esculapius. But a certain Andreas, as the author styles him, asserts that he not only did this, but reduced the temple at Cos to ashes, that he might inspire a belief that he was the author of the medical knowledge he derived from its celebrated records. This crime, however, which could not have passed unnoticed, is mentioned by no other author. 'How,' asks Sprengel, 'can it be conceived that Hippocrates, after such an act, could have escaped with life, among a people who had vowed implacable hatred to Eratostratus, and to the spoilers of its temples?'—That the age in which Hippocrates appeared had some, nay, a powerful influence towards rendering him what he was, few will be disposed to doubt. This, however, does not in the least diminish our admiration of him. The simple fact of marked and even astonishing intellectual superiority, under all or any circumstances, is like an ultimate fact in physics; its asks for no explanation, and comes to us with an honest and powerful claim to unmingled veneration. Hippocrates made himself acquainted with the state of medicine of different places, and thus added to the stock of knowledge furnished him at home. It is related that he was invited to the court of Artaxerxes, the Long Hand, sovereign of Persia. He refused this honour, and dedicated his life and skill to the service of his own country. He refused the six talents of silver voted him by the inhabitants of Abdera for having cured Democritus of insanity, saying, that the acquaintance he had

* He was born in the first year of the eightieth olympiad, or four hundred and six years before the christian æra.

been allowed to make with so great a philosopher was a full compensation for his services. We have not the time, nor do we feel the disposition, to enter upon the question of the truth of these relations. If they be false, they are the falsehoods of remote antiquity, and may be regarded as evidences of a veneration, which knew no other means of expressing itself. Probably, very little that is genuine remains of this great author. He wrote for the most part on tablets covered with wax, and on the prepared skins of animals. This circumstance required brevity in the author, and at the same time exposed much that he had written to decay. He wrote principally for himself. We owe all that we possess of his, to his sons and his son in law. They however had, unfortunately for editors, become deeply imbued with the philosophical systems of the day, and are chargeable with having falsified the text, and inverted the order of their father's writings. They have interpolated them, explained obscure passages by additions, and subjected them to the same usage that commentators have bestowed on the works of Homer. This subject is well treated in this history. The author has spared no pains to detect abuses, and has dealt freely with the greatest who have laid their sacrilegious hand on the divine Hippocrates.

We have not left ourselves room even to enumerate his works,—we can only say of them, that the Aphorisms, the Books on Diseases, on Internal Affections, and on Endemics, are the most esteemed of those that remain. There was not a department of medicine that he did not enter, and he always left it improved. Surgery became a new art in his hands, and the materia medica began to assume its legitimate relations to medical practice. Hippocrates presents an exception to the rule we have found so generally to prevail, that the state of medicine depends on the prevailing spirit, the character of the times. He seems to have anticipated the gradual effects of time, and successfully to have escaped the influences of his age.*

The Dogmatic school naturally follows the medicine of

* For a very full and admirable account of Hippocrates and his writings, consult the History of Physic by Le Clerc. Sprengel's account so closely resembles that of this author, that were it not for his abundant references to original works, he might be accused of having borrowed. His liberal quotations in his notes entirely exonerate him from this charge.

Hippocrates, for Thessalus and Draco his sons, and Polybus his son in law, were its founders. This school is also called the Hippocratic, as its founders professed to follow the medical principles of Cos. It is to be lamented that they did not so. There was every thing in the age to have ensured to medicine a rapid progress. It was a highly popular profession. The fine genius and noble spirit of Hippocrates had given it character and illumination. The amiable philosophy of Socrates had established the important principle that happiness and wisdom are inseparable. We are not however to judge from these facts of the character of the age. It offered Socrates a sacrifice to its vice and corruption, and in the spirit of its philosophical dogmas, which reappeared after the death of Hippocrates, it turned men from the true path he had pointed out. We should not wonder then that it wandered from nature in its pursuit of science, if it could find nothing to admire and love in the pure and deep mind of this venerable philosopher. Medicine still proved itself faithful to the real influences of society, it yielded to them, and comes to us in the motley livery, in which the platonism and stoicism of the time attired it. The author has entered very fully into the peculiarities of these systems, and shows their several relations with the art of healing. Their efforts were to the last degree injurious. The invaluable labours of Hippocrates were not only useless to his immediate successors, but came to be injurious, and even opposed to the progress of the art. They were employed by them for the miserable purpose of supporting the wildest reasonings that had been hazarded on medicine. It is hardly necessary to add that the distinguishing features of the Dogmatic school were the exclusive importance it attached to reasoning in medicine, and the devotion it paid to unprofitable speculations on the occult causes and essence of diseases. Finally, it would appear to have been its greatest pride, that it had subdued medicine again to philosophy.

The history of the origin of natural history and anatomy, upon which the author next enters, is interesting, whether we consider the place, in which they were first cultivated with any thing like success, or the rank of the individuals who patronised and cultivated them. They have their origin in the royal and admirable munificence of Philip of Macedon, and of Alexander his son. Aristotle, it is well known, was

selected as the master and friend of Alexander by his father. He infused into his pupil much of his own spirit, and, above all, his passion for natural history and anatomy. The expeditions of Alexander, while they laid open to the world the intellectual treasures of Egypt and of India, furnished him at the same time innumerable materials for prosecuting his favorite studies. They gave to Greece an opportunity of observing not only the high degree of perfection, to which science had been carried in Egypt, but they were the means of unfolding to this people prejudices and superstitions, more ruinous than their own, and the instruction conveyed was not without a highly salutary effect. A lover of science, even at this late day, is filled with admiration at the princely patronage which this hero extended towards natural science. It is immaterial whether the anecdote related of him by Athenæus be true,—that he gave Aristotle eight hundred talents for the sole purpose of purchasing and collecting every thing that had the least connexion with this pursuit. No one doubts that he gave him the delightful retreat of Nymphæum, that he might there tranquilly resign himself to the study of nature—that he collected and sent there the most expensive species of animals and plants, and most liberally contributed the means for their examination and preservation.

The best evidence in favour of the labours of Aristotle in pursuit of natural history and comparative anatomy is furnished by his works. He has not only described admirably well, but is the first who has given drawings of the animals and parts mentioned. It might be well however to add confirmation to this assertion. One fact need only be mentioned, which renders further detail unnecessary. The illustrious Camper has borne honourable testimony to the knowledge of Aristotle by confirming his anatomical descriptions. It is difficult to say how far Aristotle studied human anatomy. From the great errours into which he has fallen concerning the internal structure of the human body, it appears probable that this occupied the least of his attention, and when we recollect the prejudices of the day on this point, the abhorrence with which human dissection was regarded, we become still more confirmed in the opinion that his attention was confined principally to comparative anatomy. Every department of natural science interested him;—his work on plants however is lost, and we are unable to estimate the extent of his botan-

ical discoveries. We learn from Lucian with what ardour natural history was cultivated in the school of Aristotle. Theophrastus of this school has come to us with the highest reputation for his researches into botany and vegetable physiology, and Praxagoras of Cos is remembered as having contributed most to advance anatomy.

Individual taste, strong powers of mind, munificent patronage, and the advanced civilization of Greece, concurred in an unusual degree to give an impulse to the labours of Aristotle, and to offer him invaluable means to render them successful. His spirit long exerted a salutary influence upon the pursuits he so ardently loved. The celebrated artists of the age became sensible that to imitate nature successfully, it was indispensably necessary to study her. Thus zoology became associated with the fine arts; and that the study of external anatomy promoted their interests, may be inferred from the exquisite models of beauty which have come to us in the sculptured relics of antiquity. The purest breathings of this spirit were felt at Alexandria. This city of the master and friend of Aristotle was the centre of ancient learning. It attracted to itself all that was valuable of literature and science. It was the literary market of the world, and we know how the spirit of its princes, with its vanity and jealousy, crowded its bay and its streets with the books of foreign writers. The library of Serapis contained, according to some authors, seven hundred thousand volumes; and if we prefer the smallest estimate, five hundred thousand, it would still claim our admiration. Over this library Ptolemy Soter placed Aristotle. A museum was formed in the royal castle. Here a great number of the learned were pensioned, and liberally supported, and freely used its library and invaluable collections in natural history. We leave however the interesting detail concerning the celebrated school of Alexandria contained in this work, to mention its relations to medicine. These are principally to be found in its anatomy and natural history. The Ptolemies in few things discovered so much independence and superiority to the prejudices of the age, as in their signal services to anatomy and medicine. They allowed physicians to open and examine the bodies of the dead. Pliny has borne honourable testimony to this fact. These kings themselves did not disdain to study the structure of man, and thus erad-

icated the ancient prejudice, which ranked anatomy among the greatest crimes. The most distinguished anatomists of the school of Alexandria, were Herophilus and Erasistratus. The distinguishing excellencies of their works have not been forgotten, amid the revolutions, and during the progress of anatomical science.

The succeeding school, that of the Empirics, had a natural origin in that of Alexandria. It is true that it held anatomy lightly, and in this showed itself unworthy of its illustrious parent. The author uses strong language on this subject. They despised, he remarks, the main prop of medicine, anatomy, and never occupied themselves at all about it. This school had its foundation in a declared opposition to every thing advanced by the dogmatic sect, and to the very methods adopted by it in the pursuit of medical science. If they speculated concerning the remote causes of diseases, they carefully avoided the philosophical systems of the day. They said, if philosophy could promote medicine, the philosophers should be the best physicians. This however was contradicted by every day's experience. The empiric school found medicine in the utmost confusion; it was distracted by the opposing theories of individual dogmatists, and absolutely entombed in the systems of philosophers. It had its origin in the good sense of distinguished men, who loved nature and Hippocrates. The extended commerce of the time had brought to physicians a great variety of powerful articles of the materia medica, and these became important means in the hands of this school, and contributed to its growth. Finally, the philosophical system of Pyrrho, with its peculiar doctrines of universal scepticism, had a powerful influence in promoting the progress of empiricism,—Philenus of Cos, the disciple of Herophilus, was its founder. He flourished in the third year of the hundred and twenty third olympiad, 288 years before Christ. The principles of his school were congenial to the atmosphere he first breathed. These principles were founded on the sure basis of *observation, history*, and *analogy*. The first applies to existing cases, and consists in observing actual symptoms. By the second, facts were preserved, and could be employed by others, as well as the original observer. By the third, new cases, or varieties of common diseases, were referred to those which were familiar. This also assisted in the *treatment* of

new affections, for where the relations of symptoms were nicely traced, a rational system of treatment might be deduced by a reference to the effects of the same in somewhat similar affections. It is to be regretted that a system so wise should still be wanting in particulars of very great importance. Its friends not only rejected anatomy, but were entirely opposed to inquiries into the remote and hidden causes of disease, and even into the nature of the disease itself, or the proximate cause, as it is technically termed. This was an unnatural extension of their principles, and proved ruinous to the existence of the sect.—Notwithstanding these great defects, the empirics far outstripped their contemporaries in real knowledge of medicine. Sprengel has enriched his history with a variety of details relating to their medical histories and practice.

Another æra dawns upon our history. Psammeticus and afterwards Alexander, in their character as warriours, laid open to Greece the treasures of Egypt and India. It is to war that we are again to attribute a revolution, which carried science and art from Greece, and gave them another home. The victories of Lucullus and Pompey carried to Rome and Italy the report of Grecian learning, and in due time carried there the learned themselves. When they arrived there, they found that medicine still resided in the temple, and that *the priest was the physician.* They found too, that collateral learning was still held there in very small estimation. To wrest medicine from priestcraft and mystery, it was seen to be necessary to envelop it with some other veil. The age would have been poorly satisfied with the rational and evident; and old systems and new ones were applied according to the genius or cunning of the newly introduced physicians. It would be wrong however to attribute all this to the direct influence of the age. It is undoubtedly true, that the rage for speculation was the prevailing passion with most thinking men out of the empiric sect, and it is very probable that the denunciations of this school acted directly to give this passion new violence, as soon as it began to prevail at Rome. One of the shrewdest, and indeed one of the wisest of the medical philosophers of the time was Asclepiades of Bythinia. He passed the first years of his life at Alexandria. He lived also some time at Athens, where he became intimate with Antiochus of Ascalon, the

master of Cicero. These circumstances had a powerful influence in promoting his professional views at Rome. He discovered consummate skill in acquiring professional reputation. He invariably submitted his medical treatment to the fancy of his patients, and conceived that they had an unquestionable right to take his medicines, or not. He applauded their suggestions, and yielded his own treatment willingly to them. He saw with astonishing discernment what there was in a case, to which the physician should direct his powers. He caught with rapidity the distinguishing circumstances in diseases nearly resembling each other, and those also in which morbid affections were more or less remotely related, though specifically different. There was every thing in this man to have aided the progress of useful science, could he but have escaped the pestilence of system. This he could not do; he buried his vast knowledge beneath the dogmas of the school of Epicurus. He interwove his pathology so completely with the corpuscular system of this philosopher, that it can scarcely be unravelled. One is astonished to find in his practice so much that was positively good, when we recollect the strange basis on which it rests.

We have not room for details;—we can only add that Asclepiades founded a school, which, under the rational modifications of Themison of Laodicea, became the celebrated school of the Methodists. To this succeeded the Pneumatic and Eclectic schools. To these succeeded the medicine of Galen. In the period now rapidly traced,—from the time of Asclepiades of Bithynia, to that of Galen,—the medical world was in a state of perpetual revolution. Philosophy seemed to breathe in the republic a freer air, and its vagaries might be amusing, had they not been injurious. It is melancholy to trace the mind from its manhood back again to its infancy. It seems to decay as we go back upon it, and we fear to find it expiring, where we left it young, and where we looked upon it in its cradle. Amidst all conflicts, however, it could not but happen, that medicine and science would gain something. Much indeed was gained. Celsus, the scholar of surgeons, lived in this period, and Diascorides, one of the most celebrated physicians of antiquity. This last was the author of a work of great merit on the materia medica. It has been preserved, and is the only complete treatise on this subject, which has reached modern times. Anatomical science and

surgery owe a large debt to the zeal, which characterised this period of the profession.

Galen appeared at this time, and shed a new and powerful light over his favourite science. He was the son of Nicon, and he never loses an opportunity of paying a tribute of profound respect to the memory of his father. Galen was born at Pergamos, in the 131 year of the christian æra. He received the very best education offered by the times, and the means are said never to have been more abundant or so good. It was the misfortune of Galen to live when the corruptions of the Jewish and Christian systems of faith and worship could only expose them to contempt. He saw in them, too, the degradation of his favourite science, and of the human mind itself. He visited the celebrated schools of his time to fill his mind with all that was known, and travelled to make discoveries. We accordingly find him at Alexandria, and follow him wherever his scientific views could be at all answered. He returned to Pergamos in his twenty eighth year,—was honoured by the priests of Esculapius, and the officers of the gymnasia, and was appointed by them physician to the athletæ. In consequence of a revolution at Pergamos, he left home and went to Rome, considering it to offer the best theatre for his professional skill and advancement. His fame had already arrived there, and he was at once admitted to the very best practice of the city. The hatred of his medical brethren, however, conspiring with an epidemic which appeared at Rome, drove him precipitately from this place, and we next find him travelling in Greece. After visiting Cyprus,—Palestine for a second time,—and Lemnos, he returned a second time to Rome. In this he obeyed the call of the Emperors M. Aurelius and L. Verus, who wished him to prepare some medicines for them previous to their war against the Germans. He travelled on foot through Thrace and Macedonia, and arrived at the Roman camp, then at Aquileia. He remained here only for a short time. The plague broke out in the environs of the city, and L. Verus among others was cut off by it. Upon this, Galen took the road to Rome, and upon his arrival was appointed physician to the young Emperor Commodus.

The distracted state in which he found medicine, led this great medical scholar to employ all his powers to effect its reformation. In few things did he discover more acuteness,

or more true wisdom, than in the means he employed for this great end. With deep knowledge of the positive science of the age, its anatomy and natural history, he was a thorough master of all its philosophical jargon. He perceived upon the first glance he gave at the violent contests of sects, that conciliation was his only course, and to reconcile his contemporaries to his views, he promulgated a system composed of the most popular doctrines or dogmas of the time, those of Plato, Aristotle and Hippocrates. This difficult task he effected with astonishing skill, and rendered himself one of the most popular men in his profession. After he was dead, he was regarded as a model to be admired, but whose elevation it would be impossible for any one to attain. The course he pursued led him occasionally into difficulties. His theories frequently render him obscure, and his mixed philosophy has a very unfortunate influence upon his pathology. Still his works prove to us that he loved nature, and that he trod in the steps of Hippocrates. A serious fault in this author is his excessive prolixity. This was one of the evils of his great learning, and the natural consequence of the high value attached to all that he wrote. We have not room to attempt a notice of his several works. It will however not be too much to say, that Galen was one of the brightest ornaments of his profession, and offered to his age and to his successors the surest means of making it honourable and truly useful.

Medicine however was too intimately related to the age to escape its influences. A heavy night had long been gathering in the East, and was now settled upon all that was intellectual there. It was the gloom of superstition, and the theosophist saw it peopled with demons and angels, obedient to his word, now curing disease and now raising the dead. Astrology and magic passed for sciences, and one reads with astonishment of the credit they obtained, and the wide influence they exerted. The prevailing system of the day was distinguished by the title, theosophy ;—for the initiated were believed to hold perpetual communion with God, and to be acquainted at all times with him and his will. The cure of diseases was their peculiar privilege, and this was always effected by miracle. This system was made up of the reveries of Zoroaster, judaism, and heterogeneous portions of the philosophical doctrines of the times. If it had remained in the East, it might have wrought its own reformation. Espe-

cially might this have been the case, had it not derived highly important support from one of the most interesting events in the history of man,—the appearance of Jesus Christ. It would lead us from the subject, if we should attempt to explain why he and his apostles so far conformed to their age, as to effect the cure of diseases, the expulsion of demons, and the resurrection of the dead, by means ostensibly similar to those which were employed by the theosophists of their times. The immediate influence of a religion attended by supernatural operations, which, while they apparently corresponded with prevailing notions, were still at variance with nature, and tended directly to call off the mind from the observance of what was natural, could not but be injurious to the immediate progress of human learning. Among the early christian churches we find men assuming the divine prerogatives of its Founder, and thus extending, wherever they came, much of the intellectual darkness, which for ages had covered the East. Diseases were cured, and the dead were raised by miracles. In the relics of martyrs, the shadows of apostles, and the shrines of saints, we find at once the materia medica and the hospital. Another cause, which still farther operated to the decline of learning and medicine, was the union which took place between the doctrines of Christ and the dogmas of pagan philosophy. The modifications they thus underwent were for a time injurious to themselves, as well as to learning.

We have now given a sketch of ancient medicine. We have traced the art of healing from its origin down to the opening of the christian æra, and shown how direct were the influences of society upon medical science and practice. It remains for us to say something of the work which stands at the head of this article. It is a French translation from the German. The translator has freely indulged the passion and vice so peculiar to French scholars, of distorting the names of places, of authors, and of books from their original spelling, in order to adapt them to the genius of their own language; and so successful has he been, that we are sometimes positively at a loss to determine at the moment, whether he speaks of a man or a village, of a philosopher or a disease. The translation is sometimes obscure, and whenever this is the case, the peculiarity of the French idiom is so much neglected, that it would seem that the translator had merely giv-

en parallel French words for the German, without a perfect understanding of the original. This obscurity occurs but rarely, and takes nothing from the general interest of the work. Its great value is to be found in the number, variety, and importance of its details,—in the elaborate criticisms it contains of the writings of the best medical authors of all ages, and in the authenticity, which the faithful and almost numberless references of its author attach to his facts. It is a vast body of medical literature as well as history, and its method is so good, that the reader is rarely disturbed by their union. It may be objected that his abstracts and criticisms of works have rendered his history needlessly voluminous. This objection, however, will be urged by those only, who have opportunity and disposition to read the ancient authors in their original languages. To all other readers the author has done a real service. He seems to have left no book unopened which could at all enlighten or enliven his occasionally dark, and always laborious pursuit. History, poetry, and the drama have aided him; and in the gradual, but sure progress of society, he has traced that of his profession. In this work, the moral and medical philosopher may feel a common interest. The scholar will find new materials for classical illustration, and the wider observer of human nature will see the mind under peculiar influences, and going out into new directions. He may here contemplate a profession devoted to the study of nature, and founding its science on a patient observance and study of intellectual and physical health and disease.

ART. X.—*Reports of Cases Argued and Determined in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the First Circuit. Vol. I. Containing the Cases Determined in the Districts of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island, in the years* 1816, 1817, *and* 1818. *By William P. Mason, Counsellor at Law.* 8vo. pp. 567. Boston, Wells and Lilly, 1819.

THE work now before us is a continuation of Reports of the decisions of Mr. Justice STORY, (one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States,) in the Circuit Courts for the circuit allotted to him, including the states of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode-Island; and comprises

the judgments pronounced from October term, 1815, to October term, 1818. This learned judge is already known to the public for his distinguished genius, industry and attainments, and for the ardent zeal and enthusiasm with which he cultivates the science of jurisprudence;—and a faithful account of his labours at the circuit, where a great number and variety of important causes are finally determined, must be proportionally interesting to the profession. Mr. MASON, by whom this series of reports is continued, has for the most part confined himself to the task of recording the arguments of counsel and the opinions of the court. It would indeed have been difficult to subjoin notes to decisions, where all the resources derivable from authorities are already exhausted, and every illustration afforded by elementary learning has been bestowed on the cases determined. We consider it a peculiar merit of the learned judge, whose labours we are reviewing, (in which he emulates another eminent magistrate of our country, Mr. Chancellor KENT,) that he incorporates into his opinions all the elementary learning pertinent to the question, and generalizes the principles on which it is determined, so as to form a rule for the decision of analogous cases, instead of deciding the cause merely upon its particular circumstances, entirely divested of all doctrinal illustration.—The arguments of counsel are given with precision and accuracy, and with a discriminating hand: sometimes stating the points or heads of argument, with the authorities, only; at others, amplifying and enlarging this concise statement with the principles brought into view; and, in important causes where eminent counsel were engaged, dilating the report into a full display of the reasonings and illustrations employed. These arguments are highly finished and learned, and do great honour to the bar; and though not so remarkable for their ambitious and ornamented style as some other speeches we have heard or read, yet they have the superior merit of legal acuteness, accurate investigation, and sound logic.

Among the various objects of the extensive jurisdiction of the Circuit Court, the law of prize stands foremost in magnitude and importance. This branch of public law has been cultivated in the United States with a degree of industry, acuteness, and learning that would do honour to much older communities. Even before the declaration of independence, and during the limited hostilities which were at first authorized

against Great Britain, Congress published ordinances, recognizing the leading principles of prize law as practised by the states of Europe; comprising in the list of contraband, *provisions and other necessaries* destined for the enemy's army and navy, and confiscating the vehicle of contraband, to whomsoever belonging; erecting prize courts for the trial of captures; directing prizes to be brought into the most convenient port for adjudication; establishing a continental court for the determination of appeals in prize causes from the local courts of admiralty; giving the benefit of prizes, made by private armed vessels, to the owners of such vessels; dividing the proceeds of captures by public armed vessels in certain proportions between the captors and the public—the costs and expenses of the prize proceedings being first deducted; granting bounties for the capture of armed vessels in proportion to the number of guns and men; providing rules for the distribution of prizes among the officers and crews of public armed vessels, and that all public armed vessels in company should share as joint-captors; prescribing the forms of commissions to privateers, and the bonds to be given by the owners thereof, to prevent a violation of the law of nations and their instructions; giving to re-captors of American property, salvage in proportion to the length of time the captured property had been in the enemy's possession, unless it should, after capture and before re-capture, *have been condemned as prize in some court of admiralty, in which case the re-captors to have the whole.**

These resolutions were followed, both before and after the declaration of independence, by measures for the establishment of a navy, and a board of commissioners for its government, with powers similar to those which are vested in the present Navy Commissioners, and for the appointment of advocates to manage the maritime causes in which the United States might be engaged.—The jealous spirit of freedom, which animated the people and their representatives at the breaking out of the revolution, had induced them to transplant the trial by jury, which is peculiarly appropriate to the practice of the municipal courts of common law, into the prize court, which, by the universal usage of nations, and the nature and fitness of things, can only proceed according to the civil law and the

* Resolutions of Congress of Nov. 25 and 28, and Dec. 5, 1775. Jan. 6, and April 3, 1776.

jus gentium. The consequences of this error soon became apparent; and Congress, by their resolution of the 15th Jan. 1780, directed that the trials in the Court of Appeals should be according to the usage of nations and *not by jury*. It is to be lamented that so few of the decisions of this venerable tribunal, in which some of the most distinguished jurists and patriots of our country presided, have been preserved or published for the instruction of posterity.

Among the leading principles of law developed and settled by them during the war of the revolution, and which have ever since been recognized as a part of the prize code of this country, are the following: The exclusive jurisdiction of the court of admiralty over all the incidents of prize, and its right to entertain a supplemental libel for distribution of the prize proceeds, after condemnation.* That an ally is bound by a capitulation made by another ally with the inhabitants of a conquered country, by which their property is exempted from capture :† But that an ally is not bound by a mere voluntary suspension of the rights of war against a part of the enemy's dominions, by a co-belligerent, not growing out of a capitulation :‡ The distinction between a *perfect* war and an *imperfect* war, or partial hostilities :§ That in a perfect war, nothing but a treaty of peace can restore the neutral character of any of the belligerent parties; and consequently that the British proclamation of 1781, exempting from capture all Dutch ships carrying the produce of Dominica according to the capitulation by which that island had surrendered to the French, did not restore back to a Dutch ship her original neutral character, so as to protect her cargo from capture by American cruizers, under the Ordinance of Congress of April 7, 1781, by which the United States temporarily adopted the principles of the Armed Neutrality, which had been formed in Europe the preceding year.‖ That the rule recognized by this Ordinance of, *Free Ships, free Goods*, did not extend to the case of a fraudulent attempt, by neutrals, to combine with British subjects to wrest from the United States and France the advantages they had obtained over Great-Britain by the rights of war in the capitulation of Dominica, by which all commercial intercourse between that island and Great Britain was prohibited. That Congress did not mean by

* *Dallas' Rep.* vol. ii. p. 37. † *Ib.* p. 15. ‡ *Ib.* p. 17.
§ *Ib.* p. 21. ‖ *Ib.* p. 18. 21.

their Ordinance, to ascertain in what cases the rights of neutrality should be forfeited in exclusion of all other cases; for the instances not mentioned were as flagrant as the cases particularized.* That the papers which a vessel is directed to sail with, by the municipal law of her own country, are the documents which a prize court has a right to look for as evidence of proprietary interest; though not conclusive evidence.† The fraudulent blending of enemy's and neutral property in the same claim involves both in the same condemnation.‡ The domicil of a party is conclusive as to his national character in a prize court.§ The municipal laws of any particular country cannot change the law of nations; as between captor and captured, the property is divested instantly on the capture; but a neutral claimant is not barred until a final condemnation in a competent prize court. All other municipal regulations of salvage extend only to the citizens of the country making those regulations.‖ The authority of the prize court to make distribution of the prize proceeds where there is no agreement between the owners, officers, and crew of the capturing vessel:¶ And its authority to decree a sale where the *res* in litigation is perishable.** The conclusiveness of sentences of condemnation upon the property.†† The simplicity of the prize proceedings upon the papers found on board, and the examination of the captured persons.‡‡ That the omission of the captors to bring in all the captured persons and papers will not forfeit their rights of prize, unless a fraudulent omission.§§ And lastly, the illegality of trade by a citizen with the enemy.‖‖

* We are glad to perceive by the recent correspondence between Mr. Secretary Adams and the Chevalier Onis, the Spanish minister, that it is agreed to change the stipulation in the Spanish treaty, by which free ships make free goods, and to confine it to the goods of *such powers only as recognize the same rule*. During the late war, this defect of reciprocity in the stipulation made it very disadvantageous to the United States, as *British* property in Spanish vessels escaped condemnation in our prize courts, whilst *our* property in the same vessels was uniformly condemned in the British courts. Any relaxation of the primitive law of nations by the United States, which is not founded on the basis of *real* reciprocity, must be unwise and improvident; since we may be sure its most rigorous principles will be enforced against us by the belligerent powers, whilst we remain neutral, and a relaxation of them in favour of the enemy when we are at war must be purely gratuitous, unless accompanied by a similar relaxation on the part of the enemy.

† *Dallas' Rep.* vol. ii. p. 23. ‡ *Ib.* p. 33. § *Ib.* p. 42.
‖ *Ib.* p. 11. ¶ *Ib.* p. 37. ** *Ib.* p. 40. †† *Ib.* p. 41.
‡‡ *Ib* p. 23. §§ *Ib.* p. 41. ‖‖ *Cranch's Rep.* vol. viii. p. 102.

On the establishment of the present national constitution in 1789, the judicial powers of the federal government were extended to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction. The District Courts were invested with the authority formerly possessed by the State courts of admiralty, as inferior courts of prize, and the appellate jurisdiction of the Continental Court of Appeals in Prize Causes was transferred to the Supreme Court of the United States. It has been with some, a matter of regret that Congress have not a discretionary power to vest the right of hearing and deciding cases of prize, in the last resort, in some other tribunal than the Supreme Court, which by the constitution must also necessarily be a court of municipal law. The principles and practice of a court of international law are so different from those of courts of common law and equity, and even of the Instance court of admiralty, that the administration of all these branches of justice by the same tribunals would seem likely to occasion great inconveniences. The administration of prize law, it may be said, is a matter of military regulation and cabinet policy. The proceedings of its courts are to be prompt and rapid. They are to decide, *velis levatis*, and with a simplicity of practice that foreigners may readily understand. The nation is responsible for their acts, which may frequently involve it in the most tremendous responsibility, that of war. They ought therefore to be immediately connected with that department of the government which is charged with the maintenance of its foreign relations, the preservation of its peace, and the prosecution of war; or, at least, they ought to have some direct and confidential communication with that department. Otherwise they may perplex its maturest councils, and defeat its wisest policy.—Congress cannot always, by the enactment of prize ordinances, correct their mistakes or counteract their perverseness. They may be wanting in the necessary vigour in retorting the violence of other nations, or they may provoke it by their rash and unjust decrees.

Whatever force these objections may seem in theory to possess,—our experience has shewn that they are mistaken and unfounded. Neither the peace of the nation has been compromitted, nor have its belligerent rights been sacrificed by the judiciary. The subjects of foreign states have had reason to rejoice that the decision of their rights has been vested in the same pure hands with which the people

of this country have entrusted their dearest privileges.—Nor does the experience of other countries give us or them any reason to regret that our prize jurisdiction is not placed in a cabinet council, or judges removable at the pleasure of such a council. Even that highly gifted and accomplished man, the judge of the admiralty in England, has been compelled to avow that he was bound by the King's Instructions; and we know that his decrees are liable to be reversed by the privy council, from which those instructions emanate.—So also in France, both under the royal and imperial governments, the prize jurisdiction has been almost constantly vested in the Council of Prizes,—a board composed of members removable at the pleasure of the crown,—a mere commission created at the breaking out of every war and dissolved on its termination. During the anarchy of the revolution, it was exercised by judges, many of whom were notoriously concerned in the privateers, the fruits of whose plunder from innocent neutrals they were to adjudge. The rapacity and injustice of the French and British courts of vice-admiralty in the colonies, are notorious. There is then nothing to complain of in the administration of the prize law of this country, unless it be the procrastination attending it. This may easily be corrected by making the Supreme Court an appellate tribunal only, holding its terms more frequently at the seat of government, as is provided by the bill now before Congress.

The dismemberment of the British empire by our revolution gave rise to numerous important questions of international law. Among these, one of the most interesting was that concerning the confiscation or sequestration of British debts in this country, and whether those debts were revived by the treaty of peace, 1783, mutually stipulating for the removal of all legal impediments to the recovery of debts contracted before the war. This controversy called forth the genius and tasked the powers of some of those truly great men produced by the revolution. The splendid eulogium pronounced by Mr WIRT, on the efforts of Patrick Henry in this question, before the Circuit court of Virginia, has been, by some, suspected of exaggeration. But we trust we shall not be liable to the same imputation when we quote the words of one of the learned judges of the Supreme Court, when the same cause was carried before that tribunal. On this oc-

casion the legal talents of Mr. (now Chief Justice) MARSHALL were first displayed at the national bar, and Mr. Justice IREDELL, before whom the cause had also been tried in the court below, said—'I shall, as long as I live, remember with pleasure and respect the arguments which I have heard in this cause: They have discovered an ingenuity, a depth of investigation, and a power of reasoning, fully equal to any thing I have ever witnessed, and some of them have been adorned with a splendour of eloquence surpassing what I have ever felt before. Fatigue has given way under its influence, and the heart has been warmed, while the understanding has been enlightened.'*—The correspondence of Mr. JEFFERSON, when Secretary of State, with the British minister on this subject and other topics connected with the infraction of the treaty of peace, may also be cited as an additional proof of our progress and attainments in civil knowledge, and of polemical talent, which called forth the most unqualified praise from that eminent and experienced statesman, Lord GRENVILLE, when it was submitted to him.

The French revolution and the British treaty of 1794, involved the discussion of those difficult and delicate questions which grow out of neutral rights and duties, and which were debated with equal zeal and ability in the cabinet, in Congress, in the courts of justice, and the public journals. The correspondence of Mr. Jefferson with Genet, in which the French minister could find no better answer to the irresistible reasoning of the American secretary, than vapid declamation and a sneer at the 'worm eaten volumes of Grotius and Vattel;'—the essays written by General HAMILTON under the signature of *Camillus*, containing a rich collection of principles of public law;—and the speech of the present Chief Justice of the United States in Congress on the legal questions involved in the case of *Nash* alias *Robbins*, which, though pronounced in a legislative assembly, is a perfect model of forensic eloquence;†—may all be appealed to as specimens of diplomatic and polemical talents highly honourable to the country. Nor was the judiciary wanting in the firmness and wisdom required by those times when both violence and blandishments were used to draw us from the path of impartial neutrality. It is true that some of the earlier

* *Dallas' Rep.* vol. iii. p. 257. † *Bee's Admiralty Rep.* p. 266.

decisions of the Supreme Court have been considered as anomalous, and have been criticised as involving the absurdity of the tribunals of a neutral country assuming to judge of the legality of belligerent captures, and thus overturning a fundamental principle of public law. But, as is justly observed by Mr. Justice JOHNSON, the only point settled in the case of *Glass* v. *The Betsey*,* (a leading case on this subject,) was that the courts of a neutral country have jurisdiction of captures made in violation of its neutrality, and the case was sent back to the District Court merely to ascertain whether the capture was piratical, or made within our territory, or under an armament fitted out in our territory; in which cases and in which cases only, the tribunals of the neutral state have a right to interfere. And the case of *Del Col* v. *Arnold*,† as is observed by the same learned judge, must be reported in a less perfect manner than was usual with Mr. DALLAS; though even the concise sketch he has left us makes it evident that the assumption of jurisdiction in that case was placed on the ground of *consent*.‡ On any other ground certainly the consistency of the court cannot be vindicated; since both its preceding and its subsequent decisions concur to establish the doctrine, that the trial of captures and all the incidents of prize belong exclusively to the courts of the captor's country, except where the seizure is made in violation of the neutral territory and sovereignty.§ The principles established in the celebrated case of *The Exchange*, that the public armed vessel of a foreign sovereign in amity with this country, coming into our ports in a peaceable manner, is exempt from the local jurisdiction, may be regarded as a corollary from the doctrines on which the former decisions of the court were founded, strengthened however by the analogies derived from the correspondent exemption of the sovereign himself, of his ambassador, and of his army within a foreign territory, which are traced in Mr. PINCKNEY's argument and in the opinion delivered by the Chief Justice.‖

* *Dallas' Rep.* vol. iii, p. 6. † *Ib.* p. 333.
‡ *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. i, *p.* 259.
§ *Dallas' Rep.* vol. iii, pp. 16. 121. 129. 164. 198. 133. 288. 307. 319. *Cranch's Rep.* vol. iv, p. 293. *Ib.* vol. vii, p. 423. *Ib.* vol. ix, p. 359. *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. i, p. 238. ‖ *Cranch's Rep.* vol. vii, p. 116.

The present interesting contest between Spain and her Colonies opens a new field for the application of these principles of neutral rights and correspondent duties, on which the writers of public law cast but a feeble and glimmering light, and which has hitherto only been glanced at by the Supreme Court in its judgment in the case of the *United States* v. *Palmer*.* That case instructs us in the doctrine that when a civil war rages in a foreign empire, one part of which separates itself from the old established government, and erects itself into a distinct government, *de facto*, the courts of justice in the United States must view the newly constituted government, as it is viewed by the legislative and executive departments of the United States government. If our government remains neutral, but at the same time recognises the existence of a civil war in the foreign empire, the courts of justice cannot consider as *criminal* those acts which are authorized by the laws of war between independent nations, and which the newly erected government may direct against its enemy. The application of this doctrine to a criminal prosecution for piracy, (which was the case before the court,) is obvious; but what are the corollaries to be drawn from it, in other respects, and how far they are to be limited and controlled by the conventional law of treaty stipulations, opens an ample field for forensic discussion.

On the renewal of the European war after the truce of Amiens, the commerce of this country became the prey to an innovation on public law, which had been first practised by Great Britain in the war of 1756, but was suffered to slumber during the subsequent maritime wars, until it was awakened with increased activity in the novel form of *continuity of voyage*, invented and maintained by the great abilities of Sir William Scott and Sir William Grant. This doctrine, and the principle of the rule itself, of which the doctrine was an amplification, besides the discussion it occasioned in Europe, was combatted in various works from American pens; by Mr. MADISON, in his Examination of the British Doctrine which subjects to Capture a Neutral Trade not open in Time of Peace; by Mr. Pinckney, in the Memorial from the Merchants of Baltimore;—and by Mr. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, in his answer to 'War in Disguise,' the ablest

* *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. iii. p. 610.

British production on the opposite side of the question. The rule has also been incidentally considered by the courts of the United States.*

It was this celebrated rule which gave rise to the discussions in the British courts of admiralty as to the obligatory force of the King's Instructions; Sir W. Scott appearing, at one time, to regard the text of those instructions as binding on his judicial conscience,† and, at another, holding it indecorous to anticipate the possibility of their conflicting with the law of nations:‡ whilst Sir James Mackintosh declared that if he saw in such instructions any attempt to extend the law of nations injuriously to neutrals, he should disobey them and regulate his conduct by the known and generally received law of nations.‖ The mention of Sir James Mackintosh reminds us of his early productions,—his eloquent speech on the trial of Peltier—his not less eloquent *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*—and the splendid fragments of his unfinished lectures on public and natural law. This bright morning of excellence, gave tokens of a goodly day, and was a pledge of still greater usefulness, which he can only redeem by labouring on the dilapidated edifice of public law,—which (to use his own words) 'so much calls for the skill of a new builder,'—or by telling the story of English liberty.

We had intended to give a sketch of the improvements made in our prize law in the late war, during which a vast system was built up, equally remote from fanciful novelties on the one side, and from the extreme rigour of belligerent pretensions on the other; and leaving little to be done in any future war but to apply the general principles which have been developed to particular cases. But we perceive that by pursuing this inquiry farther, we shall trespass on the limits prescribed to this article. It is sufficient to say, that to the learned person, whose judgments we are reviewing, belongs the honour of laying the foundations of this system, which may be distinctly traced in the volumes of Mr. Gallison's Reports and in the work before us. We would also

* *Gallison's Rep.* vol. i. p. 289. *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. i, p. 382. See our Vol. v. Art. vi. p. 114.

† *Robinson's Admiralty Rep.* vol. ii. p. 202.

‡ *Edward's Admiralty Rep.* p. 314.

‖ *Hall's Amer. Law Journal*, vol. i. p. 217. *Wheaton on Captures*, p. 50.

add that the principles of prize law are by no means, as some suppose, applicable only in time of war, and to the concerns of nations actually engaged in the conflict. They are directly useful for a long time after peace is restored, in settling various maritime and commercial questions which arise during the war;—are very important to neutral nations;—and at all times reflect light on the investigations of those who delight in tracing the analogies of law.*

In this volume, besides other interesting titles, we find a recurrence to the same doctrine which is inculcated in the former series of reports on the subject of the jurisdiction of the Instance court of Admiralty. We allude to the opinion in the case of *De Lovio* v. *Boit* (Gallison's Rep. vol. ii. p. 398.) in which it was maintained that the original, rightful jurisdiction of the Instance court of Admiralty extends, (in some cases concurrently with the common law courts,) over all torts committed on the high seas, and to every species of maritime contract, including freight, hypothecation at home or abroad, the compensation of material-men, policies of insurance, &c.; and that all the exceptions to this plenitude of jurisdiction, which the courts of common law in England have so long enforced with the terrors of prohibition, have been mere usurpations of power over weakness. The position that such is the rightful extent of the jurisdiction of the admiralty is enforced; 1st. By historical analogies, showing that such has been its jurisdiction in every maritime country of Europe from time immemorial, and still remains, except in England only. Even in Scotland, the admiralty takes cognizance of all maritime contracts, and torts, and offences whatsoever; and in the late volumes of Dow's Reports in Parliament, there are several *insurance* causes appealed to the House of Lords from the Court of Session in Scotland, originally brought in the Admiralty Court in that country. 2dly. By the antiquities of the admiralty, all proving that such was its original and rightful jurisdiction. 3dly. The authorities cited by Lord Coke, in the 4th Inst. 134, to restrict and narrow down the admiralty jurisdiction, are re-

* We ought not here to omit to mention, among other American works on public law, Mr. Duponceau's elegant translation of the *first* Book of Bynkershoek's Quæstiones Juris Publici, published in 1810, and enriched with valuable notes by the learned translator, and which is also to be found in Mr. Hall's useful *Law Journal.*

viewed and analyzed in a masterly manner—for the purpose of shewing that they do not support the ground taken by that zealous advocate of the Courts of Common Law. 4thly. It is considered what effect the statutes of Richard II. and Henry IV. were intended to have on the ancient jurisdiction of the admiralty; and it is argued that the construction of these statutes, by the common law courts, is erroneous, absurd, and inconsistent with the fragments of jurisdiction which they still permit the admiralty to exercise; (e. g. in suits for mariners' wages.) 5thly. The rightful extent of the admiralty jurisdiction is inferred from the concession of the common law judges themselves, in the solemn agreements of 1575 and 1632, most fully admitting and confirming the jurisdiction claimed by the admiralty. 6thly. The grant in our national constitution to the United States' judiciary, of authority over 'all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction,' is expounded to refer—*not* to the admiralty jurisdiction, as acknowledged by the common law courts *in England*, at the commencement of the American revolution, or at the time of the emigration of our ancestors; but, either as acknowledged and exercised *in the United States* at and before the declaration of independence, *or*, to the ancient and primitive jurisdiction of the admiralty of England, by virtue of its original organization. It is contended, that the admiralty courts in these (then) colonies, exercised jurisdiction over ALL *maritime torts and contracts;* and it is thence inferred that the framers of the constitution understood the phrase, *cases of Admiralty and maritime jurisdiction*, in this enlarged sense.

The argument that the ancient rightful jurisdiction of the admiralty was thus extensive, receives strong countenance from the historical analogy between the original organization of that court in England and in France, and indeed in all the maritime countries of Europe. In France the courts of admiralty have jurisdiction of all maritime torts and all contracts of a maritime nature, whether made on land or on the sea, at home or abroad; precisely as they formerly had in England. In both countries these courts are branches which have sprung from that ancient and venerable stock, the office of *Admiral*, which occupies so great a portion of the military and political history of the two countries. The etymology of the word serves to indicate the origin of the

office, and the epoch when it was introduced into the maritime countries of the west of Europe. The word *Admiral* or *Amiral*, is unquestionably derived from the Arabic word *Emir* or *Amira*, signifying a general officer or commander in chief, *dominum vel præfectum.** In the time of the crusades, by means of which so many oriental institutions and usages were brought into the west of Europe, it was introduced into France as the title of a commander in chief of land or naval forces; for it was indiscriminately applied to either.—Accordingly, we find, that the office, *with that title*, was unknown until the third dynasty of French kings, under Charles IV. about the end of the thirteenth century, and made its appearance in England about the same period, in the reign of Edward I.† After the term thus came to be exclusively applied to the commander in chief of *marine* forces, the station was filled in France with several illustrious characters, and in the scale of civil and military dignities, ranked immediately after the office of Constable. Among these, history distinguishes Gaspard de Coligny, the virtuous chief of the Protestant party in the civil wars which desolated France under the successors of Francis I.; and Henry de Montmorency, a leader of the Catholic faction, who resigned his office into the hands of Louis XIII., in 1626, by whom it was suppressed, and the new dignity of Grand Master, Chief, and Superintendant General of the navigation and commerce of France, created in favour of his minister Cardinal Richelieu. The civil and military functions of this office were thus separated until 1669, when Louis XIV. revived it under the ancient name of *Admiral*, though with a considerable diminution of its former power and splendour. But whatever might have been its political and military authority, at various periods of French history, from the time of its first establishment, it is certain, that, both before its suppression by the artful policy of Richelieu, in order to strengthen the power of the crown, and after its renovation by Louis XIV.,—the personage who filled this high office

* *Du Cange, Glossary, Verbo Admirallius.*—Milton writes the word thus—

"————————to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great *Ammiral*, were but a wand."—
Paradise Lost, Book, 1, *l.* 292.

† *Valin, Sur l'Ordonnance, L.* 1, *tit.* 1, *de l'Amiral. Brown's Civil and Admiralty Law*, vol. ii. p. 22.

exercised jurisdiction either by himself or his lieutenants and delegates, of all maritime captures, torts, offences, and contracts.

Such are the history and attributes of this office in France. —In England, it subsisted with the same title until the reign of Charles II., when it was filled by his brother the Duke of York (afterwards James II.); but he being excluded from office, as a Catholic, by the Test Act, 1673,—it was executed by commissioners, with the same powers and authority as belonged to the Lord High Admiral. During the reign of William III. it was conferred on the Earl of Pembroke; and in that of Anne, upon Prince George of Denmark, her husband: but since the accession of the House of Hanover, the office has been vested in commissioners, who are styled the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. But the King is said still to hold, for certain purposes, the office of High Admiral, in a capacity distinguishable from his regal character; a distinction of practical importance in the law of prize, but immaterial to the present purpose. The English Admiralty court is held before the Lord High Admiral, or before his deputy, the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, who formerly held his place by patent from the Lord High Admiral; but who, since that office has existed only in contemplation of law, holds it by a direct commission from the crown. The High Court of Admiralty in Scotland is held before the Delegate of the High Admiral, who may also name other inferior local deputies, and who is declared to be 'the King's Justice General upon the seas, or fresh water, within flood and mark, and in all harbours and creeks,' and whose jurisdiction extends to all maritime causes, civil and criminal.* The Vice Admiralty Courts in the colonies, and other foreign dominions of Great Britain, are constituted, and their judges appointed, by the Crown. Their commission extends, and has been uniformly construed in practice as extending, to all maritime cases whatever, without regard to the common law doctrine on this subject.

This remarkable conformity between the origin and history of the courts of Admiralty in France and Great Britain makes it highly probable that their civil, criminal, and prize jurisdiction, however it may have been shifted from its ancient foundations, was formerly the same. This supposition de-

* *Erskine's Institutes of the Law of Scotland*, p. 84. 10*th Edit.* *Zouch's Jurisdiction of the Admiralty Asserted*, p. 91.

rives additional strength from the intimate connexion that subsists between the history of the two countries, during the middle ages, blended together as they were by their preceding relation as provinces of the Roman empire, by the Norman conquest of England, and the invasion of France by the English kings, by the prevalence in both countries of the feudal system, of the papal power, and the spirit of the crusades.

Among the cases in the Instance or revenue court to be found in this volume of Mr. Mason's Reports, is that of *Burke* v. *Trevitt*, in which it was settled that the District Court, whilst it entertains suits for the adjudication of property seized for a violation of municipal law, may, as incident to this jurisdiction, compel a restitution of the property, and award damages for any deterioration, loss, or injury of it.* That a seizor may be compelled to proceed to adjudication, by monition; a salutary principle, taken from the law of prize, and engrafted into the municipal code. And that on a proceeding *in rem*, the property seized is to be deemed in the custody and under the control of the court, though in the actual possession of the seizing officers; the limits and nature of whose responsibility in the care of it, are ascertained by a skilful application of the law of bailment to this species of possession and custody. (*p.* 96—104.)

The case of *The Octavia* determines that in proceedings *in rem*, a summary judgment may be rendered upon a bond or admiralty stipulation for the appraised value; and if given jointly and severally, and one of the obligors, or fide-jussors, dies, the court will proceed against the survivors, or, at the option of the libellants, against the representatives of the deceased also. (*p.* 149.)

The case of *The Abby* inculcates the doctrine that when a seizure is made within the limits of a judicial district, the District Court of that district has exclusive jurisdiction: and if brought into another district, the court will remit the cause to the proper forum. But where the seizure is made on the high seas, the court of the district, into which the property is brought, has jurisdiction.—If a seizure be *voluntarily* abandoned, no jurisdiction attaches to any court, unless there be a new seizure.—But if after the seizure of a ship, the master

* This point has been since recognized by the Supreme Court. *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. ii. p. 1. *Ib.* vol. iii. p. 302.

agrees to navigate her into port under the direction of the seizors, this (by analogy to the law of prize) is held to be no dereliction of the seizure. *(p. 360.)*

Rowe & al. v. *The Brig* ——, contains an acute investigation of the rule or measure of civil salvage, one of the most important and difficult titles of the maritime law. The general rule is ascertained to be *a moiety*, in cases of derelict; but it is a flexible rule, yielding to circumstances. Not 'that it bends to every slight change of circumstances; but cases may occur of such extraordinary peril and difficulty, of such exalted virtue and enterprize, that a moiety, even of a very valuable property, might be too small a proportion. And on the other hand, there may be cases, where the service is attended with so little difficulty and peril, that it would entitle the parties to little more than a *quantum meruit* for work and labour. These are exceptions (and others might be stated) to the operation of the rule which may perfectly consist with its general obligatory force.' *(p. 378.)*

The case of *The Hollen & Cargo* determines, that after a final condemnation unappealed from, in a cause of seizure by a Collector of the Customs for a violation of the revenue and navigation laws, the Secretary of the Treasury has no authority to remit the Collector's share of the forfeiture,—that share having become a vested and absolute right, attaching on the seizure and consummated by the condemnation.* 'The Secretary of the Treasury has no more power to devest this absolute right, than he has after the property is distributed. It would be a monstrous proposition to assert, that the Secretary of the Treasury might, at any time, and even years after the forfeiture was distributed, by his remission, recall the whole property from those to whom the law had absolutely given it. Such a doctrine might, perhaps, well suit the character of an arbitrary despotism, but in a government like ours, it could not be established, but upon the ruins of all the principles which regulate civil rights.' *(pp. 431, 434.)*

The United States v. *Lyman* is a decision of immense importance to the mercantile world and to the fiscal rights of the government. It instructs us in the doctrine that an action of Debt lies against the importer of goods for the duties payable on the importation. That the right to duties accrues by the importation, with the intent to unlade; and immediately

* See *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. i. p. 462.

upon the importation becomes a charge and debt on the importer. That a bond taken at the Custom House is not an extinguishment of the debt thus accruing, but merely collateral security for its payment. That no person but the owner, or consignee, or, in case of his sickness or absence, his agent or factor, is entitled to enter and bond goods. That where goods are smuggled, or by mistake, accident or fraud, no bond is given for the duties,—or where short duties only have been secured or paid, or the bond is given by a sub-purchaser after importation,—in all these cases, an information of Debt, or an information in the nature of a Bill of Discovery and Account, is the proper remedy for the United States against the owner, or consignee .(*p.* 482.)

In *Spurr & al.* v. *Pearson*, the question respecting the liability of seamen to contribute for the embezzlement of the cargo is discussed, and the rule is determined to be—'That where the embezzlement has arisen from the fault, fraud, connivance, or negligence of any of the crew, they are bound to contribute to it in proportion to the amount of their wages: that where the embezzlement is fixed on an individual, he is *solely* responsible: that where the embezzlement is clearly shown to have been made by the crew, but the particular offenders are unknown, and from the circumstances of the case, strong presumptions of guilt apply to the whole crew, *all* must contribute; but that where no fault, fraud, connivance or negligence is proved against the crew, and no reasonable presumption is shown against their innocence, the loss must be borne by the owner or master: that in no case are the innocent part of the crew to contribute for the misdemeanours of the guilty; and further, that in a case of uncertainty, the burthen of the proof of innocence does not rest on the crew; but the guilt of the parties is to be established beyond all reasonable doubt, before the contribution can be demanded.' (*pp.*104—116.)

This volume also contains many instructive decisions on the law of bills of exchange, commercial guaranties, insurance, agent and factor, &c. which we have not room to particularize. But we cannot omit to mention the case of *Bullard* v. *Bell*, a cause which was argued with uncommon learning and ability by the counsel, and in which it was adjudged that an action of *Debt* lies in favour of the holder of a dishonoured bank note, against a stockholder in the bank, to recover the

amount of the note, under a special provision in the bank charter, making the stockholders personally liable in certain cases: and that the statute of limitations of New Hampshire, which is a transcript of that of Jac. 1., ch. 16, is no bar to an action of debt upon such statutable provision. (*pp.* 243—301.)

The long established ingenuity and the increasing industry of our countrymen in the invention of new and useful machines and improvements upon old machines, are daily rendering the law of Patents more and more important. But this is a law of positive institution and statutory provisions; or what Jeremy Bentham is pleased to call *Codification*. The inconveniences which experience develops in its practical operation, can therefore only be cured by the enactment of new statutes. Among these inconveniences, is that of obtaining patents for trifling new combinations and improvements of old machinery, which is very injurious to industry and the arts. All that the courts can do towards limiting the range of this mischief, is to construe patents strictly. Some of the rules which have been laid down for this purpose will be found in the Patent causes contained in the present volume; and that of *Barrett & al.* v. *Hall & al.* (*p.* 447.) is peculiarly instructive in this point of view. But the patent Acts, as well as the analogous law of Copy Rights, are very imperfect, and call loudly for discreet revision. Among other defects, we will merely mention that the Courts of the United States have hitherto had no jurisdiction of suits for an infringement of a copy right, *between citizens of the same State*, which they have always had as to patent rights. Both subjects are essentially of federal jurisdiction. The fitness of things and the letter of the constitution combine to make them so. We may therefore be permitted to express a hope that, before this article is published, the bill, which has been so long pending in Congress, to amend this, and the other multiplied defects in our judiciary system, will have become the law of the land.

We shall conclude this short analysis of the principal cases contained in the present volume, by mentioning one or two more. In the *United States* v. *Bainbridge*, a very interesting question of constitutional law was discussed.—whether minors may be enlisted into the naval and military service without the consent of their parents or guardians? The court ruled

that Congress have a constitutional right to authorize the enlistment of minors in the army or navy, without such consent: and that under the Navy Acts, the consent of the father is not necessary to the valid enlistment of boys in the naval service. (*p.*71.)—The case of *Harvey* v. *Richards*, which was most elaborately argued, decides an equally interesting point of international law and comity: That a court of equity, in this country, has jnrisdiction to decree an account of the estate of a deceased person, domiciled abroad, which has been collected under an auxiliary administration granted here, and to distribute it among the next of kin residing here; that in such distribution it will proceed according to the *lex domicilii* of the deceased: but will exercise its own discretion, according to the circumstances of the case, either by making distribution here, or directing the property to be remitted abroad, in order to be distributed by the competent foreign tribunal. (*pp.* 381—430.)

The origin and nature of liens on real property for unpaid purchase money is thoroughly investigated in *Gilman* v. *Brown & al.* which was a cause on the Chancery side of the court. It was held, that *in general* such a lien exists, as between vendor and vendee, and also as against subsequent purchasers from the vendee *with notice;* but not as against a bonâ fide purchaser, *without notice:* But that this general rule is not inflexible, as between vendor and vendee: and, therefore, if the parties do any unequivocal act, by which they clearly shew that they do not contemplate such a lien to exist, the lien is not allowed to take place. If, for example, the vendor takes a *distinct* security for the purchase money, either of property, or of the responsibility of a third person, the lien is thereby waived. But merely taking the note or bond of the vendee himself, without a surety or indorser, is no relinquishment of the lien. And that this lien is neither a *jus ad rem*, nor a *jus in re;* and is so mere a creature of a court of equity, that its existence cannot be safely predicated in any case, until established by a decree of the court. (*pp.* 191—223.)

We subscribe implicitly to these doctrines as containing the soundest principles of Equity; but we cannot participate in the doubts incidentally expressed by the court upon the question,—Whether on a purchase of lands, lying in *Georgia*, made by citizens of *Massachusetts* under a contract executed

in that State a lien for the purchase money vests in favour of the vendors, who are citizens of Georgia, the state where the lands lie; the contract being silent on that head, and no such lien existing by the laws of Massachusetts in any case of the purchase of lands in that state? (p. 219.) True it is that such a lien could not be enforced in the State courts of Massachusetts, because we have no Court of Chancery: And it is equally true, that contracts are generally to be construed according to the *lex loci contractus.* But may not such a lien be enforced by citizens of another State against citizens of this State by bill in equity in the Circuit Court here, even upon lands situated in this State; and *à fortiori* upon lands lying in a State, where such a lien is recognised by the local law? Does not the national constitution extend the judicial powers 'to all cases in law *and equity*' 'between citizens of different States?' Does not this grant of equity jurisdiction give to the Federal judiciary the whole body of equity powers, both as to the law of the court and its practice, as extensively as they are possessed by the English high Court of Chancery, and in the same manner, as the same article of the constitution gives to it, the 'admiralty and maritime jurisdiction,' which the English high Court of Admiralty possesses, or ought rightfully to possess?—The Judiciary Act, 1792, provides that the modes of proceeding in equity suits shall be 'according to the principles, rules, and usages, which belong to Courts of Equity,' as contra-distinguished from Courts of Common Law:—and the Supreme Court (since this case was determined in the Circuit Court) has decided that the remedies in the courts of the United States, at common law, or *in equity*, are to be, not according to the practice of State courts, but according to the principles of common law and *equity*, as distinguished and defined in that country (England) from which we derive our knowledge of those principles.* We imagine, it would be difficult to establish a distinction in this respect, between equitable *rights* and *remedies;* and even if that could be done, it would be equally difficult to show that the case in question partakes more of the one than of the other. Undoubtedly, the general rule is, that contracts are to be construed according to the *lex loci contractus;* but it is also an exception to that rule, that con-

* *Wheaton's Rep.* vol. iii. p. 221.

troversies in respect to real property are to be judged according to the *lex loci rei sitæ*. The great elementary author of this branch of international law thus lays down both the rule and the exception. 'Fundamentum universæ hujus doctrinæ diximus esse, et tenemus, subjectionem hominum infra Leges cujusque territorii, quamdiu illic agunt, quæ facit, ut actus ab initio validus aut nullus, alibi quoque valere aut non valere non nequeat. *Sed hæc ratio non convenit rebus immobilibus, quando illæ spectantur, non ut dependentes a libera dispositione cujusque patrisfamilias, verum quatenus certæ notæ lege cujusque Reip. ubi sita sunt, illis impressæ reperiuntur; hæ notæ manent indelebiles in ista Republ. quicquid aliarum Civitatum Leges aut privatorum dispositiones, secus aut contra statuant; nec enim sine magna confusione præjudicioque Reip. ubi sitæ sunt res soli, Leges de illis latæ, dispositionibus istis mutari possent.*'* Generally speaking, the remedies as to real property must be pursued in the courts of the place where the property lies; the action is not transitory; and therefore the *lex fori* and the *lex loci rei sitæ* are, usually, both the law of the same country. But wherever the *lex loci rei sitæ* comes to be incidentally considered by the tribunals of another country, the suitors must, in general, proceed according to the *lex fori* of that country. In the United States, however, the federal constitution has provided one *lex fori* for all equity suits by citizens of one State against those of another.—This lien upon lands for unpaid purchase money does not, we presume, depend upon any *Statute* of Georgia: and certainly nobody will contend that we are to have a different equity system for the Circuit Court in each State, accordingly as each has adopted, in whole or in part, the equity system 'of that country from which we derive our knowledge of its principles;'—or that there is to be no equity system at all in the Circuit Court, held in a State, which has adopted no part of the system of equity, as defined and practised in England.

Our notions on this subject are perfectly reconcileable with allowing full and complete operation to such *Statutes* of the different States as may have altered the English rules of Equity, in matters over which the States have a right to legislate. As for instance, in the case we are considering, the legislature of the State where the lands lie may certainly take away this equitable lien, by statute; because every State has

* *Huberus, Prælect.*, tom. ii. lib. 1. tit. 3.

a right to make laws respecting the titles to real property within its territory, provided they do not impair the obligation of existing contracts, &c. But would the mere silence of the laws of Massachusetts on the subject deprive a citizen of Georgia of his right to enforce his equitable lien (if he had one) in the Circuit Court, whether held in Massachusetts or in Georgia? Has the *lex loci contractus* strength enough to triumph over the general system of Equity, adopted by the constitution,—pervading the whole Union,—and applied as a uniform rule to decide the controversies between citizens of different States, between aliens and citizens, and respecting conflicting grants of lands from different States—in cases where the chancery jurisdiction applies?—We admit that contracts, made in one State, respecting lands lying in another, have sometimes been held to be governed by the *lex loci contractus*, both as to rights and remedies. But we humbly conceive, these were cases, where the land or the title to the land was the mere *incident;* whilst the contract respecting it was the *principal* matter in controversy: As where a debt is secured upon lands lying in another State, and the question is whether the interest is to be regulated by the Usury laws of the State where the contract is made, or of that where the lands lie.*

We repeat that we cheerfully accede to the decision of the court in this case, holding that no lien attached upon general principles of Equity; but, at the same time, we cannot partake of the doubts expressed by the learned judge, whether the *lex loci contractus* would not have prevailed over those principles of equity, if they had been different from what his elaborate investigation has convinced us they are.

We have read this volume with great pleasure and instruction, and close it with feelings of satisfaction and pride at the evidence it affords of the success with which the science

* See *Vesey's Rep.* vol. i. p. 428. *Atkyn's Rep.* vol. iii. p. 727. *Johnson's Cases*, vol. ii. p. 355. See also *Œuvres de D'Aguesseau*, tom iv. p. 638. *Pladoyer* 54. 'Dans un Acte mixte il faut regarder quel est le principal et quel est l'accessoire, et juger de la qualité de l' Acte, par ce qui est le principal, *per id quod præponderat.*' Ib. p. 639. Chancellor D'Aguesseau is here speaking of the *lex loci* as to Wills, but the whole spirit of his reasoning will be found, upon examination, to apply to Contracts. The same is the doctrine of *Pothier*, speaking of express or *implied* hypothecations of real property. *Traité de la Prescription*, No. 254.

of the law is cultivated in this country.—We rejoice, above all, that it is here delivered from the trammels of Gothic prejudice, and enriched by copious supplies from that inexhaustible reservoir of the principles of justice—the Roman law; by which that wonderful people have rivalled their own fame in arms, and the Eternal City still continues silently and peacefully to rule the largest portion of the civilized world.

ART. XI.—*Lectures on the English Poets. Delivered at the Surrey Institution. By William Hazlitt.* 8vo, pp. 331, Philad. Thomas Dobson & Son, 1818.

HERE is a book of large and stately type and ample and fair margin, which, with nearly eighty pages of extracts, and a good stretch of blank at the beginning and end of chapters, will leave about two hundred and fifty pages to treat upon the English poets, beginning with old Chaucer and ending with criticisms upon those of the present day. Though we have been thus uncommonly minute in our calculation in regard to the art of book-making, we do not take into our reckoning the marvellously free use that Mr. Hazlitt has made of the orts and ends, as well as good things of other authors, to patch out his sentences with. Indeed, we could hardly have done this if we would; for we soon discovered that he is in many places too much wearied with the task of tacking on the marks of quotation, and often leaves it to our reading and recollection to find out what may be his own, and what borrowed. How far he has carried this out, our memories are too poor to satisfy us. It was not to expose or harm the art of book-making (without which there would soon be an end to us critics) that we went into this calculation,—it was to ascertain into how small a compass a man of Mr. Hazlitt's powers could bring so important a subject as a treatise on the English poets. Making a further deduction of a general introductory chapter, he has done it up in a little over two hundred pages.

When we opened upon the title page of this book, we almost envied the author the deep and secret delight with which we supposed he must have been full while intent upon such a subject. All the philosophy of mind, all that is good in the

heart, or worth our regard and love out of our practical duties, seems to us related to it, and making a part of it. It takes us from the jarring and hard road of life, to places that lie along the imagination like bright and still clouds upon the clear air. It smites the heart, and there gush out waters fresh and pure as ran down from Horeb, which make green and young again the fading and decaying things of the earth. It is not in poetry as in most other pursuits, where the heart grows idle and old, while the mind labours and waxes strong; here they work together, as our parents once did in Paradise, and they gather and store up of all that is beautiful in nature, and feed on its fruits. The commonest thing has a character to a poet's eye, and makes an individual interest in his heart. He is never solitary, for the desert place is populous with forms and beings, to whom he is as a brother. In the world, too, much is open to him, from which others are shut out. He knows the movings of our passions, and we are startled when he shows us what we are. And all this distinct and intimate reality loses its heavy and lumbering form and is lifted from the world, to mingle with airy, ideal shapes, and be shone on by the same light which glows on them. He shuts his eyes, and a brightness comes up and spreads itself out through his mind, and beautiful beings float into it, silent as air, from the hollow darkness beyond it. But the poet is not a creature all of joyous fancies; he knows, as Wordsworth has finely told us,

> "————that there is often found
> In mournful thoughts, and always might be found,
> A power to virtue friendly."

The stream of his heart is not always like those of spring, huddling and rapid, and telling out gladness, but sometimes moves on slow and murmuring, like those of autumn sounding a solemn chant with the spirit that is moving above them through the changing and falling leaves. He is fond and he hates,—he is weighed down and lifted up; but it is in a world of his own creating, and with beings moulded and quickened in his own mind, that he suffers and enjoys. Not that reality does not come nigh to him. It touches him and is changed to his own mood. He sees and studies the world, but with feelings unknown to other men, and to give life and motion to his lonely visions. His chief joys are in his dreams—he asks for fame, but it is after death—the dust of earth is not on his

possessions, and the things of this world are raised and spiritualized.

We would not be taken too strictly, nor holden over-fanciful. It is of the nature of poetry that we speak, and to what it leads the heart and mind. For no man is at all times a poet, but is often little better than one of us. But though he is pained by the world's crosses, grasps at its honours, and may hanker after its wealth; yet what is peculiar to him as a poet consists of beauties and associations, which we are proud to understand, and has forms of height and grandeur, which it elevates and enlarges us to look upon.

Humanity would seem strangely made up. We find men with intellects of the second order, who only make approaches to genius, and who are careful to avoid all loose indulgences in conduct and conversation, but who are yet without those deep and solemn tones, those pure and airy sounds, which make secret music in the heart of him who sometimes foregoes them, to give himself up to the indulgences of tainted wit or idle pleasantries. Yet even at such times the character is seen through, and we perceive that the man has unconsciously gone out of his individuality—if we may so speak—that he may return to himself again, to feel the more distinctly his own peculiar being, and dwell in the midst of those thoughts and sensations which absence has given freshness to. It is from somewhat the same principle that a man of still life and retired feelings, now and then goes into the riot and bustle of the crowd, with an alacrity and relish that his friends smile and wonder at. But the stir and noise is over, and he sits down by the gentle flickering of his fire, and quiet, low beating of the flames, and the thoughts and feelings from which he had for a time gone abroad, give him a kindly and cheerful welcome, and he takes his seat again amongst them, happy and at home. Perhaps, too, it is that something of earth about us which will not let us live forever in the pure regions of the mind, but sometimes brings us low, that our imaginations may not make us vain, and humbles us with healing sorrow for our weaknesses, and makes our very vices the ministers of good.

We are not making excuses for these givings in to the frailties of humanity. We only speak of men as we find them. And we have scarcely seen a man always guarded, who could not sometimes smile at playful follies, and take some

part in what, perhaps, in more serious moments he would be sorry that he had said or done; who had not a self-complacency in his shut-up propriety which stained his virtues more deeply, than the momentary failures of more careless and open natures, which mix not in with the character, but fall off from it as soon as they appear. We should look as doubtingly upon that scrupulous refinement which could never laugh at the smutty wit of Swift, as we should upon the intellectual greatness that affected to despise some of his trifling fooleries in verse. He somewhere says, that a cleanly man is a man of nasty ideas. And he that never lends himself to the follies of fellowship may avoid them from a sense of corrupt propensities, rather than from a singleness of pure and elevated virtue.

If we have gone a little out of the way, it was because the by-path looked green and pleasant; allowing for its windings, which we always liked, we will be upon the main road again all in good time. It was thinking how whimsical and infinitely various, yet strongly marked, must have been the characters of the older poets,—in times when all men had more of individuality, and eccentricities which asked not what the world would say, than we find in the smooth and even polish of later days,—which led us somewhat astray.

We are filling our hot-houses and gardens with plants of the tropics, and of either end of the earth,—we decompose air and water, and earths,—find the dip of rocks and mark their strata,—voyage into regions of thick-ribbed ice,—travel up to the sources of strange rivers,—betake ourselves to the mountain tops,—and pry into the abodes of the dwellers in the stars,—are bustling and busy in this great huddling and overturning of every thing within our reach,—while the delightful mystery within us lives on unexamined and unobserved. But if this pursuit has been neglected for objects more gainful and of cheaper fame, it has inward satisfyings, and healthful moral uses, which are found only here. We cannot look into the hearts of other men without seeing the workings of our own, and learning to know ourselves in studying them. This brings us nearer to each other, and in opening out like weaknesses and like virtues, teaches us forgiveness and love.

To follow the mind back,—see the most exquisite thoughts, and finest touched feelings of the soul shooting up in fresh and infant beauty among the hard and rough-grown passions

of the early ages,—to hear the tones of love and the deep moanings of grief come from out a region which we had looked into as dark and boisterous,—to find ourselves going thither for all that is peculiar and poetic in our natures, and cleansing our hearts and storing them with the sentiments, and laying them open to the moral influences of those times,—is surely something worth our earnest study, and may make us humbler talkers upon the vast improvements of mind in this our age.

The study of the works of the older English poets, along with what we can learn of their character and that of mankind in their day—the history of the religion, laws, superstitions and customs, under which they were born,—the unperceived but ever working influences of these on their passions and cast of thought,—the vastness and variety which were given to their imaginations by the strange mixture of ignorance, wild conjecture and bold adventure,—the moral effect of the open simplicity, the close and keen cunning, of the tenderness and hard brutality, of the exquisite delicacy, and what we, sometimes falsely, and again truly, call the vulgarity of those days,—surely are subjects deserving our attention, and require an intellect of more power and variety to comprehend, than those are well aware of, who hold poetry to be a matter of mere amusement, and all that is connected with it, a very light thing. The man who would do this well, must have a wide taste; and be trammeled by no narrow systems or schools. He must have a sure taste for the minutest beauties, nor pass them over because they may be surrounded by deformities. He should have an imagination which can group and fill out, and give the lights and shades to the scanty materials left us, with the distinctness of a picture. He must love old books even as Southey does, who says he should be miserable without them—that they are to him, what old pictures are to a painter. He must do more,—he must love a long story, and not count it labour lost, so it end well, though it has carried him, "from hence to Eartham." He must have a relish for the quaint and grotesque, without becoming quaint or grotesque himself. He must not mistake simplicity for weakness, nor frankness for coarseness. He must understand and love nature with all his heart, through all her varieties. Not only with her beauties, but even with the harsh and uncouth he must have poetical associations which shall give them a hold upon his imagination. He must have an ear

like Cowper's to which the noise of a goose in a barn yard was pleasant, though he confesses he should not care to have the bird hung up in a cage in his parlour. But in all this, let him beware of affectation. Hypocrisy in the love of nature is as fatal as in religion. There are some who read old authors and affect to despise the new. They are satisfied with nothing since the days of Milton, and would not have been satisfied with him had they lived then. They want the sanction of posterity for their admiration, and affect to speak lightly of living men whose praises will be upon the tongues of those who come after them. Of this number may be considered the writer before us, of whom it is quite time that we said something.

This work is divided into eight lectures.—The introductory one is on poetry in general; the three following on six only of the older poets ending with Pope, and bringing us to the middle of the volume; and the remaining four, first taking up Thompson and Cowper, close with criticisms on the living poets. Though Mr. Hazlitt has not gone into the subject with that fulness with which we have just intimated that it should be considered, nor followed down the poetry of his country through its changes, as perhaps connected with and brought about by the alterations in society, nor wrought into his work old anecdote, which could be put to uses as instructive as entertaining,—we would still make no objection to his book had he carried out his own plan. But from aught we can learn from Mr. Hazlitt, Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope, were about all the poets that lived from the days of the heptarchy to the end of Queen Anne. We should not care to have a lecture devoted to Pierce Plouman, but we did expect to meet with the names, and something more than the names, of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Otway and Allan Ramsay, (the Gentle Shepherd) who certainly are not so out of date that one need fear being thought pedantic should he venture to talk upon them. If Mr. Hazlitt knows any thing about them, or has the good taste to relish their beauties, he might have found much in Surrey, Wyatt, Drayton, Browne, P. Fletcher, Daniel, Donne and others, whom we need not name, as they are easily turned to, which he could have pointed out to his readers as well worth their looking into. The inferior order among the old poets differ from the moderns of the same class in hav-

ing amidst all their lameness and dulness, beauties choice enough to repay us for the toil of our search. As to his omissions among the modern poets, we have little to censure, with the exception of Beattie, and let us add Hogg, with all his inequalities. Had he stopt short of the living poets, he would have left us with more favourable impressions of his taste, and what is of more worth, of his good feelings. But of this, by and by.

Mr. Hazlitt sets out modestly enough, with what he says is the best general notion that he can give of poetry. Though not quite satisfied with it, we shall not attempt a better and so put ourselves in danger of falling into the unlucky situation of a reviewer, who not content with raising a laugh at the expense of Mr. Coleridge, in a like undertaking, was too eager to shew the world how it should be done, and making a complete failure, brought the last of the laugh upon himself. Nor is it our intention in the few pages we shall devote to our author to follow him in course, nor speak in so small a compass of all the poets of whom he treats.

The remark in the outset, that 'he who has a contempt for poetry, cannot have much respect for himself, or any thing else,' is a little too hard, though not altogether untrue. For we find men who have toiled in dry, abstruse studies, which have in them nothing pleasant, but in the mere exercise of learning, who are apt to be of the belief that every thing in itself pleasurable may be acquired at once without labour and thoroughly understood; and as what they most highly value was attained to with difficulty, they come naturally to despise what they think easily won. Yet though this may be only bad reasoning, still poetry is made up of such soft affections, and enters so deeply into the heart of man—has so much to do with our sufferings as well as joys,—helps us so powerfully in our love of nature, which is almost religion, that he who is never touched by it, affects us as a creature, selfish, and hard, and coarse. At least there are not to be found in him those nicer and undefinable sensations,—those delicate tints of thought which are forever gleaming out from finer natures, running through all their movements and giving an interest even to the very awkwardness of some men. He is a stranger to what makes the sentiment of man; is a being, in short, of a lower order, whom we should not censure for his wants, but pity that he is not something more. Per-

haps we have brought Mr. Hazlitt further than he intended going; for he makes every thing poetry and all men poets, so that to despise poetry as he defines it, would be with Falstaff, to "banish all the world."

'Man is a poetical animal: and those of us who do not study the principles of poetry, act upon them all our lives, like Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had always spoken prose without knowing it. The child is a poet in fact, when he first plays at hide-and-seek, or repeats the story of Jack the Giant-killer; the shepherd-boy is a poet, when he first crowns his mistress with a garland of flowers; the countryman when he stops to look at the rainbow; the city-apprentice, when he gazes after the Lord-Mayor's show; the miser, when he hugs his gold; the courtier, who builds his hopes upon a smile; the savage, who paints his idol with blood; the slave, who worships a tyrant, or the tyrant, who fancies himself a god;—the vain, the ambitious, the proud, the choleric man, the hero and the coward, the beggar and the king, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, all live in a world of their own making; and the poet does no more than describe what all the others think and act.' pp. 3, 4.

Now this is for the sake of being original and startling, we suppose. We had been in the habit of considering the sentiments and feelings,—the various associations, and the suggestions of the imagination which an object might call up in us,—poetry, and not the object itself. Upon the principle here, the old post which Pope knew when a boy, which he said he should not care to see pulled up,—and which by the way had as truly poetical a touch as any thing he ever said—was quite as much a poet as Pope, or in other words had as much poetry in it. To call the courtier who has mistaken his man, or the shop keeper who outruns his gains in his calculations, a poet, savours too much of conceit for sober readers. What are these, and all else, but the mere materials which the poet moulds into finer forms, gives new and further relations to, heightening their passions, or casting upon them the bright glow of his own mind, or throwing over them his own gorgeous and rich drapery? There is much of such loose givings out through the whole of this lecture, and a good deal of indifference discovered as to self contradictions; still it is written with force, and a certain freedom which gives it an air of originality. We do not

know that in fact any new doctrine is broached in it, but there is much that would be useful to people of narrowed taste, would they look at it impartially.

From our recollection of what has been already written upon Chaucer's characters, there was little left for Mr. Hazlitt to add. Yet he has analyzed them with acuteness. His remarks upon the particularity and careful, minute verity in Chaucer's descriptions, and his circumstantiality in telling a story, are just and ingenious. He has noticed what has been strangely passed over by others—his pathos and love of nature, which, indeed, all the old poets are so full of, and sincere in.

'Chaucer's descriptions of natural scenery possess the same sort of characteristic excellence, or what might be termed *gusto*. They have a local truth and freshness, which gives the very feeling of the air, the coolness or moisture of the ground. Inanimate objects are thus made to have a fellow-feeling in the interests of the story; and render back the sentiment of the speaker's mind. One of the finest parts of Chaucer is of this mixed kind. It is the beginning of the Flower and the Leaf, where he describes the delight of that young beauty, shrouded in her bower, and listening, in the morning of the year, to the singing of the nightingale; while her joy rises with the rising song, and gushes out afresh at every pause, and is borne along with the full tide of pleasure, and still increases, and repeats, and prolongs itself, and knows no ebb. The coolness of the arbour, its retirement, the early time of the day, the sudden starting up of the birds in the neighbouring bushes, the eager delight with which they devour and rend the opening buds and flowers, are expressed with a truth and feeling, which make the whole appear like the recollection of an actual scene.' pp. 53, 54.

He quotes the passage, and remarks,

'There is no affected rapture, no flowery sentiment: the whole is an ebullition of natural delight "welling out of the heart," like water from a crystal spring. Nature is the soul of art: there is a strength as well as a simplicity in the imagination that reposes entirely on nature, that nothing else can supply.' p. 56.

The whole of the criticism upon this poet shows great discrimination and good taste. We cannot extend this praise to the style in which it is written.

It should be a cause of rejoicing to the studious lover of

true poetry, to find his pleasant old companions, who had been confined to his study fireside because their dress was a little too much in the antique cut, brought so often as they have lately been into the company of the well dressed and fashionable; and if he has not disinterestedness enough to do this because he sees it is for the world's good, let him be actuated by that general principle, selfishness, and be proud to see the multitude become the followers of his opinions and taste. It is ten to one however if his selfishness does not work wholly the other way. In natures of finer touch there is apt to grow about their larger thoughts and more delicate beauties, a suspicious and excluding fear, that letting the world in upon them is soiling and trampling them down at once. Their peculiarity is their pride, and if they can get hold of a fine old author that others are ignorant of, he is worth more to them than twenty as good who are well known. The confined acquaintance begets a sort of companionship—and that a complacent sense of equality. Who but he and I! Thus one foible makes room for another, till what was praiseworthy in the man is lost in the multitude of his weaknesses, and the character goes to wreck for the want of that only fast hold upon what is excellent, a love of it for its own sake.

Yet looking a little more closely into motives, we may find principles of more intire virtue busily and silently at work, which,—seeing that the world praises much that it knows not how to value, and admires from mere vogue what it can only affect to understand,—are something moved that high excellence should be degraded by an ignorant and vain worship, and those who pay it be clothed in the sacred garments of the true priests. Out of this grows sarcasm and contempt, and he who would endeavour to initiate the vulgar into the mysteries of the temple of Apollo, is looked on askance as ignorant of what he would teach. Leave men to themselves, says one, they have enough daily doled to them for their daily talk, and are satisfied. Why would you bring forth before them the holy and great of other days,—to be stared at like Indians in beaded mocasins in our paved streets.

As we have nothing of the superiority and we trust little of the superciliousness of such a mind, we would earnestly recommend to those who read poetry, the study of the older

writers. Next to studying nature itself, they can hardly be better employed. Indeed the two have so much to do with each other, that their very differences only bring their resemblances to mind, and an acquaintance and attachment to the one is sure to be followed by a knowledge and love of the other. The old authors have this quality in common with nature, that the more we read them, the closer they fasten upon our minds. They shoot up and over-run us like a vine, creeping up all the windings of our feelings and twining in with all our thoughts with a growth so gentle and silent, that though our hearts are kept fresh by them, and our minds overhung with their dangling beauties, the grateful sense they give us is hardly noted, and is in us as if it were only our own happy nature. Perhaps it is this very quality which draws men the less to them. We want something that takes a rude hold upon us, something that will flare upon us like a broad setting sun. Tangling and by-path over-growings tease rather than delight us, and we lack that infant nativeness of heart which gladly lies down in warm, lighted nooks, and looks with a strange delight upon those dancing sun-spots which play upon the grass under a thick wood.

We urge this now, because Chaucer has about as much which lies in the way of beginners as any of the old poets. Yet even in him, with twenty pages of careful reading, we shall make our way through all our difficulties, and what at first looked strange and uncouth will appear natural enough, and the very peculiarities of diction, obsolete words, and singular spelling, will give pleasant and poetical associations to us for the very reason that we at first disliked them,—because they are not in our every day business language and plain prose reading. We have heard some say that the accent on the final *e*, and other differences from our modern tongue, have such a baby air that they never can be reconciled to them. If they have honestly made the attempt, and failed, we have nothing further to urge, but leave them to elegant English,—and the Calvary of Cumberland. As to Spenser, the difficulty in reading him is merely fanciful. If any one sees him for the first time in these extracts and can be content without knowing more of him, we can only say that we are sorry "the gods have not made him poetical."

We have here some half dozen pages, leaving out quotations, upon Spenser. This is a summary way, truly, of treat-

ing upon the author of the Faery Queene and of so many beautiful minor poems, and upon him, whom Mr. Hazlitt calls 'the most poetical of all the poets.' Though the remarks are very general, yet they are for the most part in good taste. After mentioning what he considers the best parts of the Faery Queene, he says, upon the objections urged against it on account of the difficulty of comprehending the allegory;

'But some people will say that all this may be very fine, but that they cannot understand it on account of the allegory. They are afraid of the allegory, as if they thought it would bite them: they look at it as a child looks at a painted dragon, and think it will strangle them in its shining folds. This is very idle. If they do not meddle with the allegory, the allegory will not meddle with them. Without minding it at all, the whole is as plain as a pike-staff. It might as well be pretended that we cannot see Poussin's pictures for the allegory, as that the allegory prevents us from understanding Spenser.' p 74.

Mr. Hazlitt has a good deal of this off-hand, cavalier way of treating those who differ from him. We wish it was never more out of place than in the present instance. The answer is certainly as good as the objection deserves. But if any are not satisfied with it, we must again reply, that be the allegory ever so hidden, the world of prodigal beauties that lie about it and over-hang it will take off all sense of toil in searching it out; and the way lies along by many a shelter from the dust and sun, where the traveller

"—feeds upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
Which through the trembling leaves full gentle playes."

To the very mistaken charge, which we have more than once heard made of want of strength and passion in Spenser, Mr. Hazlitt truly replies,

'But he has been unjustly charged with a want of passion and of strength. He has both in an immense degree. He has not indeed the pathos of immediate action or suffering, which is more properly the dramatic; but he has all the pathos of sentiment and romance—all that belongs to distant objects of terror, and uncertain, imaginary distress. His strength, in like manner, is not strength of will or action, of bone and muscle, nor is it coarse and palpable—but it assumes a character of vastness and sublimity seen

through the same visionary medium, and blended with the appalling associations of preternatural agency. We need only turn, in proof of this, to the Cave of Despair, or the Cave of Mammon, or to the account of the change of Malbecco into Jealousy.' pp. 80, 81.

Let us add the house of Care, for force of description, though there is something in it to make us smile;—the scene of horror and darkness, and dreadful noises through which Guyon voyages to the Bowre of Blis,—the description of Errour at the very opening,—and the 'salvage man,' of whom it is said,

> "For other language had he none nor speach,
> But a soft murmure and confused sound
> Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach
> T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach;"

whose strange poetical uncouthness brings Caliban to mind.

Though it be true that 'Spenser seldom makes us laugh or weep,' his Mother Hubberd's Tale is a most delightful and pleasant satire, and keeps a smile about the mouth all the time we are reading it. We are affected in the same way, though in a less degree, by his Braggadocio, a fellow something between Pistol and Parolles,—a lossel base; and Guyle too, he that 'us'd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,' comes nigh to making us laugh when he escapes from the hand of Artegall by changing from a bird to a 'hedgehogge.' The whole account of Malbecco in search of his wife, which Mr. Hazlitt refers to, is extremely ludicrous. His uxoriousness leading him into dangers which his cowardice makes him tremble at, every joint of him, renders him altogether a most pitiable, yet diverting object.

It may seem singular, yet we are hardly willing to call Spenser's poetry fairy-land, or to say that we wander in another world among ideal beings. True it is, 'he takes and lays us in the lap of a lovelier nature, by the sound of softer streams, among greener hills and fairer vallies. He paints nature, not as we find it, but as we expected to find it, and fulfils the delightful promise of our youth.' And it is just so,—the grass is of a fresher green, the fruit hangs heavier, and of a brighter gold, and the harvest is fuller,—the sky of a richer glow, and the clouds more beautiful; but we feel as if on the same earth still, only in a region more fair than we had before visited. The females are not precisely such as those we meet with at tea-parties, nor the men just like those

we talk with upon business and politics on exchange. But when romantic boys, we fancied ourselves very much such heroes, and she that our imaginations bodied forth, and our hearts loved with earnest constancy,–she that suffered with us in disappointments and sorrows of our own creation, and looked happy when a brightness broke out on us in the close,—was no less beautiful than Florimel, nor less fond than Britomart. Spenser has described nature so truly, placed his actors in the midst of scenery so like that which surrounds us, only a little more beautiful than we with our every day eyes can see it, has scattered through it so much of gentle and kind hearted reflection and sentiment, that we forget that all is so unreal, and feel a good deal relieved when the Red-crosse knight kills the Dragon.

But it matters little whether this be true or not, whether he gives us this impression of reality, or whether his strange forms, iron-toothed dragons, and lighted castles seem to us as mere things of air. If we would fill ourselves with poetry in all its nativeness and beauty, in all its richness and plainness, gorgeousness and simplicity, we must study Spenser. Not to speak profanely, the Faery Queene should be to the poet, what his bible is to the christian. Milton must have read Spenser continually; compare the description of Errour, with that of Sin, and the voyage of Guyon, with that of Satan through Chaos. How many, too, of those words and phrases which he has used, and which are forever sounding in our ears and filling our hearts and minds with undefined sensations and beautiful images, may be followed home to this work!

That Mr. Hazlitt should bring the description of Lechery against Mr. Southey's character of Spenser,—

> "————Yet not more sweet
> Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise;
> High priest of all the Muses' mysteries!"—

can be accounted for only by the sort of fatality which he seems to labour under of attacking, on all occasions, what some call the Lake school; unless we find a worse reason in a proneness of character, which we are unwilling to suppose. There are, no doubt, passages in Spenser, which taken apart, might put toys into young imaginations; but we should think that there was little harm remaining to be done to that mind which could read them in connexion with others, and having

in view their intent, yet find in them incitements only to loose thoughts. The objects first met with on the way to the Bowre of Blis, which in another man might work evil, partake so much of the abstract sense of beauty, in which Spenser's mind seems so full and exquisite, that they do not affect us as creatures of flesh and blood, but forms beautifully pictured within the poem. Spenser is indeed the *Palmer*, who will carry us safely through all such dangers if we do not wish our own wreck; but we fear, from much that Mr. Hazlitt lets fall, that being no Sir Guyon, he may be stranded. We must not forget what is before us. We have something to say of others beside Spenser, that inspired infant, as we have heard him beautifully called.

It is scarcely necessary to make general remarks upon Shakspeare or Milton. They are present with every one, and as their characters are as fixed as they are well known, we shall pass by them now, and go forward to those that the world is hardly yet agreed about. We admire to have to do with matters in dispute, it gives us a side, and makes us of some little importance. Were it not for our haste, we should stop to say a word upon Mr. Hazlitt's character of Satan, and a good deal more upon that of Hamlet. They are *both* old favourites of ours, particularly the last, in whom our interest has been quite as deep, almost from boys, as was his for Horatio.

We have been a good deal puzzled to ascertain what Mr. Hazlitt's notions of poetry are. At one time neither mere description of natural objects, nor mere delineations of natural feelings, constitute it; but there must be imagination and passion, and an uneasy, restless sense of beauty, which must be relieved by connecting itself with other images of beauty and grandeur, and these be thrown off, and come floating before us accompanied by sounds that change and harmonize with them. The words, too, must be as pictures to our minds. This, and more is true. But presently he overtakes a man who has few or none of these qualities,—he is extremely intimate with him all of a sudden, and straightway turns round and contradicts all he had said before, and falls to abusing those who had gone peaceably along with him from the time he started. He seems to have a new matter in hand, and to have no very clear idea of what he is to do with it. Of course it is worked into a variety of forms, and put to very odd uses. He is a

sort of Gonzalo, in poetry, and the latter part of his commonwealth is forever forgetting the beginning.

Thus when he comes upon Pope, the doors are shut, the curtains dropt, and the chandeliers lighted up at once.—How brilliant and fascinating every thing and every body appears! The essence of roses, Lady Mary, is surely a much finer perfume than that of the rose unexpressed. And those perennial flowers, too, that give such a dazzling brightness to the eyes—blooming in a light where nothing withers, but all is warmed! How much happier in their lot than those that perish under the oppressive sun!—He sees not, nor cares that they are made of paste and rags, so that he can talk of them in taffeta phrases, silken terms precise.—They are quite natural, too, upon my word!—Yes, the crackling, ill-savoured things, as like to an honest out-o'-door flower, as Pope is to a true poet.

It is not because Pope has chosen to write so much upon manners and fashions,—upon what is called the artificial, that many nowadays deny that he is strictly a poet. No matter what the subject, a poetical mind will work its character into it. Shakspeare is a poet every where and in all companies. Whether he argues or moralizes, is witty or sentimental, there is a poetical atmosphere over him, and all that belongs to him takes a tone from it. The same thing may be said (we speak generally) of Cowper, Burns, and Crabbe. Pope never touches the heart, and never fires the passions, nor bursts with a glory over our heads. He is witty and sensible, and often moralizes well, but these do not constitute poetry, though they may all in their turn serve as materials for it to work upon. He is very gay upon fashionable follies, and exceeding dexterous in setting out a toilet; but he associates these with no poetical images or impressions, and never sends the mind abroad by suggestions to any thing in nature. Even in art, one thing is not, as it were, hinted by another, but is put down directly before us, by a kind of visible, manual accumulation, or set immediately opposite to something else by a laboriously ingenious antithesis. He is always sprightly, however, and it is quite enlivening to see him so briskly at work. The things are well arranged, and there is quite a gay show of ladies and beaux, powdered heads and craped cushions, fans and ruffles, cards and tea-cups, all sorts of essences, washes and perfumery, too, till the senses nigh ache at it. Now

though this is very well so far as it goes, we cannot allow that it does more than touch upon the borders of poetry. Nor do we think it easy to see in it much of good taste; we mean a taste that would discriminate nicely in better things.

As Pope is denied imagination, Mr. Hazlitt would give him fancy; we should rather allow him ingenuity. His Rape of the Lock is cited. A good deal of it is parody, the machinery borrowed, and the beings used in it are as old as our language, but have been described much better many times before. Drayton's Nymphidia is a good instance of the combination of the ludicrous and poetical, to explain our meaning. Take as a closer instance, the fairies in Midsummer-Night's Dream fanning the moon-beams from the eyes of honest Bottom with the wings of painted butterflies—warring with bats—all their offices and their language, bring before you little poetical beings, of forms as delicate as the soft air they play in. They are not tied up to the leading object and kept close about it, as in Pope, but are seen playing among flowers and silver dewdrops, or just coming into sight through the moonlight, with some trophy of their skill and spirit. Yet the main purpose is never forgotten, or unnecessarily delayed.

But the English Moralist, as he is called, has produced one poem, at least, in which Mr. Hazlitt thinks 'the tears shed are drops gushing from the heart: the words are burning sighs breathed from the soul of love.' And can Mr. Hazlitt come from reading the old poets, or those of this day, and take up the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, and feel his eye moisten or his heart move? We are angry with no man for his bad taste, but it is something more serious when he can come directly before the face and eyes of the Lady and Gentleman auditors of the Surrey Lectures, with an intimation of the grossest sort, and in language so warm upon a poem that no man would dare to write at this day. In this instance, as in most others, bad morals taint the taste, and Pope has contrived to produce a work as marked for false passion and false sentiment, as it is for the disgusting nature of the subject. It is not made up of sudden bursts of passion, breaking upon us with a fearful power, and then sinking us in grief till we "pour out our hearts like water." General reflections are continually brought in, remarkable for nothing but their being perfectly cool and wholly out of place, and apostrophes of Eloisa to herself, her hand, pen, ink, and paper, complain-

ing, very reasonably too, that they should have any thing to do with writing such a letter. If an oyster were supposed to make an address to his shell, for shutting him up, we should be quite as much moved by his speech, we have not the least doubt. There is a perpetual toiling to bring in circumstances antithetically, and the arrangement appears just as obvious as in his once famous parallel between Homer and Virgil, which must give an impassioned cast to the poem, indeed. Here and there we find a passage which comes very nigh to passion, but is ruined by an unmeaning word, or a mighty ingenious conceit. We do not cite the following as an instance.

> "See in her cell sad Eloisa *spread*
> Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead."

We will pass by the word *spread*. There is a great plenty of such indefinite language. She watches "the dying lamps around." A voice from a shrine summons her to prepare for death. She bursts out into the following rhapsody:

> "I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
> Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers."

This is certainly unequalled, except, perhaps, by the following passage in Windsor-Forest. Pope being almost overcome by his state of violent poetical excitement, cries out,

> "Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
> Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
> Bear me, oh bear me to sequestered scenes,
> The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens."

Now, Mr. Hazlitt, this will never do in these days. 'Tis a thousand pities that your personal dislike of certain living poets, should so warp your judgment of the dead. Mr. Hazlitt remarks,

> 'His Satires are not in general so good as his Epistles. His enmity is effeminate and petulant from a sense of weakness, as his friendship was tender from a sense of gratitude. I do not like, for instance, his character of Chartres, or his characters of women. His delicacy often borders upon sickliness; his fastidiousness makes others fastidious.' p. 152.

And again speaking of Dryden,

> Mac Flecknoe is the origin of the idea of the Dunciad; but it

is less elaborately constructed, less feeble, and less heavy. The difference between Pope's satirical portraits and Dryden's appears to be this in a good measure, that Dryden seems to grapple with his antagonists, and to describe real persons; Pope seems to refine upon them in his own mind, and to make them out just what he pleases, till they are not real characters, but the mere drivelling effusions of his spleen and malice. Pope describes the thing, and then goes on describing his own description till he loses himself in verbal repetitions. Dryden recurs to the object often, takes fresh sittings of nature, and gives us new strokes of character as well as of his pencil.' p. 157.

There is much truth in all this, though it is severely said. There is a want of richness,—an overflowing and heartiness in his satire, which comes of the same defect of mind that is more apparent in his other productions, because satire can do much better without these, and fortunately for Pope, be very entertaining with little or no poetry. He wants the generous abuse of Swift's, or the moral elevation of Young's and Cowper's satire. It is something little and spleeny. Yet it is dexterous, sensible, keen, and shrewd. His weapons are small, but smooth and sharp, and he is perfect master of them. It is withal very entertaining reading when one is in the humour for it.

Mr. Hazlitt remarks upon the wearisome monotony of his versification, and adds, his 'rhymes are constantly defective, being rhymes to the eye instead of the ear, and this to a greater degree, not only than in later, but than in preceding writers.' He gives from the Essay on Criticism no less than a half score of couplets rhyming to the word 'sense.' It is amusing to run them over. Pope had other favourite words, and choice ones too for poetry—such as "survey," "display," and the like. Take samples of a few.

"Here waving groves a chequer'd scene *display*,
And part admit, and part exclude the day."

"E'en the wild heath *displays* her purple dyes,
And 'mid the desert fruitful fields *arise*."

"New graces yearly like thy works *display*,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay."

"There at one passage, oft you might *survey*,
A lie and truth contending for the way."

"Heav'n scarce believed the conquest it *survey'd*."

"Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope *survey*
At once the chaser, and at once the prey." &c. &c.

"There *purple* Vengeance bath'd in *gore* retires,
Her weapons blunted and *extinct* her fires."

"Here all its frailties, all its flames *resign*."

"Repent old pleasures, and *solicit* new."

"Unequal task, a passion to *resign*."

"Come with one *glance* of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies."

This last is another specimen of the rapturous. The truth is, Pope had no more idea of a poetical language than a Frenchman. His words are never pictures, nor are there ever any poetical attachments or associations connected with them. They move you no more than the sing-song music of his metre. His words are cold abstractions, and there is often a loose, unphilosophical use of them which ought not to be tolerated in prose.

If poetry has a character of its own, and does not mean every thing or nothing to suit Mr. Hazlitt's humour, the way to put at rest Pope's claim to the rank of a poet is to place his best passages by the side of the good ones of the old or living poets. It is quite surprising to see how instantly he is tamed down by it. Take, too, his translation of the Iliad, and compare the best parts with what has been called the bald and naked version of Cowper,—the famous description of night—the meeting of Hector and Andromache,—the description of Polypheme, or indeed any of the better passages of the original, and it will be perfectly clear, how wanting Pope was in the eye or language of a poet.

We have not said half what we wished to say upon this portion of Mr. Hazlitt's book, but we must hurry forward, as we have a word or two for the remainder of it.

It is a narrowness of mind or pride of system which takes from some men a relish for the exercise of the intellect through all its varieties. One, tires and yawns at sentiment, another, recoils from wit as undignified or profane, and puts from him all humour as low buffoonery, wrapt up in the dull dignity of his own importance, which is sure to have all the vulgarity of both without any of their amusement. The man who likes widely, for the most part, likes truly. Confined taste is from some defect in us which weakens our relish and warps our

judgment even of those things we like best. He who has sentiment and humour, is possessed of both, more thoroughly, than he can be of either, who has a feeling but of one. Where we are moved violently, we are moved most strangely. In the deepest grief and through the overshadowings of affliction, images the most grotesque are passing dimly before us; and even in sorrow which seems to have driven out all that is impure from the heart, and made it the dwelling of heavenly visitants, there come into the midst of them unholy thoughts which appear to have been formed without us, and on which we would shut our eyes with loathing and horrour. With all this show of contradiction mocking us in the very sincerity and earnestness of our passions, and with all the changing images and shifting lights of our minds, a singleness of taste, which puts aside every thing that is not modelled to its own fancy, is punished for its warring with nature by being cut off from its varieties. Yet every mind has something which it turns to as its own, and all connected with it is looked on with a peculiar fondness. It has its society of thoughts and feelings which are as old friends to it, and though it may be entertained abroad, these are of its household. Now surely it will not be said,—no matter what their character so they be numerous enough. Minds of the higher order and which have a heart with them, look up to lofty objects—go out over the wide spread of nature, and hang over its simple and lasting beauties. With such, ill humour is not seriousness, nor vain laughter, cheerfulness. They have a moral elevation, and deep and sober sympathies,

> "That steal upon the meditative mind,
> And grow with thought."

Their gaiety has the pure gladness of morning in it, and their associations are with the stable and good.

Allowing something to our mixt natures, such were the old poets and such are those of a later date, compared with those that shone and sparkled in the age of Queen Anne. The early poets did not think to make us more moral by cold teaching, nor to make the corrupt heart sound by ridiculing the fopperies of fashion. They worked with instruments of more power and with mightier hands. They were not little, and brisk, and smart, but of large minds, full and various. They are as another race, of a taller growth and broader

spread, and stand among those who shot up after them, like old oaks among slender and prim poplars, rough, irregular, gigantic and dark. The poets of Queen Anne's time and a little before, were men of wit, and those who had something of decency, now and then talked morals, but hardly felt them. They seemed to write rather for a well drest party of ladies and gentlemen, than for the man of sentiment and genius alone in his study. They were society poets, and looked at little more than the outside of things. Though such men may entertain us for a while, they give no sense of inward satisfaction. They speak truths, but they do not fasten upon us, and we are soon weary of mannered wit. We feel relieved when we have again returned to ourselves, and to what almost make a part of us,—the works of those which tell us what is in our hearts, and help us to see and love the earth on which God has placed us. It is, indeed, a reviving thing to quit London, and "sin and sea coal," as Sir Roger says, for the open country and pure air.

No wonder then that when Thomson appeared he instantly reached that popularity he so well deserved. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, all crowded out of the city to meet him. He was the high priest of nature, and he showed them all her grand and simple works, and taught them to understand and love them. He turned their eyes upward to the moon and the pure stars, and again bade them watch the shifting forms and changing colours of the clouds, as they floated in the sun-light. The green hills and brown mountains, that looked so visionary in the mist, opened upon them, and harts were seen drinking at the water-brooks. They were filled with a strange joy at "the silent looks of happy things," and felt their minds expand by new and far-reaching associations.

> "Here littleness was not; the least of things
> Seemed infinite—"

The old trees on the earth were as their ancestors unto them, and the tall hills and the valleys, and even the smallest things seemed types and figures of eternity. They had the sense of a nobler and kindred nature within them, and wiser and soberer purposes taking root in their minds.

Thomson was undoubtedly one of the first to bring about this wholesome change; and as he made himself in a good

measure independent of the writers of his own day, so did he, too, of those that had gone before him. He must have the credit of great originality. He is said to have copied from the Georgics. That he has made use of them in a few places is true; but it is little to the purpose. Virgil, before him, stole from others, and Milton was a noted thief. Great minds read books as they read things, and do not go to them like children, and the common folk, to get a lesson by rote. If they have the sacred fire of genius, into which all that is thrown, is melted down and comes out fresh cast and new shaped to another mould, it is enough.

The faults of Thomson's style are very obvious. There is scarcely a passage that is good throughout. His diction is cumbrous and overloaded, and you read with a weight upon you which tires you and takes off your attention. He is full of words that should be seen nowhere but in a dictionary, or court letter of compliment. They are forever thrusting their unmeaning faces between you and the picture. We cannot allow Mr. Hazlitt to treat this as a matter of no consequence, and in a manner accidental. He knows that in the English language, at least, there may be as much poetry in a particular word, or in a certain arrangement of common words, as in a set description, and sometimes much more. It is often one word that so strikes our minds that a thousand associations are started and feelings set in motion, which the most laboured circumlocution never could awaken. From this suggestive quality in a poetic use of words, and hints in description, it comes, that after having laid a new work by for some time, particular parts of which we call up with a peculiar delight, if we turn to them again we are disappointed to find how bare they are, and unthronged with beauties, which we expected to meet in them. There is no less power in them, for they gave to our minds that which filled them, and when we shut the book again the same scenery and feelings will return in spite of our momentary disappointment. Neither can we set down this fault in Thomson to what Mr. Hazlitt is pleased to call his easy temper and careless indolence. It appears to us much more laboured and far-fetched than any thing in him. It is harder for a man of genius and good taste, to write tamely or falsely than to write well. Not that Thomson is tame, or lacks poetic diction; we have only said that he is hurt by a bad mixture. He is full of truth and beauty of expression as

well as of what is faulty ; nor does he want for words and phrases that *tell*,—if we may be allowed the term. We chance to recall the following specimen of his bad style. Speaking of winter sports in the North :

> "Eager on rapid sleds,
> Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
> The long-resounding course. Meantime to raise
> The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
> Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames
> Or Russia's buxom daughters glow around."

This is as watery and showy as the thin and gaudy colours which are duly set in an apothecary's bow-window. There is nothing beyond it, unless it be our standing toast,—"the American fair"—or, "the fair daughters of Columbia."

Another fault is a half way personification of things and abstract qualities, by which the plain sense is lost,—no image presented to the eye, and so indistinct and confused a state produced in the mind, that if not very careful, we shall read without any clear notion of what we are about. We do not say that this happens very often; it is surprising that it should at all. It would seem to be a fault reserved for men, who not being blessed with poetical powers, take upon them to despise plain prose.

One thing more, which we urge somewhat doubtingly as a fault,—and which at any rate grows out of an excellence,—is an over accumulation in describing. We are filled almost to repletion, and a stagnation takes place. He crowds his descriptions and images into the mind so fast that there is no time to look at them, or give them their proper places, so that after reading a few pages, it is hardly possible to recall his scenes—we must go back to the book again and take them one by one. We do not carry them about with us in our memory and call them up when in a musing mood. He has given us a kind of poetical map of the world, only there are wanting a few deserts, a little terra incognita, and a wide sweep of an ocean or two. We have such careful and numerous observations upon the clouds, and changes of the air with the seasons, that it almost makes a poetical meteorological table. We have no disposition to make ourselves ridiculous by attempting to be smart upon such a man as Thomson. We leave it to Mr. Hazlitt, to expose himself by contempt towards his

betters. We do not think that this fault runs through the whole of Thomson; he has numerous descriptions with all their circumstances, which lie distinctly upon the mind, and have worn themselves firmly into it.

Another fault which is connected with the foregoing, if it does not cause it, is a want of relief from an almost continuous description, by moral reflections,—we do not mean such as Crabbe's gentle Vicar utters—by often bringing in the heart and mind of man as they might be moved and carried forward by what was presented to them. We are aware that a mere image may be given to the mind so as to excite quite as much feeling and thought as if it came with a moral tagged to it. But Thomson does little more than put us into that pleasurable state, into which we are always brought by looking at nature. When he does throw out remarks, it is ten to one if they are not some sage observations upon affairs of state, which have nothing to do with the main subject, and are generally as much out of place as poetry in a newspaper,—if any thing can be out of place there. There are exceptions enough to all these faults. But his episodes! They are for the most part abominable. We think with Mr. Hazlitt, that he should not have meddled with the story of Ruth. We never can make the bible stories better than they are. It is sacrilege to break in upon the native pathos and patriarchal simplicity of the holy men of old.

We have said thus much upon the faults of Thomson, because Mr. Hazlitt would cover them over, that he might make an impotent attack upon Cowper, with the more sprightliness. There is no need of talking of the excellencies of Thomson, at this day.

It is the easiest thing in the world to criticise one poem by showing how it differs from another, but it is not very philosophical to censure it because of that difference. Because Thomson's views lie over a greater surface than Cowper's generally do, shall we forget how close Cowper's are to nature, how beautiful, and sunny, and what a "summer feeling" they send to the heart? Indeed this difference, for which Mr. Hazlitt praises Thomson so much,—is oftentimes his fault. His scenery is too apt to be broad and general, with a multitude of things in it, all very beautiful, but no leading object for the eye to rest on, and to which all else in the prospect is subordinate; so that we come away from it, as we have before

said, with an indistinct recollection of something very beautiful, we forget what. We do not think however that narrowness in his description reaches to a fault in Cowper; and if it did, it is hardly for Mr. Hazlitt, just let out from Pope's bandbox of ruffs and caps, to perk about in Cowper's fresh gravel-walks,—and under his colonnade of solemn trees, and complain of want of room and air. Cowper domesticates nature,—the scenes he carries us to are our own homes—the barn yard and the cattle in unrecumbent sadness are ours—we fed the barn-door fowls when we were children, and whittled our bows and arrows under the sunny side of the green hedges. In the midst of all this, our hearts are opened to the kindliest influences, and there are happy emotions within us of a nature gentle as that home feeling, of which we hardly take note till the sick sense of its loss comes over us in a strange land. Mere description is but a part of poetry, and it was because Cowper had so much of the spirit of poetry and breathed it into and over all his objects, that they touch us so deeply and look so beautifully in the light they stand in. And could all this be done without a single, intire love of what he was about? Could a man who 'shakes hands with nature with a pair of fashionable gloves on, and leads "his Vashti" forth to public view with a look of consciousness and attention to etiquette, as a fine gentleman leads a lady out to dance a minuet,' link us so closely to all he sets before us, and make us so familiar with it, too? If there was ever a sincere lover of nature, Cowper was; and it was because of this sincerity that he connected it with his fast attachments, and strongest affections, which were domestic, and made it one of them. Mr. Hazlitt may be resolutely smart, if he chooses, at the expense of his good taste, and we fear, of his better feelings; but we cannot seriously think that he is the man destined to lessen the popularity of Cowper.

Mr. Hazlitt points out a few passages of *general* description, and might find many more near them. Could he read the Time Piece, and not tremble at the mighty power that moves through its vast and terrible scenes? No, even there he would step forth, "the spruce philosopher." Cowper seems in it, as if a holy inspiration had given him a strange power, and he speaks in the language of holy writ. In foretelling destruction to mankind for their sins, he breaks forth,—

" ——or, if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storms,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave; nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs."

His powers are various,—he paints the city quite as well as the country. As a moral censor he has a force, a loftiness, and a proud sarcasm, which are unmatched,—man and his doings are put into his hands. His satires are all plain strength, directness, and acuteness, without one little feeling in them. His language is downright English, and of an energy, closeness, and variety, seldom equalled; and who has ever outrun John Gilpin? This may be old matter, but what would Mr. Hazlitt have more? We could say a great deal more, had we room.

Mr. Hazlitt next speaks of Bloomfield; and it is pleasant to find a modest man of so much merit introduced into such respectable company. He is now relieved from the excess of praise and ridicule, both equally harmful, which for a while was thrown upon him. Some were in admiration, not at his poems, but that a shoemaker should write verses. But a single circumstance, however extraordinary, in time ceases to be a wonder, and so the shoemaker and his works were forgotten by them. Those that ridiculed him, did it for the very reason that others praised him, and as the same timely end, for the same cause, comes equally to ridicule as to admiration, he soon passed from the minds of these also. He is a poet of humble pretensions, but of a certain placid tenderness, and many native beauties. With that proper sense of his own powers which almost always waits on merit, how would he turn from the gross flattery of Mr. Hazlitt, which places him by the side of Crabbe. It is not a part of our duty to find reasons for another man's opinions, but uncertain as Mr. Hazlitt's taste is, it cannot be that which led him to a decision so preposterous.

Some very good reasons are given by Mr. Hazlitt, why uneducated genius does not succeed as well in a polished age as in earlier and ruder times. But the poetry of the present day certainly contradicts his conclusion, 'that all that the ambition of the highest genius can hope to arrive at, after the

lapse of one or two generations, is the perfection of that more refined and effeminate style of studied elegance and adventitious ornament, which is the result, not of nature, but of art;' and that, 'in fact, no other style of poetry has succeeded, or seems likely to succeed, in the present day.' On the contrary, the poets of this day, and those who were alive yesterday, have most of them been travelling up the heights on which the old poets dwelt, and from which those of the Augustan age, as it is styled, had descended low enough. They are carrying up with them, too, the taste of the public, which in this seems to let drop all the 'adventitious ornaments,' fastidious refinements, and unmeaning restraints, with which more polished society is too much cumbered. As we, upon the whole agree with Mr. Hazlitt in his general remarks here, and are unwilling to be at points with him all the time, we will pass by Crabbe at present, to say that we like very much the observations on love of the country. They not only discover much ingenuity, but soundness, and are written with a simplicity and feeling which he seldom shows. The subject seems to absorb him so much, that he, for once, quite forgets himself. It is too long to extract entire, and too closely connected to be broken up.

The observations at the beginning of the sixth lecture on the idiomatic prose style are very correct, and so are those, in part, upon the Johnsonian style, as it is called. But the Doctor, when his heart was in his subject, uttered himself in rich harmony of sound, which rose upon the ear, and then died away like a full organ note. His words are often highly poetical, shedding out sentiment, and there is a deep and awful tone of thought over his language, which makes us feel all the solemnity of him who uttered it. His style, though apparently artificial, was probably the natural one of such a mind. And it is when his mind acted in its full vigour, that it comes sounding out, as we should listen expecting it from such a source. When he goes exhausted to his work, it is laboured and unwieldy, his words all grow to an unusual length, and are unmeaning and tiresome. He has suffered from a host of wretched imitators, because his was so much easier of imitation, than that infinitely better style, the natural idiomatic English. They have stolen all his faults; but as they did not chance to possess themselves of his intellect, they have unluckily missed of his excellencies.

Where we agree with Mr. Hazlitt, we leave him to his readers, with few or no remarks. His character of Swift's mind and writings, shows a right understanding of that wonderful and singular man. It is high praise, but not too much. Indeed, it would be a difficult thing to say too much of him.

Notwithstanding there seemed to be but one opinion upon the genius of Swift, and every body was reading him, and thinking upon what he had written,—and you were constantly hearing, "as Swift says," from every one's mouth,—it was but the other day, that a distinguished character on the other side of the water, undertook to tell the world that it had all along been quite out, in its judgment of that man,—that to be sure he was a very entertaining companion, and clever and witty withal, but that he had been thought a good deal too much of, had taken great airs upon himself in consequence of it, and that it was high time he was put down. Now, though this must have struck every one as quite singular, and made people ask whether any body could seriously set about ruining a character so long and well established, yet it was done with so much confidence and smartness,—and taking folks by surprise too,—that it was said, a good many began to have some suspicions that all was not quite right in Mr. Swift. A state of doubt is an exceedingly uneasy one, especially if the multitude do not doubt with us. So to relieve themselves, those who were startled by what they had heard, began with not giving Swift,—'good day;' and when his back was turned, would shake their heads, look sidewise at him, whisper those next to them, and by their givings out, such as "we could if we would," and so forth, at last contrived, as we were told, to have him received with great coldness wherever he went, and in the end fairly shut out from nearly all the good company he had been in the habit of keeping. Many in this country, who had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with him, no sooner heard what had happened to him in London and Edinburgh, than one, as weak as the rest, but a little more honest, said, well, I declare, who would have thought it; I always considered that Swift a very first rate fellow, and with all his coarse jokes, a gentleman at heart, and of very good breeding. He never said a dirty thing because of his ignorance of what was proper, and many's the hearty laugh I have had with him. Now do you think so, indeed? says another. Upon

my word, though I never thought him wanting in good sense, I always took him for a vulgar fellow, and only bore with his jokes, that I need not hurt the feelings of those who seemed to relish them. For my part, I am glad he is run out. Another affected an utter ignorance of him, and looking you full in the face, would ask you with consummate composure,—Of whom were you speaking? Swift, I think you said? Swift, was it not? Pray who is this Swift, that they are making all this noise about? There was one man,—a very great personage,—a distinguished literary and scientific character, who was quite honest in this, and no doubt uttered the truth when he, in the most solemn manner, declared that he had never seen or heard of such a person as Mr. Swift.

People should be careful lest they be over hasty in shaking off one who may be suddenly cast down from fortune, for should he chance to rise again and become, perhaps, something more than our equal in worldly prosperity, it would really be a little embarrassing to meet him in his golden day and have him put out his hand and wish us cheerfully 'good morning.' We have been credibly informed that matters did not go quite so hard with Swift as was stated,—that he continued through the whole affair to keep the very best company, though for a night or two his levees were not so crowded as usual, and that he is now more than ever a general favourite, and quite the go, as the phrase is. We gave full credit to this account, and had we questioned it for a moment, Mr. Hazlitt's praising him so highly would have cleared away our doubts, for in our opinion, he is not a man to commit himself by well speaking of those who are at odds with the world. We make this known to our friends that they may be prepared to receive Mr. Swift, as every gentleman should be received.

Swift's satire differs from that of Pope, not only in appearing to throw itself off from a full mind without effort, but in its manly character. He seems honestly conscious of his own merits and powers, but does not write like one fretted at their poor rewards. It would rather seem to be the world's heartlessness,—mean selfishness,—its great sin,—and littleness, cheating it into respect, through much bustling and many words, which acting on a mind of large views, hating hypocrisy and longing for the workings of strong passions, had hurt it where it was most sensible, and forced it to find a

relief in making a mockery of all it had secretly held most dear. For the disappointments of those feelings which lie deepest, and out of which spring up the wildest beauties of the imagination, will either break down a sensitive mind or turn all that is best in it into bitterness or scorn. It becomes angry with itself for its shortsightedness and folly, and finds its revenge in sneering at the world's weakness and feeling it to be greater than its own. This is not christianity, but, we fear, it is humanity. It becomes evil almost to rankness, yet it may have had its root among some of our highest virtues.

Though it may sometimes be the self-satisfaction of correctness, which censures weakness, still it is not well to confound the one with the other by seeking excuses for errour. Yet in reading of the sufferings and melancholy deaths of the two females who loved Swift with such depth of passion, there presses upon the mind a disposition to find something to extenuate his conduct, and instead of cursing him, we are moved to pity him. He held the world so lightly, that he scorned letting it see what was good in him. He thought it without feeling, was mortified that he should himself feel while in it, and made jest at his own heart and the hearts of others. When in the midst of this coldness and abstraction, he at last met with a being that loved him, it was like coming out of death into life, and that vague but intense desire—which knows not its own purpose—to make sure to ourselves how strong a hold we have in the heart of another, took full possession of him. He went on, little thinking in the outset to what it was leading him, torturing not from cruelty, but because in seeing the sufferings and workings of another, he felt with more and more certainty with what a passion he was loved. Then again the recollection of his estrangement from the world would make him ashamed of what he thought a weakness;—he would throw it from him,—and those who were fitted to open his heart and make him a better man, sunk away under the sufferings that he inflicted on them, and left him alone, dissatisfied with himself and impatient of the world, till the sense of all things was lost to him, and his mind went out in dreary vacuity. It is not for us to judge hardly of a mind that so perishes. What would have been another man's vice, was, perhaps, his disease.

We have been led unwarily from our purpose, and feel little

disposition to return to it now. We will make one short remark, however, and that is, that Swift's satire differs from Pope's, and is superior to it, in bringing his scenery and images poetically before you, and in now and then having a picturesque appearance. Some may say that the Dunciad has the same character. It is quite a different thing, and in those parts which probably would be cited, is little else than travesty. We must close here with Swift. We are sorry for it.

Collins' fame is well established, and his character understood, notwithstanding Johnson would have made the world as insensible to his merits as he himself was. About Gray we still hold disputes. He is no favourite with Mr. Coleridge, we believe, and there is some truth in the remark that his personifications sometimes depend more upon the capital letter which they begin with, than any property they possess, to produce the effect of an image upon our minds. They would have stood but a poor chance of distinction in the pages of some old books where every noun is complimented in the same way. Gray certainly often deceived himself and his readers into the belief, that they were in the midst of a poetical scenery and a crowd of imagery, when all, in fact, was general, undefined and confused to the eye. There was a talk of a multitude of things, but no reality. Yet there is a tender and sentimental moralizing, which is pleasant and good for us. And though he has stolen more than any other man who has written so little, and has sometimes injured what he stole, still there is often a highly poetical character, and a taste and richness in his epithets and combinations.

Mr. Hazlitt says of the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eaton College," though mechanical, 'it touches on certain strings about the heart that vibrate in unison with it to our latest breath. No one ever passes by "Windsor's stately heights," without thinking of Gray.'

We can hardly believe that Gray's Pindaric Odes are generally given up at present, and we think with him and Beattie, and against the opinion of Mr. Hazlitt, that the Elegy is not his greatest production. We had much rather have written the Bard. It required another and a much higher order of mind. It is a poem of vast and awful conception, and is sustained with terrible energy. There is nothing of conceit in the startling abruptness of the opening,

but it is in perfect agreement with the state of superstitious dread, which was the only kind of terrour fitted to move the bold and barbarous minds of that age. The situation of the Bard, and then again of Edward and his army, opens as wild, dark and grand a scene, as ever lay before us. It is not made out by nice delineations, or a multiplying of particulars,—but one or two grand, leading circumstances, told to us in close and energetic and at the same time picturesque language, turn our light imagination into a gloomy and awful region of bare and rough mountains, wandered over by giant forms.

"Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance."

It is in vain to say that any other than a mind of lofty poetical conceptions could have so imagined and expressed this. There are instances in the Bard of the faults we just now mentioned; but all and more than we have said, or have time to say, is due to it as a whole. To his character and to his prose writings Mr. Hazlitt has done justice. We have still better authority to the merits of his letters; for Cowper somewhere says, that "they have all the wit, without any of the ill nature of Swift's." He is almost the only man of whom it can be said, his wit alone makes the heart better.

We should not have said thus much of Gray—and we have been able to do no more than hint an opinion—were not his situation singularly unfortunate. Those who call themselves of the school of genuine English poetry, say that he is not of them,—that he wants truth and closeness of description, for the eye to dwell upon and run over its parts,—that he is too vague,—that he does not seem to be in love with nature and the character of his fellow men—that he studied these too little, and books too much. There is some truth in this, but it is carried too far; and those of the present day, who are so inveterately natural, are in some little danger of putting nature herself to school. They have looked at nature closely, but rather too much in one aspect, and with a set of

feelings and associations that want variety. And when a mind, without doubt poetical, works in a way differing from their rules, they shut it out from their number. They are wrong in this, and we think them far from right in the sweeping clause of excommunication against Gray, with all his faults. Perhaps, however, this treatment towards him was to be expected from such men. But, surely, it was a matter of surprise, that those who are not of the vulgar—who never soil their shoes in muddy lanes or in the wet grass, of a morning—who make mouths at their mother tongue, and have only "fed on the dainties that are bred in a book,"—should turn their backs upon a man who was as classical and fastidious as heart could wish—who "spoke scholarly and wisely," and was always in his very best apparel. We can give no reason for it, unless it was that the true native genius of English poetry was easily discovered through these disguises. We think it was; and for this, we like him, and for this he should fare better with the English school. Though Milton's learning was the occasion of some faults of manner, he had a mind strong enough to bear up under it, and put it all to use. Gray would have been a better poet had he been less of a scholar.

Of Goldsmith's poetry Mr. Hazlitt has said rather too much; but he has made up for it by saying nothing of his 'Good Natured Man.' Why it is not a stock play we cannot imagine. It is one of the easiest and most entertaining of modern comedies in the reading, and we should think in every way adapted to the stage. Cumberland's affected interest and condescending pity for Goldsmith is quite ludicrous. He could not have written such a play, if he had worked his pen and fingers both to the stump. But the popularity of Goldsmith's two principal poems, was owing more to the time in which they appeared, than to their intrinsic merit. It was the recoil from art to nature, from artifice to simplicity. There are a great many feeble lines in them. There is seldom one at which you stop on account of something peculiarly poetical. He has many of those words, too, which we have complained of in Pope. He produces the effect, however, which a kind hearted man always will, who is not afraid to express himself as is natural to him. You love him, and are pleased with yourself and every body about you. Some of his scenes were new in poetry in his

day, and are given with truth and feeling. But his fame must rest mainly on his two plays and his Vicar of Wakefield. It would be well for many others had they so good foundations.

Mr. Hazlitt's criticism upon Burns is in very good taste, excepting in the manner. Few who read Burns, we think, could object to any part of it, except the doubts expressed as to the merits of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" nor need he have given us the whole of Tam o'Shanter, nor so much of the Cotter's Saturday Night, to prove the truth of his remarks. It is rather too barefaced book-making.

We wish more had been said upon the old Ballads. As Mr. Hazlitt has the good taste to like them, and his book has been generally read in this country, it might have put people upon reading them who, we fear, now know very little about them.

We must end here with the dead poets. Imperfect as Mr. Hazlitt's enumeration and notice of them are, we have only been able to make a few passing remarks upon a part of those he speaks of. It is a subject much too full and varied to be well treated hastily, or in a small compass. It is painful parting from them, even after so short a talk with them. Thinking of them in the order in which they lived, and seeing them drop off from us one after another, throws a funereal sadness over the train, and we feel as if all nature was going down into the tomb. The low grass and the small flowers which were as a feeling to them while they lived, have come and taken root by their graves, and the tall trees have grown up by them and spread their dark shadows over them—the stream sends forth a sound of mourning as it passes by—the sun takes his farewell there, and the stars of night look down and talk with their spirits there. The whole earth was theirs while living, and now that they are dead, their tomb is the place,

> "Where all the perfumes and precious things
> That wait upon great nature are laid up."

When we think of men shut up in darkness, who once gave a new and peculiar being to all things, to whom there was a gladness in the flower, who saw a beauty and spirit in what was common, unnoticed earth to us, and whose soul mixed with every thing that grew and moved,—outwards things begin to droop about us, and our hearts sink down in the

midst of the sad decay. Yet this is but a passing feeling, for as they lived in the minds and passions of their fellow-men and were kindred with nature, they will still go along with us to the last, and have an existence and presence in all that we see. The recollection that they lived so many ages back, in times that are dark and undefined to us, when society was so different, and the very earth scarcely looked as it now does, and that they are best able to lead us through the obscurity, and are just as we are in all that we value or love in human nature, brings them nearer to us than if they were of yesterday. The great distance we pass over, and the unknown and fearful objects lying between us, make their resemblance strike us with the more force, and they become more fixed in our minds and take a firmer hold on our affections. It is like the sound of our own language in a strange land. We do not consider them as other men of whom we read, for such are but a part of history; but we take up the works of these, and are let at once into their secret thoughts and affections; they make us merry or serious with them, show us all they have seen, and tell us all that they like and all that offends them. And what makes this feeling of intimacy so distinct in us is, that we go to them when we are tired of other men's talk, and wish to be alone; so that they become as a part of ourselves, and there is no sound in their communion with us, but it is in our very hearts. What engaged their thoughts has little concern with worldly temptations, or the perplexing cares of life. It has to do with our moral and intellectual being apart from outward troubles, and by teaching us to look beyond the notice of society for our enjoyments, and higher than its honours for our rewards, begets in us peace of mind, and a true but just self-estimation, which will carry us right onward in youth and be the support and glory of our old age. It is like Cambina's cup—

> ——"a drinck of soverayne grace,
> Devised by the gods for to asswage
> Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase,
> Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage;
> Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
> It doth establish in the troubled mynd."

We are quite tired of discoursing in the very general way that we have been obliged to do, upon the old poets: and as we

have not room to be more particular upon the living, we shall close with a very few remarks, hoping to have other opportunities to take them up at large.

We feel no disposition to profane the passage with which Mr. Hazlitt begins this portion of his labours, by making the application of it which he has done. To come immediately from those who lived after Milton into the society of the poets of this day, with the following quotation upon our lips, would savour a little too much of bad taste, self-sufficiency, and a want of good feeling.

> "No more of talk where God or Angel guest
> With man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
> To sit indulgent."

The living poets should take it kindly of Mr. Hazlitt, that he makes so many consolatory reflections in the introduction to his dissertation upon them, relative to the denial of its proper reward to living merit. He has elsewhere said that the world is a spurner of living and a patron of dead merit; and lest his assertion should prove false he has done all in his power to make it true. It was frank in him, too, to confess that he could not speak of them with the same confidence as of the dead, as he had not the sanction of posterity for his opinion. For our own parts, we had never suspected Mr. Hazlitt of a want of confidence at any time. It seems we were mistaken. We shall go on then without particularly regarding the remarks of a man who, it appears, can have no decided opinion of his own. We do not feel the same timid anxiety as to our future critical reputation that he does. We are willing to form our opinion of the living poets as well as we can, upon our own notions of what good poetry is, apart from what may be said of them hereafter. We have this to make us the more bold, which perhaps Mr. Hazlitt cannot take to himself, that if they are by and by laughed at, we shall scarce live to a share of the ridicule.

Of Mrs. Hannah More, Mr. Hazlitt says, 'she is another celebrated modern poetess, and I believe still living. She has written a great deal which I have never read.' There is something very condescending in all this. But we hope that Mrs. More's reputation does not rest on her poetry. She is a very vigorous prose writer, and her principles are lofty and severe. We should advise Mr. Hazlitt to read her. Mrs.

Edgeworth, it is true, is not a poet—we dislike the feminine termination of this noun—nor can she share, if she would, in the very flattering praise which is given to Mrs. Barbauld. Mr. Hazlitt cannot make compliment to her by saying, 'She is a very pretty poetess; and, to my fancy, strews the flowers of poetry most agreeably round the borders of religious controversy.' We have no inclination to quarrel with this commendation. We think it just what it should be.—Mrs. Radcliffe and Madame D'Arblay, or as we like to call her, Miss Burney, are noticed, though not of the Nine. Mr. Hazlitt must have read Mrs. Edgeworth, and had he no place for her in his lectures? We have said elsewhere what we thought of her system-making in education, but we ventured notwithstanding to call her the first woman of the age, while Madame de Stael was yet living.

As we have before been so full upon Lord Byron and Moore, we shall pass them by now. We have not a word to say for the "Pleasures of Memory;" but it is painful to meet with so gross and unfeeling an attack, as is here made upon Mr. Rogers, when it is recollected that he is alive to read it. Campbell must not be so given up. His "Pleasures of Hope" was more popular for a long time than it deserved to be. Every body was quoting or reciting it. The good and the bad went equally well, for there is an affluence of loud sounding epithets and compounds. The passions and abstract qualities of the mind are all personified, no matter how, and no one stopped to inquire, for poetry was not then read with the critical eye that it now is. There is a great deal of what is styled elegant language, such as answers a good purpose at a morning's call, or on like important occasions, when, if we are careful to be genteel enough and duly interested in what is going on, it is no matter if we do chance to be a little indefinite or unmeaning in what we say,—we shall still pass for "very accomplished."

These faults are much more frequent in the "Pleasures of Hope," than in Campbell's later poems. He was a young man when he produced that work, and his subject was unfortunately selected. As little is expected from a work with such a title as from a prize poem. Notwithstanding its serious failures in taste, there is an energy and an air of eloquence in it—much real eloquence, and many touching passages. There are figures formed in a mind truly poetical, and lines

which any one might be glad to have written. Take the mother who weaves a song of melancholy joy over her sleeping boy,—the maniac girl who lights the pile of fagots on the steep of the shore to guide her lover home from sea,—the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, the closing line of which should almost save a poem,—the sufferings and death of the Swedish soldiery under Charles,—the birth and destination of the soul illustrated by the description of the comet's course,—and the closing address to Hope,—the following passage, too,—

> "Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
> Intrepid virtue looks to thee for power;
> To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
> On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields.
> When front to front the banner'd hosts *combine*,
> Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line;
> When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
> The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
> As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
> The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
> Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
> And hears thy stormy music in the drum."

There is compactness and energy in this. The preparation for closing in fight is given in a fine line, with a deadly fixedness of purpose, and then it warms up and closes with one full of inspiration, and the whole is made visible. It requires a mind poetically vigorous and impassioned, to produce passages like this. We know that poetry has many qualities not found in this extract,—but it is enough for our purpose that it is poetry. When powerful, sudden, and elevated passions become non-essentials in poetry, we will give up Campbell. The faults in this quotation are what are common to him elsewhere in this poem, and are obvious enough. The word "combine" is used very indefinitely, and enfeebles a couplet otherwise remarkably strong and close. We find very bad passages; and the following line is characteristic of his principal fault,—an unwillingness to give a thought simply and out of figure. It was undoubtedly intended for effect:—

> "To Friendship weeping at the couch of Woe."

Now these figures look as if cut out of wood. We doubt

whether there be in Campbell another line so bad as those which we will now give. We suspect that they were pilfered from the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, or the Rape of the Lock,—

"Extatic throbs the fluttering heart employ."

"While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud."

There are like faults in all the places referred to, but neither they, nor the indiscriminate attack of Mr. Hazlitt, are enough to kill his beauties. Campbell's reputation does not rest on his Pleasures of Hope, nor on Gertrude of Wyoming. Both his friends and enemies are in the habit of calling the latter his best work. There are fewer faults in it, than in the former. There is a certain tender emotion produced in reading it, and here and there are rather beautiful descriptions, but it is thin and watery. O'Connor's Child is his glory. His minor poems would be as good, only that they are shorter, and cannot admit of as much variety. O'Connor's Child is perfectly simple; nothing seems got up for effect; it is true, natural pathos, it is wild without any extravagance; the sacred fire of poetry bursts up in full splendour, and blazes through the whole of it with intense heat. If we had room, we would quote. It is well that we have not, for we might, as Mr. Hazlitt sometimes does, give the whole. Lochiel's Warning is full of daring and passion, and the Wizard finely visionary. "Hohenlinden" is remarkable for its scenery, all the stir and spirit of battle, and there is a full fire and roar of cannon kept up from the beginning of the fight, till it dies away in the last melancholy stanza. The "Battle of the Baltic" has all that is in this last, with more variety and novelty of scenery and images, with a delightful mixing in of the old ballad simplicity. As for "Ye Mariners of England," it is sung all over our country, in spite of our politics. Mr. Campbell need not fear;—no narrow system of others in poetry can ever hurt him. Let him but give loose to his genius, and write more stanzas after the same manner with these, and they will all be read together, forever.

If variety of powers in a single mind be accounted genius, who among modern poets shall be placed before Crabbe? We do not mean by this, that certain quickness and aptitude for any thing, no matter what, by which some men perform pretty well whatever they choose to undertake, or like Bunyan's

"Talkative," can discourse you what you will; "will talk of things heavenly or things earthly, things moral or things evangelical, things sacred or things profane, things past or things to come, things foreign or things at home, things more essential or things circumstantial."—This is what we call smartness, or sometimes dignify with the title of talent. But it is rather a misfortune than a blessing to the man who possesses it, and to his neighbours; for he will have an active part in whatever is done or said, yet all that comes from him is, at most, but second best. Yet his versatility astonishes the bystanders. What would he be, could he condescend to devote his powers to a single pursuit! He would be only a second rate man in that. His change is his weakness, a want of a particular bent of mind, arising not from an intense universal love, but a knowing all things superficially, and a caring little for any thing. We mean not that variety of powers which makes a man turn poet, politician, divine, artist, mathematician, metaphysician, chemist, and botanist, with the alterations of fashion or whim, but that by which one feels and sees in all its changes and relations the particular object for which nature seems solely to have made him. And this variety has Crabbe beyond any man since the days of Shakspeare. Reading Shakspeare is studying the world; and though we would not apply this in any thing like its full extent to Crabbe, yet we do not hesitate to say, that such a variety of characters, with the growth and gradual change in each individual, the most secret thoughts, and the course of the passions from a perfect calm to their most violent tossings, and all the humours of men, cannot be found so fully brought together, and distinctly made out, in any other author since Shakspeare and our old dramatists. Nor is this done by a cold anatomical process or anxious repetition. Though every variation is distinctly marked, and made visible to us, there is no appearance of labour, nor are we left standing as mere lookers-on. It is not a dissection of character as has been sometimes said. The men and women are living and moving beings, suffering and acting; we take a deep interest in all their concerns, and are moved to terrour or deep grief, to gaiety or laughter, with them. Nothing but the dramatic form could imbody us more completely in them. Notwithstanding there is such a multitude of characters, and none of them, except Sir Eustace Grey, lying higher than the middle class of society, or engag-

ed in any but the ordinary pursuits of life, yet no repetition is produced.—As in life, some have a general resemblance, but particular differences prevent a flat sameness.

No one is a stronger master of the passions. Peter Grimes, the Patron, Edward Shore, the Parish Clerk,—it is endless to go on naming them,—take hold of us with a power that we have not felt since the time of our old poets, except now and then in Lord Byron. He is quite as good too in playful sarcasm and humour. The bland Vicar, whom "sectaries liked—he never troubled them," moved to complaining by nothing but innovations in forms and ceremonies, who extracted "moral compliment" from flowers, for the ladies, the fire of whose love burnt like a very glow-worm, and who declared his passion with all the uncontrolled ardour of Slender,—who protested to Mistress Ann Page "that he loved her as well as he loved any woman in Gloucestershire,"—the whole story of this once "ruddy and fair" youth, whose arts were "fiddling and fishing," is sustained throughout, and is one of the most delightfully sarcastic and humorous tales ever read. There are the same particularity, clearness, and nice observation in his descriptions, but with no marks of the tool. His scenes are just the very places in which his men and women should be set down, or rather such as they appear to have grown up in from children; so that the occupations of his people, their characters and the scenes amidst which they live, are in perfect keeping with each other, and brought together just as they should be. And this gives a feeling, sentiment, and reality to his description. Where else could Peter Grimes have been placed than where he is?

> "———when tides were neap,—
> There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
> There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
> In its hot slimy channel slowly glide."

But we forget that Peter Grimes, for power and development of character unequalled before or since, even by Crabbe himself, and placed in the midst of scenery painted with an originality and poetry which we have scarce seen before, is shut out by Crabbe's earliest and warmest admirers, the Edinburgh Reviewers, because it was thought necessary to write a dissertation under the title of the word "disgusting," and found convenient to sacrifice him as an example. For an exempli-

fication of their principle, they might as well have taken Macbeth or Iago, for Peter could equally with them cause a poetical dread.—Crabbe's versification has been compared to Pope's. There is very seldom a resemblance. It is easy and familiar, when his subject is so, and rises with it. It is infinitely more varied than Pope's, though not so much broken as Cowper's rhyming verse. His language, strongly idiomatic, has no bad words in it, and is very eloquent and poetic when he chooses.

We do assure Mr. Hazlitt, that if he and master Leigh Hunt undertake to turn such gentlemen as Crabbe into the kitchen, they will soon have the parlour all to themselves. They may amuse each other as much as they like, and admire their own forms and the tie of their cravats, in the full length mirror,—there will be but four of them, Hunt and Hazlitt in the glass, and Hunt and Hazlitt out of it, all equally agreeable.

What with the variety of faces we have seen, and such mixed and continued talking, we feel too much exhausted to say more than a passing word to Mr. Wordsworth. Besides, it is getting quite late, and our readers must be growing as weary as we are. We must take another time, when we can begin fresh, and have the day before us. We hope it will not be long before Mr. Wordsworth will give us such an opportunity, when we shall be glad to visit him and his country friends, to take a seat by him in his retired dwelling "green, to the very door," and "in the plain presence of his dignity," learn to feel a kindred self-respect, and becoming pure through his teaching, have our minds opened to the beauties that make happy thoughts for him.

Mr. Wordsworth, with a mind perfectly original, with an imagination full of forms of beauty and grandeur, and with powers of description unsurpassed by any poet of this age, has such an air of plain truth in telling his stories and giving the characters of those he is speaking of,—puts into the mouths of his personages sentiments so very simple, though elevated, and makes his scenery so like that which we see every where, that we lose the impression while reading him, that we are taken out of the world and reality into the regions of imagination and poetry,—we are wholly absorbed in what we are about in this new state of things, and deluded into all the earnestness with which the concerns of life affect us. When we read

other men, we look at the scenery they are describing, with the sense upon us that it is seen by us through the imagination; but in Wordsworth this is lost, and every thing he shows us appears to the eye with the same distinctness and immediate reality, as if the object itself was directly before us.

It may at first seem strange that the poetical interest should be so deep, where there is so slight a departure from plain experience. It is the change wrought in ourselves that gives it. It is we and the pleasures, the business and desires of life that have been a delusion; we are made to feel a serious concern in what we find in him, and reality itself becomes idle and unimportant. He brings right thoughts and pure wishes into our minds and hearts, clears our dim imaginations, and the poetry of our being becomes its truth. He has formed another creation, but it is one within ourselves—the mountains and valleys, the rivers and plains are the same, and so are the trees and the smaller plants, they are no greener, nor are the clouds passing over them any brighter than before. To our eyes they are the same as when we saw them yesterday; but a new sense is in our hearts, new and delightful relations have grown out from them, running over the earth and twisting themselves about every little thing upon it that has life, and connecting its being with our own. A moral sense is given to all things; and the materials of the earth which seemed made only for homely uses, become the teachers of our minds and ministers of good to our hearts. Here the love of beauty is made religion, and what we had falsely esteemed the indulgence of idle imaginations, is found to have higher and more serious purposes, than the staid affairs of life. The world of nature is full of magnificence and beauty; every thing in it is made to more than a single end. The fruit that nourishes us is fair to the eye, that we may find in it a second and better delight. Lasting and purifying pleasures are awakened within us and happy thoughts and images brought into being. In the luxury of this higher existence, we find a moral strength, and from the riot of imagination comes our holiest calm. It is true that other poets have given this double existence to creation, bestowing a moral and intellectual being upon the material world, but they have done it by hasty suggestions and rapid and short hints, with other purposes in view. Mr. Wordsworth carries us through all its windings,—he touches the strings of our hearts,

and the vibration makes us feel that they rest upon and connect themselves with every thing in nature.

If poetry of this kind has peculiar beauties, Mr. Wordsworth must remember that it is but a small class of society that can see or feel them. He must not be impatient if the larger portion give the name of mysticism to what they were not born to understand. In truth, what one poet sees to be the choicest parts in another, are not what the world at large ever think of turning to. That which is more obvious, and no doubt very good, is what pleases them, and they are gratified with the thought that they have a sense of the whole. Shakspeare is more read than any work except the bible, yet how many understand a tithe of Shakspeare?

No poet since Milton seems so thoroughly imbued with old English and the truly poetical language, as Mr. Wordsworth. There is no affectation in the use of these, or ill sorting of old and modern phrases, but every word comes from him naturally. His versification, though sometimes tame, is for the most part filled with varied harmony. His main fault in his "Excursion" is too much rambling and lengthening out, places, of the sentiments and conversation. A little more compactness in such parts would give them life and energy. This appears to be an accidental, and by no means a frequent fault. Mr. Coleridge's criticism, in his "Life and Opinions," upon Mr. Wordsworth, has more good taste and philosophy in it, than any that has been written upon Mr. Wordsworth, or any other man in modern times. We must except from this, however, his objections to the Pedler. We think that characters enough like him for the purposes of poetry, must have been common in Scotland,—he is in agreement with the scenery, and certainly has an imaginative interest, which it would have been difficult to have given to an accomplished gentleman—a trio of them would have been rather too much.

We regret closing so very abruptly with Mr. Wordsworth, and are no less sorry that we cannot find place for Mr. Coleridge. He is a man of too much originality and genius to be described in a half score of lines.

Though Mr. Hazlitt frequently shows great talent and taste, he is not qualified for the task he has undertaken. In the midst of what is good in him, he mistakes so grossly, that we are led to suspect that he has often picked up his

opinions as well as his words from others, and that when he fails, it is when he relies upon himself. He is in the midst of men of genius in London, where it is no hard thing with a good memory and some smartness, and no conscience about thefts, to put together such a book as this. Of his conduct in life we know nothing; nor if we did should we speak of it, unless we might fairly with praise; neither do we altogether like giving an opinion of a man's secret principles and disposition, from his writings; yet we must say that Mr. Hazlitt appears too loose in the one, and too envious and spleeny, where there is room for it, in the other, to treat with a correct understanding and a right delicacy and truth of feeling and sentiment, upon a subject like poetry which concerns all that is moral and refined and intellectual in our natures. He is much too full of himself to have a sincere love and interest for what is abstractly good and great, and more intent upon displaying his own fine parts, than spreading before his readers the excellencies of others. He is a sort of my Lord Boyet to the Nine,—has "kiss'd away his hand in courtesy" to his lady auditors of the Surrey Lectures, and thinks to be at the top of favour with his fair hearers by effrontery towards his superiors. A dapper gentleman he, who gets upon Parnassus, whips his boots with his rattan, and with a negligent twirl of it, cuts off the flowers smooth by the head.

If an absence of uniformity in style constituted liveliness, Mr. Hazlitt would be a most sprightly writer; for his style is neither the familiar, the classical, the old, nor the new, but a strange mixture of all these. Sometimes a mock dignity, then a sort of contemptuous negligence, and again the tame modern style, which may be called the unmeaning, are met with, and in the midst of this last you will find a fine old English word or phrase, which is about as much in place as a slab of dark rich mahogany set in pine. Lest all this however should not be enough, we are sometimes relieved from the wearisomeness of prose by a sentence of very tolerable blank verse. After all, Mr. Hazlitt shines most in quotations,—"he has been at a great feast of words and stol'n the scraps"—"he has lived long on the alms-basket of words"—we "marvel" the ladies "have not eaten him for a word!" One sentence begins and another ends, and

a third is kept together in the middle,—by quotation. It is a very curious piece of joinery, and well worth the looking at.

These things afford entertainment; but when we reflect upon the manner in which he brings before those who attended his lectures, some of his old acquaintance and their friends, we feel nothing but disgust at him, and doubt of the true refinement of an age in which a polite and well educated audience would allow of such gross personalities. If Mr. Hazlitt is blind to the beauties of the living poets, it is of little consequence to them or to us, but we are offended at the vulgarity of the attack upon the characters of Wordsworth and Coleridge, nor does he rise in our estimation by seeking to make, out of the faults of Burns, a defence for licentiousness, and a rude attack upon a well principled man.

We hope that the English are not losing their reserve, and their reverence of domestic and individual privacy. Strangers who visit them may find it inconvenient, and coarse-minded people rail about it. It is connected with their best feelings, and when they become the mere creatures of society, they will put off that character which has made them respected.

ART. XII.—1. *La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri.* Firenze, 1813.

2. *The Vision, or Hell, Purgatory and Paradise of Dante Alighieri, translated by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A. M. in three volumes,* 1814.

IT is the fate of many of the Italian writers, to enjoy a reputation equally just and splendid in their own country, and to be comparatively little known to the rest of the world. Such has been more peculiarly the lot of Dante, one of the earliest, and if Italians are to judge, by far the greatest of them all. He has received for five centuries the title of Divine, is revered as the father of Tuscan poetry, and many of the most celebrated writers of that school have passed much of their lives in explaining his difficulties and extolling his beauties. Faults, if we may believe the greater part of them, he has none; and the more candid maintain the opin-

ion, expressed by Alfieri in one of his manuscripts, that more is learned from the defects of Dante, than from the beauties of others. With foreign nations, these high claims are not only unacknowledged, but derided. The inscription over the gate of hell, and the stories of Francesca of Rimini and Count Ugolino, are the only parts which have been generally admired; the rest of the Divine Comedy is considered as owing the high character which it has acquired at home, to its obscurity only. Dante has been almost wholly neglected by the French, and though read by several of the English, is mentioned by none as he deserves, and by many with the most general and contemptuous censure. Lord Chesterfield has the candour or the assurance to state, that as he could not understand Dante, by great exertion, he did not believe him to be worth understanding. This we cannot but think is the real opinion of many foreigners; while many more are deterred from the attempt by the bare reputation of the difficulty. This idea of the extreme obscurity of Dante is indeed founded, in some measure, in truth, but principally on the representations of the Italians themselves. The Divine Comedy, as Dante informs us more than once, is an allegory, and his commentators, as might be expected from the nature of the subject, have busied themselves partly in explaining, and partly in creating mysteries. After reading through some of the easier parts, and supposing ourselves in full possession of their meaning, we are told that the larger and better portion remains undiscovered, that the obscurity is the greater because we do not perceive that it exists, because there is not light enough to render the darkness visible. When the commentators have agreed that an explanation is necessary, each proceeds to give his own, and overthrow those of others. We were well acquainted with one now engaged in publishing his lucubrations, who has employed sixteen years solely on this subject, and possesses great natural abilities, and he has declared repeatedly that no person but himself ever completely understood Dante,—Petrarch and Boccacio perhaps excepted. —It is indeed true, that the meaning of the allegory is too faintly disclosed to be discovered with certainty; but why should this deter us from perusing the poem? If we consider its interest heightened by looking beyond the literal meaning, the simplest, most concise, and most obvious interpretation seems in all respects to be the best. But the story

itself is more easy and more interesting, and in this, as in many other fables, it is rather a concern of commentators, than of readers, what mystical meaning we should affix, or whether any, to the simple narration. We read through Homer, and scarcely look at the expositions of the moral said to be involved in his machinery; and are fully satisfied with the pleasure derived from Virgil's description of Hell, without tracing with Warburton its relation to the Eleusinian mysteries, or perplexing ourselves with the insurmountable question respecting the gates of horn and ivory.

Our language possesses a production of a humbler kind, which bears in the character of its general allegory a strong resemblance to Dante's vision;—the Pilgrim's Progress. The complete interpretation of Bunyan's dream is a task, that has baffled the efforts of mature and cultivated minds, while the narrative is the delight of children, in the humblest classes of society. To understand Dante's work, as far as we understand these, requires no uncommon strength of intellect. If the difficulties, arising both from the vocabulary and construction of the Italian language, are greater in him than in the rest of his countrymen, they are so far removed by numerous and valuable annotations, as to exact only an ordinary degree of assiduity. It is surprising that this has not been devoted to him oftener.

Another reason why Dante is so little known to the English especially, is the want of a popular translator. Hoole's versions of Ariosto and Tasso, dissimilar as they are to their simple and concise originals, have contributed in no slight degree to render them objects of general attention, and consequently general admiration. It would be more difficult and more desirable to present Dante in a translation, which should be at once accurate, spirited and harmonious, and we find little that deserves this high praise in the only two we know,—those of Boyd and Cary. Boyd has been peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his measure. We shall select one of his most successful efforts, both to prove our remark, and to represent, even in a humble imitation, the gloomy sublimity of the inscription over the gate of Hell,—a passage which in the original is equally unexampled and inimitable.

"Through me the newly-damned forever fleet
In ceaseless shoals to Pain's eternal seat:

Through me they march, and join the tortured crew;
The mighty gulph offended Justice made,
Unbounded Power the strong foundation laid,
And Love, by Wisdom led, the limits drew.

Long ere the infant world arose to light
I found a being in the womb of night
Eldest of all—but things that ever last!
And I forever last!—Ye heirs of Hell,
Here bid at once your ling'ring hope farewell,
And mourn the moment of repentance past."

A poem so long, and yet so concise (we trust our meaning is evident) as the Divine Comedy, requires a style of verse, which can both awaken and support our interest, by its union of sententiousness, majesty and liveliness.

Our heroic rhyme seems adapted to this purpose, far better than any other kind of English measure, for one more rapid would be too gay, and one more grave would be fatiguing. The selection of so unwieldy a species of verse is one of the slightest defects of Boyd. He has failed to give it the harmony of which it is susceptible, and by a profusion of unmeaning epithets and useless circumlocutions, he has often obscured, and generally weakened the meaning of his author. Yet Dante is deeply interesting even in Boyd's version, though we should rather refer those, who are satisfied with reading him in English, to that of Cary. This we can pronounce with confidence, to be the most literal translation in poetry in our language. Not satisfied, however, with rendering the sense, he has copied in a great degree the construction of the original. He has forced our language into Italian idioms, with a license which outrages taste, and almost violates grammar. So close is his fidelity, as he probably thought it, that while he evinces a complete knowledge of his author, he occasionally transfuses into his version the difficulties as well as the beauties of the original; and a few of the more obscure parts of the poem exact almost an equal degree of attention in the English and Italian. But if he has failed to explain with sufficient perspicuity some of the perplexing passages of Dante, he has succeeded in many more. As a mere assistant to the English reader, he deserves the greatest praise, and in doing justice to all the striking merits of the original, far excels Boyd. Cary's translation has a very

short preface and a few notes. Boyd's is preceded by some just but incomplete observations on the Inferno, but the merits of the Purgatory and Paradise are not formally noticed by either. As Dante's claims to our attention have been so inadequately represented and so hastily disallowed, we shall endeavour to state them faithfully, though imperfectly, in a few remarks; an attempt rendered excusable, if not necessary, by the neglect of English writers.

Dante Alighieri was born at Florence, of noble parents, in the year 1265. We learn from the poet himself, that he was inspired, at a very early period of life (in his ninth year say his commentators) with a passion for a lady named Beatrice, and both poet and commentators assert, that his affection was purely Platonic; a supposition much more probable at that age, than at one more advanced. This passion, however, continued several years without changing its character, and so great was the influence of the lady, the docility of the poet, and the genius of both, that he derived from his acquaintance with her the wisest and purest principles. His interesting guardian was removed by death, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Notwithstanding the purely intellectual nature of Dante's affections, their vigour soon declined, when he was deprived of her visible and corporeal presence, and as he no longer felt her influence, he ceased to regard her lessons. His unsustained inclinations soon descended to objects of a sensual nature, and led him so far in vice as to endanger imminently his eternal happiness. Beatrice, now a heavenly spirit, still watched over the destinies of her wayward pupil, and admonished him of his increasing danger by mysterious suggestions, dreams and visions. Perceiving that these means were all ineffectual, she obtained permission, as a last resort, to exhibit to him the condition of disembodied spirits, the tortures of hell, the chastisements of purgatory, and the happiness of paradise. Such are the circumstances disclosed by Beatrice, in the thirtieth canto of Purgatory; for Dante commences, like most epic poets, in the midst of events, at the period to which we have just brought our readers. The vision is supposed to have happened in the thirty-fifth year of the poet's age, A. D. 1300, and to have occupied three days. The poem opens as follows.

'In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood astray

Gone from the path direct and e'en to tell
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left;—
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
The valley, that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.'

On endeavouring to climb this eminence, his course is arrested by three wild beasts, a panther, a lion, and a wolf,—said by all his commentators to be images of sensuality, ambition and avarice,—who not only prevent his ascent, but pursue him into the valley. Here while flying breathless before them, he encounters a majestic figure and implores his aid. This personage announces himself to be Virgil, and after according his protection, discloses a divine commission, lately communicated to him by Beatrice, to exhibit to Dante the two inferior departments of the world of spirits,—hell and purgatory. In conformity with this command, he promises his guidance through those regions, adding that his own want of Christian faith had excluded him from Paradise, and that Beatrice herself would conduct her pupil there. Dante, after expressing a very natural diffidence, which is quickly relieved, consents to follow Virgil with implicit submission. After reading the sublime inscription already quoted, they immediately enter the gate of the infernal regions. Dante's hell, like Virgil's, is subterraneous. Its form is that of a hollow cone, the base placed at the surface of the earth, and the point at the centre; the interior is divided into circular ledges, and in these the damned are tortured by punishments of different kinds and degrees.

The indolent are not suffered to cross the river Styx, which here, as in the Eneid, forms a sort of interior boundary to the regions of woe. Dante assigns as a reason for this singular exclusion, that their lives were so inactive, so perfectly negative, that even a seat in hell would be too high an honour.

They are not however permitted to wander, like Virgil's souls of the unburied, in undisturbed sadness, but are driven along in a perpetual circuit, by the stings of wasps and hornets. Immediately beyond the river is the Limbo, which bears a strong resemblance in its scenery and inhabitants, to Virgil's Elysian fields. Here are the shades of the virtuous Pagans; for Dante, with all Catholics, maintains that the want of the true faith, though resulting from blameless ignorance, is an insurmountable exclusion from eternal happiness. Virgil informs him, that here also were once confined the souls of the pious Antediluvians and Jews, but that our Saviour at his death entered this region in person and bore them off in triumph. The inhabitants of this part of the infernal world are exempted from all material tortures, and subjected to no other punishment than that of experiencing perpetual and unsatisfied desire. Dante proceeds to view, in the following circles, the pains inflicted on positive and premeditated offences. Here he has displayed his exhaustless invention, in the great number and strongly marked variety of his tortures, but more especially in the peculiar conformity of the punishments to the crimes. A distinct species of both is presented in almost every canto, but we shall illustrate our remark by slightly noticing a very few instances. The souls of incontinent lovers are hurried along in darkness, by an irresistible whirlwind, and those of suicides condemned to animate trees, and tortured by harpies who prey upon the foliage. Murderers are immersed in a torrent of boiling blood, and the heads of hypocrites concealed and weighed down by gilded cowls of lead. We find the degrees of guilt and punishment increasing as we descend, and the lowest circle is appropriated to traitors, who are inclosed in ice. At the bottom of hell, and in the centre of the earth, stands Lucifer.

After passing this point, the two poets ascend rapidly to the surface of the southern hemisphere, where they emerge into day. The Inferno is not merely a description of an ingenious variety of sufferers, tortures, and executioners. The poet seldom descends into a circle, without selecting and addressing some individual, generally of great celebrity, often one of his own countrymen; and our thoughts are frequently called off from the sombre spectacle before us, by curious and interesting narrations, vehement invectives, and apt and novel similes. Sismondi has translated his story of Francesca of Rimini, and

that of Ugolino has been made known to the world by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We shall only mention in addition, the narrative of Ulysses, who informs Dante that he sailed through the pillars of Hercules, and discovered land beyond the Western ocean.*

On their return to the regions of light, Dante and Virgil find themselves, at early dawn, on a pyramidal island, and are immediately accosted by the shade of Cato Uticensis, who is removed, we know not why, from his Pagan brethren, and appointed governor of Purgatory.

The first canto contains a description equally remarkable for its intrinsic merits and its apt position. Nothing can be more soothing, than, after descending through the continually increasing horrors of the eternal prison, to revisit with the poets our native sphere, to breath the vital air, to contemplate again the dawn and the morning star, and gaze for the first time at the cross of the southern heavens and the majestic countenance of Cato, on which its beams are playing. With respect to its shape, Dante's Purgatory is best described by calling it his Hell reversed. It is a conical mountain;—transgressors are disposed in different circles round its sides, and its summit is crowned with the garden of Eden. Into this region those are admitted, who escaped eternal perdition by repentance previous to death. Through this the poet proceeds, and is no longer a mere spectator, as in the Inferno, but an actor in the scenes he describes. The seven deadly sins are inscribed on his forehead by an angel, and disappear one by one, as he rises through the different degrees of punishment, till he reaches the terrestrial paradise.

Here he sees a band of celestial personages, and these, after performing several solemn rites, are joined by Beatrice, who descends from heaven, like Thomson's spring, in a shower of roses. At the sight of her his passion revives in its greatest activity, and he turns round to ask the long tried assistance of Virgil, but finds that he has vanished. Beatrice orders Dante to direct his regret from the loss of his guide to his own offences; and after relating in his hearing to her heavenly companions, the history of his errours and her efforts, concludes by a direct and severe reproof, which extorts from the poet a heartfelt confession. His repentance is accepted, all

* Our readers will recollect that this poem was written nearly two hundred years before the discoveries of Columbus.

remembrance of his remitted offences washed away in Lethe, and his mind, like 'a plant clothed with new foliage,' is thoroughly renovated and prepared for paradise.

The Purgatory and Paradise of Dante are either wholly neglected by foreign commentators, or styled in general terms, fallings off from his Inferno. With respect to the Purgatory, this remark, if founded in truth, is much too unqualified. Though it may seem at first less novel and striking than the Inferno, it is, in our opinion, the part of all the three, which most invites, and best rewards a repeated perusal. There is something wearying and revolting in descriptions of the hopeless tortures of our fellow-creatures, which depends on our feelings of natural humanity,—feelings too deep to be suspended by all the art of the poet. Our attention can seldom dwell on such images long, and never with unmingled pleasure. It is one of the clearest and noblest proofs of Dante's merit, that in travelling through the Inferno, we feel this disadvantage no more; but though it would be difficult to leave our journey unfinished, it would be unnatural to wish it longer. We contemplate, with far more calmness, the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory, because we can dwell on their sure prospects of future relief, because their punishments are of a milder and less degrading nature, and because the design is more evidently beneficent. The scenery, too, is more interesting than that of the Inferno, since it is more like our own, and the pathetic passages are introduced much less sparingly. There is indeed a spirit of tenderness running through every part of the Purgatory, which is deeply affecting, and shows that Dante's excellence by no means consisted solely in gloomy grandeur. So pleasing is it as a whole, that it is alike difficult to notice its defects, and select its beauties. We shall make no remarks in this place on the few faults it contains, as they are equally displayed in the two other divisions of the Divine Comedy. To beauties of the same kind with those of the Inferno, it adds many different in their nature, and equal if not superior in excellence. We have noticed already those of the first canto. The eighth opens with a description of Evening, equally natural and novel, and, in our opinion, unrivalled in simplicity and pathos by that of any writer whatever. In the tenth and twelfth he describes the figures carved on the rock, for the reproof of the proud, with a spirit and exactness as wonderful as that which he attributes to the artist. In the

thirtieth are collected many of the most important and interesting parts of the poem, the descent of Beatrice, the departure of Virgil, her affecting history of the poet's life previous to the commencement of his supernatural journey, and his holy veneration and sincere remorse are all displayed with such an union of simplicity and ornament, as to render this one of the most striking portions of the whole Divine Comedy.

In his Paradise, Dante has introduced the bold and unexampled idea of peopling the spheres of the solar system, with the spirits of the blest. He ascends to them with Beatrice, in the succession in which they are placed by the Ptolemaic theory. Each planet is filled with those, whose lives were peculiarly distinguished by the virtues over which it was supposed to preside; the Moon, for instance, with holy virgins,—Mars with warriours for the Christian faith,—Jupiter with upright judges,—Saturn with men of devout and lonely contemplation. After visiting all these, and passing through the 'Primum Mobile,' Dante ascends to the Empyrean, and there concludes his poem. In the Paradise, taken as a whole, it must be acknowledged that the reader's expectations are greatly disappointed. It is the most difficult, and happily least interesting part of the Divine Comedy. The poet is perpetually stopping to ask questions in natural philosophy and metaphysics, which after all are solved much more to his satisfaction than that of his readers. He meets with all the saints of the old and new Testaments, and with many of the most distinguished worthies of the early ages, but seems more intent on rendering his dialogues profitable than interesting, and as scholastic theology was the favourite topic of his age, it is on this he mainly dwells. Dante's Paradise would probably have been far more pleasing, had his astronomy been more enlightened. The real nature of the heavenly bodies was then scarcely suspected. We can hardly conceive the description which one of Dante's powers would have given, had he been acquainted with their similarity, as habitable spheres, to our planet, and with the variety of their magnitudes, seasons, and satellites. That even he should have failed under these circumstances is not so surprising, as that succeeding poets should have made so little use of the interesting discoveries of modern astronomy. There are however parts of the Paradise distinguished by poetical merits of every kind, in which the author displays his unincumbered genius, and more than rewards us for his perplex-

ing and fruitless disputations. Such is the description of the triumph of the blest in the twenty-third canto, of which we shall select as many lines as our limits permit.

> 'As in the calm full moon, when Trivia smiles
> In peerless beauty, 'mid th' eternal nymphs
> That deck through all its gulphs the blue profound,
> In bright pre-eminence, so saw I there
> O'er million lamps a sun, from whom all drew
> Their radiance, as from ours the starry train.'

> '————————Prompt I heard
> Her bidding, and encountered once again
> The strife of aching vision. As erewhile
> Through glance of sunlight, streamed through broken cloud,
> Mine eyes a flower-besprinkled mead have seen,
> Though veiled themselves in shade, so saw I there
> Legions of splendours, on whom burning rays
> Shed lightnings from above, yet saw I not
> The fountain whence they flowed.'

Previous to any remark on Dante's claims to our attention, we shall devote ourselves to a task more unpleasant, but more easy,—that of stating his principal defects. There is sometimes, though rarely, the same strange mixture of truth and fable, Pagan and Christian theology, with which the whole of the Lusiad is so deeply tinctured. The early part of the poem presents us with one of the most glaring instances, in the doubt entertained of the truth of Virgil's communications, because the high privilege which they announced had never been conferred on any, but Eneas and St. Paul. We have touched upon his fondness for the metaphysics of the schools, in our remarks on his Paradise, because it is displayed principally though not exclusively there.

His work is sometimes rendered obscure by the profusion and variety of his learning, and the concise phrascology into which it is crowded. We are told in reply by his admirers, that it is not he who is obscure, but we who are stupid and ignorant, that it is only a proof of the superiority of his talents and information over ours; but we consider this as a repetition of the objection, in different terms. Authors are bound to display their knowledge intelligibly, or not at all. We look to them for information, and must be permitted to com-

plain, when we are told that if we were as wise as our masters, their lessons would be perfectly intelligible. We would ask how far in that case their instructions would be necessary or useful? For most of these general defects we may offer a brief and weighty apology,—that they were those of his time, and that they have been imitated by the most celebrated poets in more enlightened days. There are in the Inferno two short passages for which this excuse, were it true, would be insufficient. The punishment appropriated to flatterers, seducers, and parasites, at the end of the eighteenth canto, is too offensive to be described in any way whatever. This passage is indeed countenanced by translators and praised by commentators, but it is in vain to tell us, that it is as well expressed as the subject admits, that no punishment could be too degrading for such characters, and that no class of offenders deserved it better. Allowing these reasons all possible weight, we still maintain that Dante, in his detail of sufferings, should have considered not only what could be justly inflicted, but what could be decently told. We may object also to the vulgar incident related at the end of the twenty-first canto, and the jocular comment upon it with which the next commences; for the humour, which the lines really contain, is too low to render them tolerable, in a poem of much less solemnity and majesty. These passages excepted, the Divine Comedy, long and varied as it is, contains nothing offensive to the most refined ears. There is one well known habit of Dante, which we think an errour merely because he has followed it too constantly,—the lightness, we may say the negligence, with which he introduces many of his most beautiful figures. He just points to their principal features, leaves the rest to our imagination and hurries onward. We complain, we think with reason, that he has so very unfrequently endeavoured to amplify his allusions; the more so because those rare attempts are always successful. Poets, as observed by Lucan, should present by turns the close and the open flower. The same genius which selected the figure, may sometimes be necessary to develop its latent beauties; and if it is a merit to be able to condense, it is a charm to be willing to display.

In attempting to do justice to the merits of Dante's poem, we should consider for a moment the age when it was composed. It was in the beginning of the fourteenth century,—before

any of the present languages of Europe were established, before our own poetry commenced with the rude and now obsolete strains of Chaucer,—that Dante presented the world with the first specimen of Tuscan, we may say of modern literature. It was then that he formed by his Divine Comedy a language, which his succeeding countrymen have gloried in preserving unaltered, to which foreign nations have united in resigning the palm for flexibility and harmony, and which divides with our own the claim to the highest reputation in European poetry. But if it is little considered that he was the earliest writer of any celebrity in the living languages, it is scarcely known, to strangers at least, how rich a source of ideas and expressions his work has proved to others. Many of the most admired passages in those Italian poets, whose celebrity is more general than his, are closely imitated, if not exactly transcribed from the Divine Comedy. Ariosto's idea of sending Astolpho to the moon is a natural and easy improvement of part of Dante's Paradise. No portion of the Jerusalem Delivered excites more interest than Tancred's adventures in the wood, which was peopled by the incantations of Armida; and yet after reading the account of that, in which Dante has lodged the souls of his suicides, we must allow that Tasso has little of his own except the style. It would be endless to repeat the many passages, which (though unacknowledged and unhonoured) he has furnished to the celebrated English writers, who had read him, and the many more derived from him indirectly by those who had not. For a large number of the most beautiful flowers of modern poetry, the credit is due to him as the first if not the only discoverer. As there are few from whom so much has been drawn, so there are few who have borrowed less.

The first and highest merit of a poet, originality, is apparent in every feature of his production, in its general plan, its narrative and didactic portions, its machinery and its allusions. But novelty, though the universal characteristic, is far from being the sole recommendation of the various efforts of his genius. Of his sublimity foreign critics have formed high but limited ideas. They have seen it principally in the Inferno, and finding it there, as it should be, dark and terrific, have concluded that Dante's genius, like Young's, was distinguished only by sombre energy. The study of his Purga-

tory and Paradise would convince them he could display a sublimity milder and more serene, that he could vary it with the nature of his subjects, dissimilar as they are. The dryest and most hopeless are never without it long. Even in all the chaos of his most perplexed scholastic disputations, we are occasionally relieved and illuminated, by an idea equally true, novel and sublime.

> 'The sacred influence
> Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
> Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
> A glimmering dawn.'

Dante's tenderness, though, like his sublimity, all his own, sometimes reminds us of that of his adored Virgil. We perceive it in his narratives, his reflections and his discourses; but in nothing more than in his figures. This is the merit, by which, if by any one more than another, his similes and allusions are distinguished. He was, like all the greatest poets, a close observer, warm admirer and lively describer of nature. No object was too latent or too insignificant for his notice. But he drew from this universal source with the originality of an elevated mind. He presents no cold and trite images of the daily operations and ordinary beauties of the material world; his figures are either wholly original, or if he ever selects the more commonly observed objects, he develops some charm unknown before; he gives them some striking personification, he annexes some circumstance calculated to touch the feelings, as well as enliven the fancy. A few examples will illustrate our meaning more concisely and completely than any thing else we can add. The following is so much more copious than most of his comparisons, that no previous explanation is necessary.

> 'In the year's early nonage, when the Sun
> Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
> And now towards equal day the night recedes;
> When as the frost upon the earth puts on
> Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
> Her milder sway endures, then riseth up
> The village hind, whom fails his wint'ry store,
> And looking out beholds the plain around
> All whitened, then impatiently he smites
> His thighs, and to his hut returning in

There paces to and fro, and wails his lot
As a discomfited and helpless man.
Then comes he forth again and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook
And forth to pasture drives his little flock.
So me my guide disheartened when I saw
His troubled countenance, and so speedily
That ill was cured.'—*Cary, Inf. C.* 25.

With what an appropriate and impressive aspect has he invested the morning star by a single line!

'About the hour,
As I believe, when Venus from the east
First lightened on the mountain, she whose orb
Seems always glowing with the fire of love.'
Cary, Purg. C. 27.

We may observe his power of giving an unexpected interest to the most ordinary operations of nature, in his description of the reflection of the rays of heaven from earth;

They "upward rise
E'en as a pilgrim bent on his return."—*Cary, Par. C.* 1.

How is the mind refreshed, after an incessant contemplation of supernatural objects, by the following rural images.

'——— As the goats
That late have skipped and wantoned rapidly
Upon the craggy cliffs, ere they had ta'en
Their supper on the herbs, now silent lie
And ruminate beneath the umbrage brown,
While noonday rages and the goatherd leans
Upon his staff, and leaning watches them.'
Cary, Purg. C. 27.

'E'en as the bird, who midst the leafy bower
Has in her nest sat darkling through the night
With her sweet brood, impatient to descry
Their wished looks and to bring home their food,
In the fond quest unconscious of her toil,
She of the time prevenient, on the spray
That overhangs their couch, with wakeful gaze
Expects the sun; nor ever till the dawn
Removeth from the east her eager ken;—

So stood the dame erect and bent her glance
Wistfully on that region.'—*Cary, Purg. C.* 28.

But it is his own species which furnishes to Dante his most animated and interesting figures. Their daily occupations, their domestic life, their very manners, amusements and dress, have all been made subservient to his ever wakeful genius. We shall commence our selections with two comparisons drawn from the latter sources, as most strongly illustrative of his comprehensive yet exact observation. The poet likens his own situation, when thronged in purgatory by a crowd of eager spirits, to that of a gambler when rising from the table.

'When from the game of dice men separate,
He, who hath lost, remains in sadness fixed,
Revolving in his mind what luckless throws
He cast; but meanwhile all the company
Go with the other; one before him runs
And one behind his mantle twitches, one
Fast by his side bids him remember him.
He stops not, and each one to whom his hand
Is stretched well knows he bids him stand aside,
And thus he from the press defends himself;
E'en such was I in that close-crowding throng,
And turning so my face around to all
And promising, I 'scaped from it with pains.'
Cary, Purg. C. 6.

The following figures are introduced to illustrate the indistinctness of some of the airy phantoms of paradise.

'As from translucent and smooth glass or wave
Clear and unruffled, flowing not so deep
As that its bed is dark, the shape returns
So faint of our impictured lineaments,
That on white forehead set a pearl as strong
Comes to the eye,—such saw I many a face
All stretched to speak.'—*Cary, Par. C.* 3.

If he has the power of giving a new dignity to the most ordinary subjects, he has no less that of doing justice to the more important and interesting. With what accuracy and delicacy has he represented the finest feelings of the female heart!

'——— My view
Reverted to those lofty things, which came
So slowly moving towards us, that the bride
Would have outstripped them on her bridal day.'
Cary, Purg. C. 29.

'And as the unblemished dame, who in herself
Secure from censure, yet at bare report
Of other's failing, shrinks with maiden fear
So Beatricé in her semblance changed.'—*Id. Par. C.* 27.

To these descriptions of female modesty we may add the following of maternal tenderness.

'——— Suddenly my guide
Caught me, e'en as a mother that from sleep
Is by the noise aroused and near her sees
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe
And flies, ne'er pausing, careful more of him
Than of herself, though but a single vest
Clings round her limbs.'—*Id. Inf. C.* 23.

'After utterance of a piteous sigh,
She towards me bent her eyes with such a look
As on a frenzied child a mother casts.'—*Cary, Par. C.* 1.

But Dante's favourite subjects of allusion are the simplicity, helplessness, and playfulness of infancy. Every one has admired in Goldsmith a figure of which the application only is original.

'——— Towards Virgil I
Turned me to leftward, panting like a babe
That flies for refuge to his mother's breast
If aught have terrified or done him harm.'
Id. Purg. C. 30.

In the twenty-seventh Purg. Virgil conquers Dante's unwillingness to proceed, by presenting to his mind the idea of his approaching meeting with Beatrice. Dante hesitates no longer on overcoming his transient waywardness, and Virgil

'——— Smiles as one would smile
Upon a child that eyes the fruit and yields.'

In the twenty-seventh Par. a portion of the heavenly host are represented under the form of celestial flames;

'And like to babe that stretches forth its arms
For very eagerness toward the breast
After the milk is taken, so outstretched
Their wavy summits all the fervent band
Through zealous love to Mary.'

The last figure we shall quote not only serves to illustrate the tenderness of many of his images, but evinces his skill in comparing together objects of the most remote and opposite nature.

'——— Heaven's sphere that ever whirls
As restless as an infant in his play.'
Cary, Par. C. 15.

These extracts are, we think, sufficient to show that Dante's reflections on nature are not those of one who studies her only in retirement and observes only her simplest forms.

But his knowledge of the human heart was not confined to the tenderer feelings. His remarks on sentiments of every species, whether made in his own person or those of the spirits to whom he listens, are so acute and profound as to prove that he had studied human life in its most refined, complicated and disguised state, and what is more, are so lively and confident as to shew that he spoke from experience as well as reason. As few possessed a mind like his, so few have enjoyed so largely the double advantage of contemplating mankind in solitude and society, or united in so eminent a degree the active and contemplative life. The nature of his work precludes him in a great measure from drawing particular human characters; but we may find proofs of his power in this respect, in the peculiar propriety of the speeches uttered by some of the most remarkable of his departed spirits. We refer as striking examples to those of Capaneus and Vanni Fucci in the fourteenth and twenty-fifth Cantos of the Inferno. We would rely still more on his occasional reflections, but above all, on his vehement and eloquent invectives, as proofs of his knowledge of the hearts of men and his power of communicating it to others. He possessed all that acute and discriminating satire so necessary to give effect to the observations of the most profound genius on the endless variety of human errour. Where shall we find it exercised with a greater union of ingenuity and earnestness than in his address to the Popes in the nineteenth Inferno, the observa-

tions on Italy and more particularly on Florence in the sixth Purgatory (so highly extolled by Sismondi) and the contrast between the apostles and cardinals in the twenty-first Paradise?

To Dante is eminently due the credit, which Hayley gives so justly to Cowper, of the rare union of sublimity, pathos and wit. We know indeed that he possessed the latter, by a few humorous passages in the Inferno; but as we consider them misplaced in a poem like his, we had rather have remained ignorant of the fact, than have learned it from those sources only. But we are not obliged to resort to these. We find his wit elsewhere displayed as it should be, sometimes in direct reproof, but more frequently in that contemptuous and bitter irony, which adds new dignity to the most solemn and majestic eloquence. To natural powers, so great in number, so various in kind, so eminent in degree, to the highest proficiency in "the proper study of mankind," Dante united an extraordinary share of classical learning, and a freedom in that age no less extraordinary from classical pedantry. His work often displays his obligations to his predecessors, but always in a manner which diminishes nothing of his own credit; sometimes by beautiful allusions, sometimes by improvements on their ideas, which show a genius equal at least to theirs;—but never by tediously quoting or servilely imitating. He acknowledges in express terms the advantages he has derived from the perusal of their works. To Virgil, in particular, he attributes the style on which he rests his own reputation.

> 'Glory and light of all the tuneful train,
> May it avail me that I long with zeal
> Have sought thy volume and with love immense
> Have conned it o'er. My master thou and guide,
> Thou he, from whom alone I have derived
> That style which for its beauty into fame
> Exalts me.'—*Cary, Inf. C.* 1.

Yet his work is so little a copy of the Eneid, that the merits of his thoughts and language, even when of the same general nature as those of his master, are varied from them by strong and original characteristics; and his defects are precisely those, from which Virgil is of all poets most exempt. Does not the example of Dante serve to show that the deep

study and warm admiration of the classics produces a servile imitation of them only in men of inferior understanding or perverted taste,—that an author of a great and properly cultivated mind will and must be original,—that they will assist and not encumber his genius, and that he will read them rather to avoid than repeat what has been said before? The purity of Dante's language is sufficiently proved by the circumstance, that in a poem of 13000 lines there are not more than two or three hundred obsolete words. For clear and majestic conciseness of style he was probably the model, and we believe his own countrymen think an unequalled one, to all the distinguished poets of Italy. We could speak highly from experience of the effect produced by the harmony of his work, notwithstanding its foreign language and novel measure, but will not dwell on points so obvious to the senses of every reader. Dante's production exhibits that union of mental and moral excellence too rare in the works of poets. Others have said that if their writings are licentious, their lives were chaste. We think that as far as respects society the offence would be much lighter, and the apology much more sufficient, could they say, as Dante might do, that if their lives were faulty, their verses are pure. In the Divine Comedy, as in the Jerusalem Delivered, there is not a single licentious passage. Its moral tendency is evident in every line. Its pictures of rewarded virtue are of the most animating nature, and it exhibits vice in the most discouraging situations, detected and punished, tortured in hopeless misery, or forgiven only after rigorous chastisement and bitter remorse. Yet his morality was pure without austerity, for how severely does he censure those who give way to causeless melancholy;—

> '——— Man can do violence
> To himself and his own blessings, and for this,
> He in the infernal world must aye deplore
> With unavailing penitence his crime,
> Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,
> In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
> Or sorrows there, where he should dwell in joy.'
>
> *Cary, Inf. C.* 11.

Not satisfied with pursuing his end merely by directing our attention to the offences of others, he does not scruple to unveil his own. We not only accompany him in his travels

and listen to his precepts, but are the confidents of his errors. Few authors have excited an interest so deep for the characters of their heroes, as that with which Dante has inspired us for his own. He possesses a power, partly resulting from the varied excellencies which we have attempted to point out, and partly from a certain something, which we confess ourselves unable to describe, of producing in his readers the most undivided and unwearied attention. Even in the dryest passages we are impelled to hurry on, but never induced to desist. We need say but little of a poem possessing a merit like this; and instead of enforcing any longer Dante's claims to our attention, we have only to advise our readers to overcome the difficulty at first presented by the language, and they will enforce themselves.

Those of our own poets whom Dante most resembles are Shakspeare, Milton, and Cowper. With Shakspeare he was the poet of nature, with Milton that of the invisible world, with Cowper that of Christian morality. He reminds us sometimes of Shakspeare, by his insight into the human heart in the highest and humblest situations, by his beautiful allusions to the works of nature, and his power of presenting a crowd of ideas in a single word. His similarity to Cowper appears more frequently in the strain of his moral sentiment, now lofty and now tender, in the indignant satire of his reflections and harangues, and the uniform direction of it where it is best deserved. Milton resembles him so much more generally and strongly than any other English poet, that we shall conclude by a slight sketch of some of their principal points of likeness and contrast. Were other evidence wanting, the bare perusal of the two poems proves that Milton has largely imitated Dante. It is to Dante that the credit is due for the bold and novel sublimity of the general plan of both works, for which English critics, from a want either of knowledge or of candour, have combined in extolling their own countryman. It was Dante that first drew aside the starry curtain which surrounds us, and created definite regions worthy the sublime but mysterious ideas which Christianity had given us of the invisible world. In the description of the beings who people those realms, Milton has varied from all preceding poets by committing a capital error. We allude to that, so well developed by Johnson, of "perplexing his poetry with his philosophy, of making his infernal and celestial pow-

ers sometimes pure spirit and sometimes animated matter." With the exception of one or two instances of trifling inadvertence, Dante has avoided this difficulty by not attempting impossibilities. He has been satisfied with giving to the inhabitants of his triple kingdom, the qualities of airy phantoms, sufficiently material to possess a definite and unvarying form, and yet so unsubstantial as to elude the grasp of earthly objects.—

> '———On shadows vain,
> Except in outward semblance! thrice my hands
> I clasped behind it, they as oft returned
> Empty into my breast again.—*Cary, Purg. C. 2.*

By the time in which Milton has chosen to place the action of Paradise Lost, he has precluded himself from an advantage of which Dante well knew how to estimate the value. Milton has selected a period when the pages of history were a blank, and the realms of death a void, and his scenes of happiness and woe are destitute of the spirits so interesting above all others to mankind,—those of their departed fathers. The Paradise Lost, like the Divine Comedy, opens with a view of Hell, but Milton's description of punishments consists altogether in a few general, though beautiful passages, and its effects on the mind and heart are far feebler than those of Dante's narration. This possesses all the merits of Milton's, and adds to them a degree of copiousness and distinctness, which produces an impression both more violent and lasting. Of all the ingenious variety of Dante's punishments, Milton scarcely employs any, but those of darkness and fire; but his fire is less intense, and his darkness less deep. Dante's hell is a terrific dungeon; every thing within it is made subservient solely to the purposes of torture;—Milton's, a world diversified by many of the features, and stored with all the treasures of our own. Hence, instead of the shuddering horror which overpowers the whole soul at the view of Dante's representations, we contemplate the situation of Milton's demons with an undisturbed and not unpleasing pensiveness. When we see them sitting in quiet consultation on the jewelled thrones of Pandemonium, repeating like the heroes in Virgil's Elysium their military exercises, employing themselves in retirement on those metaphysical perplexities so pleasing to some of the best of our own race, or listening to music of celestial origin, we

feel little inclined to dispute the opinion of Belial, that their situation might be altered greatly for the worse, or ridicule the hope of Mammon, that time and custom might render it more than tolerable. Dante's description of the prince of hell, as well as his kingdom, short as it is, is far more appropriate than Milton's. The Lucifer of the Inferno evinces his torture by speechless anguish, and his disposition by the most fiend-like actions. The poet has divested him of all that could excite even a doubtful admiration; and if he has left him any thing of his former grandeur, it is only to increase our terror. He recalls to us his ancient splendour only to render him still more detestable.—

> '———If he were beautiful
> As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
> To scowl upon his maker, well from him
> Might all our misery flow.'

How often and how justly has Milton been censured for giving so frequently to Satan's character the semblance at least of heroism. If there is all that we abhor, there is much that we admire. Such is human nature that we cannot but respect the dignity with which he fills the throne even of hell, the readiness he constantly displays to be foremost to act and suffer for the advantage of his community, the lofty spirit which enables him to feel or to feign a hope in the most desperate circumstances. When he verifies his promises to his subjects by his journey to the newly created world, we contemplate with admiration his bold and novel enterprise, detestable as was its object and ruinous as were its effects. We are willing to excuse him from any imputation of meanness in the various disguises he assumes after reaching the sphere of day, for we look upon them as stratagems allowed by the customs of every species of warfare. When they are detected and exposed, we are strongly inclined to praise the courage worthy a better cause, with which he singly confronts Gabriel at the head of legions of Angels. Scarcely any part of Paradise Lost exceeds in poetical merit his account of his motives, condition and designs, contained in his address to the Sun; but does its perusal inspire us with the unmingled detestation due to the great adversary of our race and our Maker? This speech has been praised as containing no ideas derogatory to the Deity. His perfections are indeed stated justly, but this very circumstance greatly disarms our

indignation against an adversary who could acknowledge them so fairly. How are we inclined to forget Satan's malignity, when we find him displaying, with the most unsparing justice, his own ingratitude, disclosing the real feelings excited by the mistaken admiration of his associates, half resolved to seek pardon by submission, and deterred from it by a prevailing frailty of our own,—the dread of shame, and by a rational belief that his repentance could be but transient. It is only after being obliged to bid farewell to hope, that he forms the resolution of divesting himself of remorse, of placing his sole good in evil, and of achieving the destruction of unoffending man. He preserves every where the same gloomy greatness; he always elicits our pity and commands our respect in the character of an "Arch Angel ruined." He may well be compared to the Sun in a partial eclipse, shedding every where around him a light faded and solemn, but by no means terrific or baleful.

If we follow Milton to the celestial regions, we shall find that he was largely indebted to Dante for particular passages, as well as for the general plan of his heaven. In his account of the celestial hosts, he has followed him much less closely. Dante has not attempted in his Paradise the delineation of any particular angelic characters. His seraphs are not like Milton's,—images of men,—they are presented to us in a thousand varieties of form and degrees of distinctness. If his Paradise is destitute of any thing similar to the lively and well discriminated characters of Michael, Abdiel and Raphael, it is also free from the celestial battles and their concomitant absurdities, which fill the sixth book of Paradise Lost. Milton's descriptions of the Deity have a radical defect, which we think places them far below Dante's. An equal proportion of both poems is occupied by tedious metaphysical subtilties, but those of Dante are limited to inferior spirits, while those of Milton are appropriated to their sovereign. The Creator in Paradise Lost, explains his designs, justifies his proceedings and expresses his feelings, not always in the most dignified language. We grant that a part of these difficulties necessarily resulted from Milton's idea of giving us clearer and more definite conceptions of the Divinity; but we think the main error lies in the project itself. He has committed a fault similar to that of those Italian painters, who have represented the Eternal Father under a visible im-

age. Every one who has seen such pictures, will bear witness to their tendency to narrow and lower our ideas. To give to the Deity an earthly language, is an attempt nearly as perilous as to invest him with an earthly form. When he is made a definite object of perception to any of our senses, our thoughts lose in sublimity more than they gain in distinctness. The Supreme Being of Dante is rather a Power than a person; he is represented as pervading the 'whole ocean of existence;' he is described in no other manner than by the most distant allusion; we see his attributes only in his works, and hear his commands only through his ministers; he every where impresses us with that mysterious sublimity so appropriate to our most natural and noble ideas of an infinite being. If we except a few fine passages, Milton's peculiar excellence lies in his descriptions of the scenery and inhabitants of Eden. Every touch of his native earth seems to renew his vigour; it is here that he excels not only Dante, but every other poet. Dante's Eden,—*Paradiso Terrestre*,—has little terrestrial except the name. All things in it are allegorical, and we cannot but perceive that they are so. The soil is watered by rivers of a magic virtue, the atmosphere filled with supernatural splendor, we are surrounded by airy visions, and find the whole uninteresting in proportion as it is unearthly. Above all, it is destitute of the latest and highest charm of the Eden we have been accustomed to contemplate,—human love. Hence, Dante's description excites sensations far less lively and touching than those resulting from the perusal of Milton's, and as there is nothing to recall them in the world around us, their hold on the memory is comparatively transient.

> 'Thus in the sun-thaw is the snow unsealed,
> Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost
> The Sybil's sentence.'—*Cary, Par.* 33.

We find in Milton's Paradise all the natural beauties of our own earthly regions, in their highest excellence and most boundless variety; we breathe an atmosphere as pure as Dante's, but more substantial, and feel that we are roaming through a portion of our native home. Instead of the refined, vague and unintelligible affection of Dante for Beatrice, Milton presents us with the union of the hearts of our first parents in their orisons, labours and relaxations, developing

with equal simplicity and acuteness the mixed nature of that passion, which can be imagined and may be felt by every one, —displaying all that is intellectual, without obscurity, and all that is sensual, without grossness. Dante is the poet of our hours of sober contemplation. When we would escape for a season from the vexations of life, when we would relinquish awhile its pleasures and labours that we may resume them with renovated interest and unclouded judgment, we may accompany Dante through regions far beyond the sphere of all earthly objects and feelings. Milton's description merely of the inanimate and irrational charms of Paradise will render his memory as lasting as the beauty of rural scenery; and his name could scarcely be better known, or more certainly transmitted, were it engraved on every rock and inscribed on every flower. But he has fixed it far more deeply in human hearts, by his description of the passion which so generally sways them; and his Eden must interest all but the few, who can contemplate with insensibility, not only the charms of nature, but the happiness of domestic life.

ART. XIII. *Letters from Illinois by Morris Birkbeck, Author of "Notes on a Tour through France," and of "Notes on a Journey in America," &c.* 12mo. pp. 154. Philadelphia. M. Carey & Son. 1818.

THE author of these letters was lately an English farmer of considerable property, who being tired of the payment of poor-rates and taxes, quitted his native country, in search of liberty and a rich soil, in the Western parts of the United States. If we may trust his own account, he has not been disappointed in either object of his pursuit. His opinion of our Constitution is as high as the most inordinate national vanity could desire; whilst his account of the territory where he has settled seems almost to realize the dreams of the most enthusiastic emigrant. Mr. Birkbeck has gained no small reputation by his "Notes" of his tour from the sea-coast to the Illinois; and the present work, though not perhaps equal to the former, has considerable literary merit. He is a shrewd observer, and writes with great ease and vivacity. As to the correctness of the accounts—we will not say that the

remark which has been made upon the book, that it is a "mere advertising puff," is altogether just,—but then it is certainly true, that Mr. Birkbeck writes very much like an advocate. He seems to feel that he has taken a bold step which many may be disposed to ridicule as visionary; and he is perpetually labouring to convince his friends, that the event has proved him to be wise, and that it is best for them to follow his example. Indeed, the avowed object of his book is to induce English farmers to quit what he is ever representing as the tyranny and oppression heaped upon them at home, for the comforts of the Western wilderness. Accordingly, Mr. Birkbeck,—although at the time he published his book, he had not sown his first crop,—undertakes to tell in how many years or months (we forget which) a capital may be doubled; he talks of his charmingly 'commodious dwelling'—which is formed of logs and mud, with a '*luxury* of a floor and ceiling of sawn boards;' he is surrounded with 'kind and agreeable neighbours'—one of whom lives two miles to the North-west, and *the other* about the same distance to the South; in short every thing is comfortable, every thing to his liking, except indeed the '*roads*,' which he candidly admits are in 'a state of nature.' 'This,' says Mr. B. 'is the grand inconvenience of a new country.' We should suppose it a mere trifle where the 'neighbourhood' is so compact; he however immediately consoles himself in another way, and adds,—'but it is not to be compared to the inconvenience of living at the mercy of a villanous aristocracy.'

To those who 'live at the mercy of a villanous aristocracy,' we have not a word to say. For we hardly think that any change in their condition would be for the worse. But as this is not the case with those on this side of the Atlantic at least, who may resort to Mr. Birkbeck for information, we will take the liberty of expressing our doubts, whether 'roads in a state of nature' are the only 'inconvenience of a new country.' Mr. Birkbeck went to Illinois an experienced and scientific farmer, well supplied with requisite farming utensils, and what is still better, with a large monied capital, with which it cannot be difficult to make the wilderness blossom. He went there too with a fixed resolution (it would seem) of putting the best face on every thing he should find, and the very worst on every thing he had left at home. But it is not often that those who are employed in reclaiming the wild

lands of this or any other country, are of this description. Capitalists seldom go into the wilderness: and those who are able to look upon the good and shut their eyes upon the evils of a situation, are generally willing to exercise this happy disposition upon the circumstances under which they are placed at home. Mr. Birkbeck's account therefore of his situation and prospects,—if it were correct in itself—could not be taken as a fair representation of what is to be expected by the great body of emigrants. Many a young man with no capital but his enterprise and industry, has been inflamed by the stories, which are every where circulated, of the exhaustless fertility of Western lands, until he has imagined that could he but call a rood of them his own, wealth and happiness would be secured without farther effort. With these hopes, he has torn himself from home and kindred; when, instead of the ease, security and independence he had been taught to look for, he has found hardships to endure to which he had never been accustomed, and efforts to make far greater than would have been sufficient to secure him independence in the place where he had grown up. Many have sickened under the disappointments from this source; and have cursed the delusion which first led them from the homes, to which they have no longer the means of returning. Others, prevented by the same restless spirit which first brought them into their new situation, from making the steady efforts which are necessary to overcome its difficulties,—adopt the wild, irregular life of the hunter, and speedily sink to a level with the savages, whom they attempt to rival in the chase. We have no disposition to undervalue the great natural resources of the Western States. But the first settlers of every country must be subjected to privations and difficulties. And it is mere cruelty to send men away from their homes, under the influence of hopes, which can never be realized; and into situations, of whose difficulties they have never been warned. We believe the following description, extracted from Mr. Birkbeck's former work, will convey a better idea of what most emigrants are to expect, than any they would be apt to form from the round tables of future profits to be found in the present.

'The poor emigrant having collected the eighty dollars, repairs to the land office and enters his quarter section, then works

his way without another cent in his pocket, to the solitary spot, which is to be his future abode, in a two horse wagon, containing his family and his little all, consisting of a few blankets, a skillet, his rifle, and his axe. Suppose him arrived in the Spring; after putting up a little log cabin, he proceeds to clear, with intense labour, a plot of ground, for Indian corn, which is to be their next year's support; but for the present being without the means of obtaining a supply of flour, he depends on his gun for subsistence. In pursuit of the game, he is compelled after his day's work to wade through the evening dews, up to the waist in long grass or bushes, and returning, finds nothing to lie on but a bear's skin on the cold ground, exposed to every blast through the sides, and every shower through the open roof of his wretched dwelling, which he does not attempt to close, till the approach of winter, and often not then. Under these distresses of extreme toil and exposure, debarred from every comfort, many valuable lives have sunk, which have been charged on the climate.

'The individual whose case is included in this seeming digression, escaped the ague, but he lay three weeks delirious in a nervous fever, of which he yet feels the remains; owing, no doubt, to excessive fatigue. Casualties, doubly calamitous in their forlorn estate, would sometimes assail them. He for instance had the misfortune to break his leg at a time when his wife was confined by sickness, and for three days they were only supplied with water by a child of two years old, having no means of communicating with their neighbours (neighbours ten miles off perhaps) until the fourth day. He had to carry the little grain he could procure twelve miles to be ground, and remembers once seeing at the mill, a man who had brought his sixty miles, and was compelled to wait three days for his turn.

'Such are the difficulties which these pioneers have to encounter: but they diminish as settlements approach each other, and are only heard of by their successors. The number of emigrants who passed this way, was greater last year than in any preceding; and the present spring they are still more numerous than the last. Fourteen wagons yesterday, and thirteen to day, have gone through this town. Myriads take their course down the Ohio. The wagons swarm with children. I heard to day of three together, which contain forty-two of these young citizens. The wildest solitudes are to the taste of some people. General Boon, who was chiefly instrumental in the first settlement of Kentucky, is of this turn. It is said, that he is now, at the age of seventy, pursuing the daily chase, two hundred miles to the westward of the last abode of civilized man. He had retired to a chosen spot beyond the Missouri, which after him is named

Boon's Lick, out of the reach, as he flattered himself, of intrusion; but white men even there, encroached upon him, and two years ago he went back two hundred miles farther.'*

And in one of these Letters, the following observation escapes, which we think very just and of some application to the present subject.

'Many people spend the best part of their lives in roaming over this vast country in quest of a happy spot, which they never find; flying from nuisances which might be removed, or obviated, or even supported with half the labour and suffering they experience in making their escape from them, into circumstances probably as bad, or worse.' p. 112.

Mr. Birkbeck in speaking of the advantages of his situation says, 'that the soil is so easy of tillage, as to reduce the expense of cultivation below that I have been accustomed to in England, *notwithstanding the high rates of human labour.*' That the rates of human labour should be high appeared to us perfectly natural; for we had heard that they generally are so in new countries, where labourers are few, and the means of employing industry to advantage are numerous. When therefore we were afterwards told that wages were about seventy-five cents a day, the labourer boarding himself, (pp. 85 and 107), (which can hardly be called high); we accounted for the apparent contradiction, by the great value of money in a country where capital must necessarily be scarce. Though the money price may be low, yet the real price—the compensation which the labourer receives, in the command which is given him of the necessaries of life,—may be very high. But when again we recollected, that Mr. Birkbeck had said or intimated, more than once, that labour might be obtained on terms not higher than in England (pp. 30, 85,) we were somewhat confounded. We do not believe that Mr. Birkbeck was misled himself, (however he might think to mislead his readers,) by overlooking the difference between the real and the money price of an article. If then it be true, that labour is as cheap in Illinois as in England, it must be owing to one of two causes. Either there must be a great many poor emigrants, who, having spent their all in getting to this land of promise, are willing to sell their labour for less than it is really worth in such a

* Birkbeck's "Notes," pp. 50—53.

country ; or else there are very few persons, who have capital sufficient to advance the labourer his present support for the sake of the future profits of his work. 'Yet,' Mr. Birkbeck tells us, 'no man [in Illinois] remains in poverty who possesses even moderate industry and economy, and especially of *time*.' (p. 98.) But Mr. Birkbeck's assertions—contradictory as they are in themselves—will not persuade us to believe that the most obvious principles of Political Economy are reversed on the banks of the Wabash. If the price of human labour is not very high, it is owing to one of the reasons we have suggested, neither of which is at all consistent with a state of general prosperity. The fact is, capital is no where created in a moment;—and capital, as we have before said, is seldom *carried* into the wilderness,—at least for the purpose of being circulated there. For a long time therefore, the 'pioneers' of a new country 'do remain in poverty.' In time, capital accumulates, and then 'industry and economy' succeed;—and so do they every where, at least in every part of the United States. We merely mention these things as specimens of the zeal (to use no harsher expression) with which Mr. Birkbeck maintains the wisdom of his own choice. His accounts of the present should rather be viewed as anticipations of the future. And even as such they are not strictly correct;—for when capital shall have accumulated, competition will have increased; the field for adventure and speculation will have been narrowed; land will have risen in price; whilst, from the soil having been exhausted, the expenses of tillage will be enhanced. The amount of this is, that no place unites all the advantages of a new and of a settled country;—a truth, which seems rather obvious, but which Mr. Birkbeck, in his joy at having escaped from the 'poor-rates' and 'tyranny' of England, seems determined to overlook. This determination is a wise and a happy one for himself, but it may not prove so pleasant in its effects to those who may look up to him as an adviser.

In the course of his 'Letters' Mr. Birkbeck makes some judicious observations upon the pernicious influence of the rage for land speculation, in retarding the advancement of the Western States.

'Our district affords many eligible situations, but it is unequal in quality of soil; and we have such strong hold onthe most de-

sirable part of it, that I flatter myself it will [not] be found sufficiently inviting to land jobbers, who traverse this fine country like a pestilent blight. Where they see the promise of a thriving settlement, from a cluster of entries being made in any neighbourhood, they purchase large tracts of the best land, and lock it up in real *mortmain*, for it is death to all improvement.

'One of the greatest calamities to which a young colony is liable is this investment of the property of non-residents, who speculate on their prosperity, whilst they are doing all they can to impede it.

'The wealth of the American merchants, collected as it is from the labours of their fellow citizens of the wilderness, seldom returns to make that wilderness rejoice, by converting it into a fruitful field, but is too commonly employed in retarding that happy change. This holding back from cultivation millions of acres, tends to scatter the population of these new countries; increasing the difficulties of settlers manifold; and occasioning the habits of savage life to be retained much longer. The Western States are suffering greatly under this evil.' (pp. 81, 82.)

But it is not only by tending 'to scatter the population' that this evil operates. Capital, by being devoted to this object, is withdrawn from the improvement of the lands already under cultivation; the benefits of its accumulation are thus, for the time, lost to the community; and the real poverty of the first settlers is continued much longer than it would otherwise be. This evil is not confined to the States beyond the mountains; its influence extends throughout the country;—it is however so natural an evil in a country like our own, abounding in wild lands and rapidly increasing in population, that it is, perhaps, almost useless to dwell on its effects. We however will extract one passage.

'A space exceeding, perhaps tenfold, the amount of lands in cultivation, still remains unappropriated; and such is the natural anxiety to possess land, and the facility with which that inclination may be satisfied in this country, (a state of things likely to remain much the same for ages,) that here will always be a scarcity of efficient circulating capital, which is valuable in proportion to its scarcity.

The merchant invests his profits, and the professional man his savings, in the purchase of uncultivated lands. The farmer, instead of completing the improvement of his present possessions, lays out all he can save in entering more land. In a district

which is settling, this speculation is said to pay on the average, when managed with judgment, fifteen per cent. Who then will submit to the toils of agriculture, farther than bare necessity requires, for fifteen per cent.? Or who would loan his money, even at fifteen per cent. when he can obtain that interest by investing it in land? Thus every description of men almost every man, is poor in convertible property.

'I think this country affords abundant opportunities of applying capital more profitably, as well as more agreeably, than in the possession of large tracts of uncultivated land. Take as much of it as you can use and enjoy, but no more. Keep your capital in activity, and within your power; and you will soon see that two dollars of ready money are worth more than an acre of wilderness.' pp. 119—121.

Our readers may have been led to suspect from the account we have already given, that Mr. Birkbeck is not always consistent with himself. Whilst he deals in general statements, and round assertions about his situation and prospects, every thing is represented as blissful, prosperous and Arcadian. 'Life here is only *too* valuable, from the wonderful efficiency of every well directed effort.' 'It is *astonishing* how small are the privations we are subject to.' 'We have our books, our music, our agreeable and kind neighbours, good food and clothing,' &c. &c. But when he incidentally enters upon a topic, not so immediately connected with the design of his book, or undertakes a more particular description of objects around him, the discrimination and good sense of the author betray themselves. Of the 'agreeable and kind neighbours,' with whom Mr. Birkbeck contrives to while away the moments, which 'music and books' leave unoccupied, we may form an idea, from the following description of the state of society. We premise, however, that we do not make the extract for the sake of exciting a prejudice against our fellow citizens of the West. It describes no more than what is the natural state of society in new settlements;—a state which does not exist long, and which in the older parts of the Western country has already given place to better ideas of order and refinement.

'There is nothing that I anticipate with so much satisfaction and security, as the rapid development of society in our new country. Its elements are rude certainly, and heterogeneous. The first settlers, unprotected and unassisted amid dangers and

difficulties, have been accustomed from early youth to rely on their own powers; and they surrender with reluctance, and only by halves, their right of defence against every aggression, even to the laws which themselves have constituted.

'They have been anxiously studious of mildness in the forming of these laws, and when in practice, they seem inefficient, they too frequently proceed with Indian perseverance to acts of vengeance, inconsistent with the duty of forbearance essential to social man. Hence, deeds of savage and even ferocious violence are too common to be viewed with the abhorrence due to them.'

'If a man, whom the public voice has proclaimed a thief or a swindler, escapes from justice for want of a legal proof of his guilt, though the law and a jury of his fellow citizens have acquitted him, ten to one but he is met with before he can quit the neighbourhood, and, tied up to a sapling, receives a scourging that marks him for the rest of his life.

'In Kentucky, whose institutions have acquired greater maturity, such events *have* taken place some years ago; but now they would scarcely be tolerated, and they will soon be matter of history only, in Indiana and Illinois.' pp. 134—136.

We will indulge ourselves in one more extract, as somewhat connected with this subject.

'In this early stage of society, where the country is savage, and many of the people but just emerging from that condition, much intrepidity of mind and hardihood of body are indispensable requisites in the administration of justice. *Brass* for the face wont suffice, they must be *steel* from head to foot.

'Your military or fox-hunting experience has, I dare say, furnished adventures similar to those which are constantly occurring here to the gentlemen of the long robe, on their progress from court to court. The judge and the bar are now working their way to the next county seat, through almost trackless woods, over snow and ice, with the thermometer about Zero. In last November circuit the judge swam his horse, I think, seven times in one day; how often in the whole circuit is not in the record. What would our English lawyers say to seven such ablutions in one November day? and then to dry their clothes on their back by turning round and round before a blazing fire, preparatory to a night's lodging on a cabin floor wrapped in their blankets; which, by the by, are the only robes used by the profession here.

I have an anecdote of a judge with whom I am well acquainted, and, therefore, I believe it. I give it you as an instance of intrepidity, as well as of that ferocious violence which occurs but too

frequently; by no means, however, as a specimen of the judicial character. A few years ago, before he was advanced to his present dignity, the foreman of a grand jury insulted him outrageously, out of court of course. The man had a large knife in his hand, such as hunters always carry about them, and well know the use of; but the enraged barrister, with a hand-whip, or cow-hide, as they are called, laid on so keenly that he actually cut his jacket to ribbons in defiance of the knife: and when the beaten and bleeding juryman made his piteous case known to his brethren, they fined him a dozen of wine for his cowardice.

'Another anecdote. A notorious offender had escaped from confinement, and, mounted on a capital horse, paraded the town where the judge resided, with a brace of loaded pistols, calling at the stores and grog-shops, and declaring he would shoot any man who should attempt to molest him. The judge hearing of it, loaded a pistol, walked deliberately up to the man to apprehend him, and on his making show of resistance, shot him immediately. The ball entered the breast and came out behind, but did not prove mortal. He fell, was reconducted to gaol, escaped a second time, and was drowned in crossing the Ohio.' pp. 88—91.

But what appears most to delight Mr. Birkbeck in the community of which he has become a member, is the liberty allowed him, not merely of choosing his own form of religion, but of showing his contempt for all religion as openly as he pleases. None would be more forward than ourselves to oppose the enactment of a law which should undertake to control the choice of individuals on this subject; but we pity the man who, whilst he professes indifference upon the subject, avails himself of the liberty which the law allows, to throw ridicule upon what others, in the exercise of the same liberty of choice, have determined to consider as sacred. We do not know that Mr. Birkbeck any where denies the existence of a God, or directly avows his disbelief in Christianity. But the man who talks with complacency of 'believing in no particular kind of religion;' who views all the ceremonies and observances with which men are accustomed to acknowledge the various dispensations of Providence, as mere 'superstitious rites;' who considers the believers of any definite creed, as sectaries and bigots; who laughs at 'the attempt to teach religion,' as 'the most arrogant of all attempts;'—such a man, however he may occasionally condescend to round a period with a salvo about 'the essence of true religion,' can leave us in little doubt of his contempt for religion in general, or 'of any particular kind.'

'But what think you of a community, not only without an established religion, but of whom a large proportion profess no particular religion, and think as little about the machinery of it, as you know was the case with myself? What in some places is esteemed a decent conformity with practices which we despise, is here altogether unnecessary. There are, however, some sectaries even here, with more of enthusiasm than good temper; but their zeal finds sufficient vent in loud preaching and praying. The court-house is used by all persuasions, indifferently, as a place of worship; any acknowledged preacher, who announces himself for a Sunday or other day, may always collect an audience, and rave or reason as he sees meet. When the weather is favourable, few Sundays pass without something of the sort. It is remarkable that they generally deliver themselves with that chanting cadence you have heard among the quakers. This is Christmas day, and seems to be kept as a pure holiday—merely a day of relaxation and amusement: those that choose, observe it *religiously*; but the public opinion does not lean that way, and the law is silent on the subject. After this *deplorable* account, you will not wonder when you hear of earthquakes and tornados amongst us. But the state of political feeling is, if possible, still more deplorable. Republican principles prevail universally. Those few zealous persons, who, like the ten faithful that were *not* found by Abraham, might have stood between their heathen neighbours and destruction, even these are among the most decided foes of all legitimacy, except that of a government appointed by the people. They are as fully armed with carnal weapons as with spiritual; and as determined in their animosity against royalty and its appurtenances, as they are against the kingdom of Anti-Christ; holding it as lawful to use the sword of the flesh for the destruction of the one, as that of the spirit for the other.

'Children are not baptized or subjected to any superstitious rite; the parents name them, and that is all: and the last act of the drama is as simple as the first. There is no consecrated burial place, or funeral service. The body is inclosed in the plainest coffin; the family of the deceased convey the corpse into the woods; some of the party are provided with axes, and some with spades; a grave is prepared, and the body quietly placed in it; then trees are felled, and laid over the grave to protect it from wild beasts. If the party belong to a religious community, preaching sometimes follows; if not, a few natural tears are shed in silence, and the scene is closed. These simple monuments of mortality are not unfrequent in the woods. Marriages are as little concerned with superstitious observances as funerals; but they are observed as occasions of festivity.' pp. 42—44.

Who has not observed with what pleasant effect, the Spectator, Rambler, and their followers, sometimes introduce letters to themselves, which they never received, with answers, written only for publication? It is true that Mr. Birkbeck was writing something like a Statistical Account, in which *matter of fact* is generally supposed to be an object of more attention than in a humorous essay;—but then why had not he, in this land of religious liberty, a right to adopt this mode of conveying instruction, and displaying his own importance? Let us observe the well-supported air of self-complacency with which he executes his design.

'We shall have people among us, I dare say, who will undertake to teach religion; the most arrogant of all pretensions, I should be apt to call it, had not frequent observation convinced me that it has no necessary connexion with arrogance of character. But however that may be, teachers, no doubt, will arise among us.—This most sensitive nerve has been touched, and already I have had the pleasure of two communications on the subject of religious instruction—both from strangers.

'One of them, who dates from New Jersey, writes as follows: "I have read your notes on a journey from the coast of Virginia to the Illinois territory; and I sincerely wish you success in every laudable undertaking.—The religion of Jesus Christ, disentangled from the embarrassments of every sect and party, I hope you will encourage to the utmost of your power and abilities. In the genuine, uncorrupted, native, and pure spring of the gospel, you view the world as your country, and every man as your brother. In that you will find the best security and guaranty of virtue and good morals, and the main spring of civil and religious liberty," &c. &c.—As this gentleman's good counsel was not coupled with any tangible proposition, his letter did not call for a reply; in fact, the writer did not favour me with his address.

'My other zealous, though unknown friend, who dates still more to the north than New Jersey, informs me, that many are coming west, and that he wants to come himself, if he can "pave the way." "We must," he says, "have an Unitarian church in your settlement, wherever it may be, and I will, if I live, come and open it. I am using every means in my power to promote the principles in *******, and ultimately to raise a congregation, and give, if possible, a mortal stab to infidelity and bigotry." To this gentleman, [his '*unknown friend*'] I replied as follows: "As to your idea of coming out in the character of a minister, I have not a word to say, dissuasive or encouraging. For myself, I am of no sect, and generally in my view those points by which sects are

distinguished are quite unimportant, and might be discarded, without affecting the essence of true religion. I am, as yourself, a foe to bigotry; but it is a disease for which I think no remedy is so effectual as letting it alone, especially in this happy country, where it appears under its mildest character, without the excitements of avarice and ambition." So endeth the first chapter, of the first book, of our ecclesiastical history.' pp. 128—130.

And so we hope, for Mr. Birkbeck's sake, endeth the *last* chapter of 'ecclesiastical history,' with which we are to be favoured from his pen. If, however, he should see fit to furnish a second, we advise him to examine his subject, and decide what his principles are. Should he come to the conclusion that there is a God, he will hardly think of treating with contempt all the modes by which men seek to do him homage; should he moreover be led to suspect that there is some truth in the assertion that christianity contains a scheme of salvation, he will not think it worth while to view with disdain the anxiety which others may show to ascertain what is that scheme. If his conclusions should be of a different kind, let him avow them,—recollecting, however, that there may be bigots in infidelity as well as in christian belief; but let him avow them with that manly confidence, without which we shall not believe such opinion to be the result of an honest examination.

We have extracted the most interesting parts of this book, and from them our readers will be able to form an idea of its merits. For ourselves, we like Mr. Birkbeck better as a writer, than we do as a man,—judging of him from what he has chosen to exhibit of his character in these Letters. He writes in so pleasant a style, that we wish he had given us more of his composition upon subjects that were worthy of it. If instead of filling his pages with sneers at religion, or with tiresome newspaper declamation about English politics, or with tables of future profits—which his short residence could not have rendered him capable of calculating with any degree of certainty—he had given us more full accounts of the country where he has settled,—of its scenery, its natural productions, its soil and climate,—the book would have been more worthy of the attention of a general reader, and not less likely to answer the purpose for which it was written. These topics, of course, are frequently touched upon; but so keen an observer might have given us much more particular and

satisfactory information, if he had not preferred exercising his pen on other subjects. It is no excuse that the 'Letters' profess to have been originally written to his intimate friends; or that the author had been but a short time in the country;—they are now before the public in the form of a book, and it is the author's concern if he published before he had collected sufficient materials for a good book.

The territory (now state) of Illinois is destined to become a rich and important member of our great confederacy. In the middle it is intersected by the river Illinois. The Wabash, an immense river navigable several hundred miles from its junction with the Ohio, makes part of its eastern boundary, and then runs into Indiana. On the west, Illinois rests on the Mississippi; its southern extremities are washed by the Ohio and Mississippi, which there unite; whilst its north-eastern corner touches on the Lake Michigan. It lies in the same latitudes with the state of Ohio; and though its soil is stated to be unequal in quality, yet in this particular it appears not to be inferior to that far-famed state. Mr. Birkbeck, speaking of his own farm, which is probably among the best in the state, says—

'It is a fine black mould, inclining to sand, from one to three or four feet deep, lying on sandstone or clayey loam; so easy of tillage as to reduce the expense of cultivation below that of the land I have been accustomed to in England, notwithstanding the high rates of human labour. The wear of plough irons is so trifling, that it is a thing of course to sharpen them in the spring once for the whole year.' p. 35.

Mr. Birkbeck speaks of the excellent flavour of the wild grapes, and thinks the climate well adapted to the cultivation of the vine. The experiment now making at Vevay, in Indiana, will, it is hoped, soon put the correctness of this opinion beyond a doubt.

It might naturally have been expected from the restless spirit of enterprise with which our citizens are animated, that a country like that on the Ohio, Wabash and Mississippi, would have been rapidly peopled.

It is about thirty years since a small band of adventurers, from New England, commenced the settlement of the state of Ohio. "There was," says Dr. Harris, "before this time a garrison of soldiers on the west bank of the Muskingum, but

there were no settlers or inhabitants in the state of Ohio except Indians, two Moravian towns, and a few trespassers on the public lands." On looking at the map, near the western boundary of the state of Ohio, we observe the names of a line of forts, which, at a still later period, were erected as a necessary security to frontier settlers. Not twenty years ago, these forts were considered as the extreme limit to which the enterprise of civilized man might dare to push its advances,—to have abandoned them would have been to "light the savage fires, to bind the victims." The traveller may now venture beyond them, and he finds himself in the state of Indiana. Proceeding westerly through Indiana, he comes to the Wabash, which he may pass—for the Mammoth has deserted its banks,—and he enters Illinois, where he will find politicians employed in framing a constitution of government for their newly created state. Continuing still a westerly direction, he will come to the Mississippi, which was formerly fixed upon as the western boundary of the United States; but emigration has already passed this limit, and is spreading itself along the banks of the Missouri, and the inhabitants of this territory have, during the present session of Congress, applied for admission into the Union. Thus two new states are already formed west of Ohio, and a third is about to be formed. But in estimating the future growth of what are now called the new states, we are to recollect that the rage for emigration is not long directed to one point; it has successively shifted—in its westward march—from the banks of the Connecticut to the shores of Lake Champlain, from Champlain to Gennessee, thence to the Ohio, and from the Ohio it has now passed to the Missouri. Kentucky and even Ohio, which were so lately considered as unexplored fields for adventure and enterprise, are already sending their emigrants to Indiana and Illinois; and in a few years, these latter states will be sending theirs to Michigan or to some territory as yet without a name. And extraordinary as has been the rapidity with which new territories have been filling up, yet in no instance has it been the effect of a depopulation of the old states. On the contrary, the Atlantick States have gone on and do go on increasing with a rapidity as wonderful to Europeans, as the growth of the new states is to us.

We have now twenty one states, and probably before these sheets shall have passed from the hands of the printer, Mis-

souri and Alabama will have increased the number to twenty three. When we speak on this subject, the question immediately presents itself, how are our political institutions to be affected by this multiplication of the members of the confederacy? Foreign jealousy has found here a subject of exulting prophecy. It has lately been asked,* what possible bond of union can subsist between the Northern and Eastern and the Western States? If we confine our answer—as the question appears to have been confined—merely to a calculation of mercantile advantage, it is believed that even here a sufficient "bond of union" may be pointed out. The navigation of the North is necessary to the West; the produce of the West is necessary to give employment to the constantly increasing tunnage of the North. Every forest that is levelled, every prairie that is brought under cultivation on the other side of the mountains, opens a new market for the produce of our fisheries, and furnishes new employment for the industry of our seamen and the capital of our merchants. It is true that in some respects the productions of both sections are similar; in others they are or will be very different. The resources of our country have as yet been but imperfectly developed; but the care which has lately been bestowed upon the cultivation of the vine in the North-western, and of the cane in the South-western States, gives us reasonable ground to hope, that for at least two important articles of our demand, we shall soon find a supply at home. On the other hand, there are many indispensable articles of manufacture, which the Western States will never find it for their interest to fabricate amongst themselves. If any part of our country is destined to become essentially manufacturing, it is New England; if manufactured stuffs are still to be procured from abroad, the shipping, capital and mercantile skill of the North will be wanted to obtain them.

But it cannot be necessary to enter into details. It is perfectly idle to suppose, that regions embracing such a variety of soil and climate, as do the Northern and Eastern and the Western States, can furnish no articles which can form a subject of exchange and traffic; and it is still more idle to pretend that there is no real difference between the security, facility and fairness with which trade may be carried on

* Quarterly Review, No, 37, p. 66.

between different parts of the same nation; and the manner in which it is conducted between countries under different governments, which are always jealous of one another, and frequently in open hostility.

But it is discovered by the writers to whom we have alluded, that the West India trade is to furnish us with subjects of irreconcilable dispute, and that the Western States will never submit to any maritime regulations—however they are demanded by the common interest of the country—which may chance to interrupt, for a time, the freedom of that trade. To have stated the argument more correctly, it ought to have been said, that the Western States will prefer that the shipping, which is to transport their produce to the Islands, should be subjected to regulation by the king of Great Britain, rather than by the Congress of the United States. Now if the intimate connexion pretended between these Islands and the Western States does really exist, it is singular that it never occurred to those who have, with such laudable exultation, made use of the above argument; that the fact was more likely, at some future period, to produce an emancipation of these colonies from the English crown, than a dissolution of our union. We do not undertake to "prophesy" such an event, and if we did, we should feel no great anxiety to see our prophecy fulfilled. But if there be any force in the argument, such is the conclusion to be drawn from it. It is the West Indies which are dependent on the United States, and not any part of the United States which is dependent on the West Indies. It is but a part and a small part of the surplus produce of the Western States, which can find a market in the Islands; whilst the latter, as experience has repeatedly shown, must frequently look to the trade of the United States for the most necessary means of subsistence. We shall probably soon have new proof of this fact,—for we think, we can discern in the insidious argument we have noticed, a pretty clear though reluctant acknowledgment, that our late Navigation Law, against which the argument is levelled, is likely to accomplish its object.

But this is the narrowest view of the subject. If we think our republican institutions worth preserving—if liberty be any thing more than a pretty topic of declamation—if it indeed be better to live under a government of laws than one of men,—we have a "bond of union" which should never be

broken. Philanthropy must shudder at the idea of a separation. It is indulging in the merest chimera to suppose that such an event can be brought about peaceably; for whilst the public passions are calm, it will never be thought of;—if it is to take place, it will be in a moment of excitement, of blind irritation and headlong folly. And what would be the character of the hostilities between the empires which would be formed from the wreck of our confederacy? Resentment rages with a tenfold violence, when directed against one whom we formerly loved, and upon whom, from our near connexion with him, we felt a claim for the continuance of his kindness and good offices. It is the same in national disputes: war, dreadful as it always is, is never half so bloody, vindictive and cruel, as when it is once excited amonst those who, in habits and national character, have many things in common. Thus it is that civil wars are always marked by deeds of horrible violence, no where else to be found. Civilization is now advancing with unexampled rapidity; a just but temperate estimate of the rights of man is acknowledged and practised upon; every thing is secure; we scarcely feel that we have a government, except in the protection it furnishes of our rights; the field for enterprise, industry and honourable ambition is almost boundless, and any may enter it who choose; the genius of one clime is brought into close but peaceful contact with that of another, and both are animated by emulation and enlarged by intercourse. How gloomy will be the change, when the security of industry must be ever liable to interruption from the approach of hostile invasion; when enterprise must contract its sphere, or risk the interruptions which any new jealousy or caprice in a foreign potentate, may see fit to cause; when large military establishments must be maintained; when a strong and discretionary power must be vested in an individual, to guide the operations of the military and to provide for its support at the reluctant expense of the people; when hereditary distinctions must be established, to secure a safe-guard for the throne; when the avenues to eminence must be closed on the many, to give dignity to the priviledged orders; when—— But this is enough. There is nothing now in all this,—at least we hope there is not,—for such reflections should be familiar to every one. Yet when we are told from abroad, that we have no bond of union, that we have no interest in

keeping together, it is worth our while to point to some of the circumstances which refute the assertion. No—if the chain which holds us together should ever be broken, it will never be done from a regard to our interests. It will be by some short-sighted, local jealousy, seeking on the one hand, to avoid the sacrifices which the common good may sometimes require; or on the other, to impose on a part greater burdens than justice requires it to bear. We have then another motive for recalling such considerations to our mind, until they become fixed there as the first principles of our political reasoning: that we may learn to view with distrust any feeling of a different tendency, and to demand that the necessity of any course of policy, or of any single measure, be clearly demonstrated, which may involve in its consequences the renunciation of such certain and mighty blessings.

It is to little purpose to read to us from history, particular cases in which empires no larger than that of the United States have been found incapable of preserving their unity. For the United States is not, as other large empires have been, composed of conquered provinces, jealous and uneasy under a yoke which has been imposed on them by force, and watching with anxiety for an opportunity to recover their lost independency.—Another circumstance which distinguishes us from them is, that our citizens, scattered as they are, speak a common language. A difference of tongues has ever placed a barrier between neighbouring nations, more formidable than rivers or mountains, and which the arm of conquest or the sagacity of politicians has never been able to remove. Then too we have the same laws, for the most part—particularly the people of New England and of the North-western States—the same customs,—a common ancestry and common objects of national pride,—in short we are essentially one people. Add to these circumstances our wonderful facilities for internal communication, by which those who are far from each other enjoy the advantages of neighbourhood. And here we cannot omit paying a merited tribute to the enterprise of a neighbouring state, which, whilst in uniting the waters of the Atlantic and of the west, it is doing much for its own particular advantage, is doing still more for the cause of humanity and civil liberty, by giving additional strength to our Union.

The question then, whether our territory is too large, history does not settle against us. It has been the fortune of our country to astonish the world by the success of many of its political experiments; and let us not be confounded or dismayed, if in some other instances, we are obliged to proceed without the encouragement of an example. And here we might ask, if it would be too visionary to form higher hopes of human improvement? We are not extravagant upon this subject: the nature of man has not been changed; but his was always a nature capable of indefinite improvement; and although it is still at a melancholy distance from good, it is certainly not so bad as it was. The rights and the true interests of men are better understood and more respected than they were; national injustice has become an object of greater infamy, and sovereigns and people are obliged to furnish at least a plausible justification of their conduct. But especially—since the principles of political economy have been investigated, and, may we not add, since the spirit of christianity has been more widely diffused,—it has been discovered that there are no such contrary and irreconcilable interests among nations, as were imagined; and that the permanent prosperity of one part of the globe, can in no instance be promoted by the ruin or misfortunes of another. These principles have, in our country, been boldly and thus far successfully applied to practice; and Europe, after having suffered long and deeply under the influence of a different system, is, under the confederacy—fearful and imperfect it is true—of her sovereigns, offering some acknowledgment of their correctness. Such is not a moment for despondency.

We have dwelt longer on this part of the subject than we intended; for there is another topic suggested by the fact we have been considering, about which there may be a greater diversity of opinion. We allude to the effect, which this addition to the members to our confederacy may have upon the weight and importance of the state authorities. At first view, it may seem more difficult to preserve union amongst a large number of independent sovereignties, than amongst a few. And if our confederacy were like those which have usually been formed,—that is, if the states, in their relation to the Union, were in fact independent sovereignties; or even if there were any essential difference in the national characters of the people of the several states, this would per-

haps be true. But we are not likely to fall asunder from the mere weakness of the ligaments that hold us together;—it will probably require a violent effort to divide us. Connected as we are, the only effect of adding new parties to the association seems to be, that in the first place we diminish the relative importance of every individual, and next increase the difficulties of concert amongst such a number as might be dangerous. No single state is even now powerful enough, to think of provoking a rupture with the government of the nation; and a combination, which should cause alarm, will soon require the aid of a greater number than it will be easy to obtain. In our opinion, not only is all reasonable fear for the Constitution, from the state authorities, thus removed; but we are called upon by this consideration, taken in connexion with the fact of the extension of our territory, to beware lest the state authorities fall into too much contempt. It is at least a question, whether it will be possible, in case they are blotted out from the system, for our government to retain the character of a representative republic. A body to be assembled from such an immense distance, as is the case with our Congress, and whose operations must necessarily be so slow, would of itself present but a feeble barrier to the designs of an ambitious executive. Besides, we have only to look at the map of our country, to be convinced, that, in the event of an annihilation of the state sovereignties, there would be wanting,—to secure tranquillity and order throughout our vast territory, from the centre to all its most distant extremities, and to provide for the exigencies, wants, and interests of all its numerous sections,—a power more prompt and active, more unshackled and discretionary, than any which the Constitution has vested in the general government, or than any it is capable of exercising under its present form. Indeed, we cannot completely answer the objection of foreigners, that our empire is too large for a free government, but by telling them that the duties of sovereignty are divided between the general and the state authorities.

We are aware of the force of local attachments and of local jealousies; but we do not perceive that the danger which may be apprehended from them, would be less threatening, if the state governments were destroyed. Where geographical distinctions now exist, they would continue to exist notwithstanding such an event; where there is any

peculiarity of manners, it would remain as apparent as before; where there is any fancied difference of interests (for there is no real difference) it would still be remembered and watched over. No man, at the present day, entertains any apprehension that this country is ever to be divided into twenty three petty independent nations. We have had too much experience of the blessings of a large empire, to allow us to think of such a measure. If we shall ever be so lost to a sense of our interests, as to abandon the blessings of union, the separation will take place by the secession of some one of the great geographical sections of the country from the rest. Will the probability of such an event be diminished,—nay, if any thing, will it not be increased, when the states have no longer their respective governments? These great sectional divisions are now, each of them, divided into several independent states, each watching over its own particular concerns, pursuing its own line of policy, frequently differing from each other in the complexion of their party politics, and perhaps at all times animated by a due degree of neighbourly jealousy. Remove the state governments, and you make these grander divisions the more obvious and more strongly marked, by making them the only divisions instead of hearing of the citizens of Massachusetts and of New Hampshire, of Virginia and of South Carolina, we should only be known as citizens of the South, the North and of the West;—the views, interests and wishes of the several parts of each of these sections would be mingled and blended together, and would then be asserted with greater boldness, and become a subject of more obstinate controversy, as they would necessarily command more attention from the whole country.

We know that there are many, who have so long been in the habit of believing that the only danger our Constitution had to apprehend, was from the power of the states, that they may think it something worse than superfluous to say any thing in support of that power. For ourselves, we are unable to resist the conviction, that they are necessary to the support of our liberties; and without undertaking to predict a consolidation, we confess (although we do not mean to enter fully into a discussion of the question) that it appears to us full as possible that the state authorities should sink into such insignificance as to be unfit to perform the duties allotted them, as that any of them should so far increase their power

as to become dangerous to the nation. We are aware that at the time the Constitution was framed, the fears of some of its best friends were of a different kind. The direct opposition to the Constitution was powerful and active; the jealousies of the people were all awake to any encroachment upon the liberties for which they had just been fighting, whilst their attachments to the state sovereignties were strong and habitual. What perhaps had more weight, was the great relative importance and strength which a few of the states then possessed. A combination between the two most powerful it was thought might prove dangerous to the whole. Every thing at that time seems to have justified the opinion that the state authorities were more likely to resist the fair operation of the national Constitution, than to be themselves swallowed up by it. But notwithstanding this, the Constitution has gone into full and fair operation; opposition to it has ceased; and it has been permitted to acquire that foothold in the affections and respect of the people, which was alone necessary for the development of its great strength. Perhaps, too, its friends did not calculate with sufficient confidence upon that feature of our government, which distinguishes it so much from all others of the federal form. We allude to the circumstance of the power of the national rulers emanating directly from the people, and operating directly upon them without the intervention of the state authorities. This is so important, as almost to make it a misnomer to call our government, federal. We have, more correctly speaking, two distinct governments, each formed by the people themselves; and acting, within its proper sphere, without the consent or assistance of the other. But every free government must owe its support to the affections of the people; when these are withdrawn, it will not require a convulsion of the country for its overthrow,—it must fall of itself;—it will then go out, without an effort to extinguish it. And if it be worth while to inquire which of our two governments is likely to be most permanent, we may satisfy ourselves by ascertaining, if we can, which of them is likely to acquire the strongest and most lasting hold on the sympathies and respect of the people.

"When the States give up the purse and the sword," said Patrick Henry, "they give up every thing." It is true that the strength of our government is to be found less in the

quantity of power with which it is invested,—than in the nature of the objects which fall under its cognizance. To the national government belong the questions of war and peace, of commerce, finance and negotiation,—the only political questions which excite a very permanent or lively interest. It stands too as the representative of the common country, and naturally arrays on its side a portion of those partialities, which every man feels bound to indulge towards his country. Its reputation is necessarily connected with all those events which speak loudest to the proud and generous feeling of the people,—it is reflected from the monuments of the brave, and proclaimed by the trumpet of victory. Its protection is felt whenever we exult in the blessings of peace; we must sympathize in its misfortunes too, and blush for its disgrace; for they are the disgrace and misfortunes of our nation. What is the nature of the powers left to the states, by which to divide the sympathies and attention of the people, thus attracted to the general government? We do not mean to undervalue the objects of state legislation; in the aggregate, they are of vital importance; and for that reason we wish the state authorities to be retained; but as they present themselves in detail they appear very unattractive. We accordingly find, as might have been expected, that all the ambition—at least all the young ambition—of the country is directing itself towards the general government, and seeking to enlist in its service. Add to these circumstances, the extent to which the national executive is possessed of that immense engine of modern power, termed *patronage*, and we shall find little cause to tremble for its weakness. What has a government to fear, whilst it can enlist on its side the patriotism of the good, the ambition of the great, the interests of the selfish? There is nothing to place in opposition to all this, unless it be the force of local jealousies; but these, as we have before intimated, do not run parallel with our present state divisions; nor appear to have a necessary connexion, with the state authorities.—We do not mean to intimate by what has been said, that the Constitution, when fairly construed, has vested more power in the general government than was necessary. But believing the safety of the Union not likely to be endangered by the portion of power left in the states, we have no wish to see that power diminished. To these governments was meant to be left the care of the mor-

als, the improvement, and most of the individual rights and possessions of the citizens; for these purposes we are bound to preserve them; but to be preserved they must be respected.

We have perhaps wandered far enough, for we started from Mr. Morris Birkbeck's prairie. But we shall not apologize to our readers for occasionally recalling such topics to their minds, whatever may suggest them to ours. The present period, in the language of the newspapers, is the "æra of good feelings." As far as it affords an opportunity for more unbiassed discussion of political subjects,—as far as it tends to enlarge the circle of social intercourse, we heartily rejoice in such an æra. But we wish the time may never come, when it will be necessary to remind our fellow-citizens of the observation of a profound political writer,—that the dangers to liberty "can never be greater from any cause than they are from the remissness of a people to whose personal vigour every constitution, as it owed its establishment, so must continue to owe its preservation. Nor is this blessing ever less secure than it is in the possession of men, who think that they enjoy it in safety, and who therefore consider the public only as it presents to their avarice a number of lucrative employments." When men are dead to national interests; when they are lulled into the belief that affairs will go right, without an effort to direct them; then it is that abuses creep in and become habitual, and that institutions acquire a wrong tendency which it is afterwards difficult to correct. The wisest and happiest of human institutions are liable to acquire an evil tendency, not only from circumstances inherent in their nature, but from the feelings and character of the times in which they operate. And we are never to acquiesce in a bias to one extreme, which is positively bad, because we may imagine the opposite extreme to be rather worse.

ART. XIV.—*The Theory of Moral Sentiments; or an Essay towards an Analysis of the principles, by which men naturally judge concerning the conduct and character, first of their neighbours and afterwards of themselves. By Adam Smith, LL. D. F. R. S.* Boston, Wells & Lilly, 1817.

WHAT is that quality in actions, which is the object of moral approbation, and by what faculty of our minds do we

become acquainted with this quality, are questions, which have long exercised the ingenuity of speculative men. One class of theorists informs us, that there is in certain actions a fitness, congruity, or intrinsic excellence, which, like truth, is discovered by the understanding, and of which the idea is simple, and of course not to be defined. Another tells us, that virtue is the tendency of actions to a certain end, and that this end is either directly or more remotely the happiness of the agent himself. By a third we are taught, that approbation is an agreeable feeling, and virtue the cause that excites it. Among the advocates of this last system are Dr. Hutchinson, Mr. Hume, and Dr. Smith. Dr. Hutchinson believed this feeling to be specific, and assigned for its perception a distinct faculty, which he denominated the moral sense. Mr. Hume and Dr. Smith, while they agreed with Hutchinson in considering approbation as a feeling, denied the necessity of supposing an appropriate faculty for its perception;—the former of these philosophers referring the phenomena of approbation to the more general law, by which the perception of utility is agreeable to us, and the latter to sympathy. It is the theory of Dr. Smith, upon which we propose to offer some remarks to our readers.

Notwithstanding the intrinsic difficulties of the subject, and the uncommon ingenuity with which it is treated by Dr. Smith,—his theory of moral sentiment has not, so far as we know, been formally examined by any writer; though it seems to have been adopted by none. Before, however, we enter upon this discussion, it may be useful to that portion of our readers, who are not much accustomed to speculations of this sort, to state, as clearly as we can, what the problem is, which is to be solved, and in what its difficulty consists.

In the contemplation of particular actions, the spectator is conscious of the sentiment of approbation; and the quality, which is the object or occasion of this sentiment, we denominate rectitude. But what is approbation and what is rectitude? When I taste a peach, I have an agreeable sensation; when I understand a mathematical proposition, I perceive a truth. To which of these facts is approbation analogous? I observe, for instance, the conduct of a just and benevolent man; I find feelings of approbation, love, esteem, springing up in my breast, and I affirm his actions to be right. Now do I exercise these feelings because I perceive the rectitude of

his conduct, or do I judge his conduct to be right, because it gives me these feelings? But if it be said that the object of approbation is the beneficial tendency of actions, or their conformity to the divine will, rather than their intrinsic nature;—this tendency or conformity to a rule is, indeed, discerned by the understanding; but the question still returns, why are they approved?—Is it because the spectator perceives in them somewhat excellent in itself, or because they are directly agreeable to him; or has he learned to approve of the happiness of another by associating it in some way with his own, and of conformity to the divine will, by a reference to those sanctions of reward and punishment, which may affect himself. Thus, when we examine the foundation of our approbation of benevolence, the inquiry seems to result in one of these three principles: that benevolence is, by the constitution of our being, the ultimate cause of a pleasing emotion; or that the understanding directly perceives in it somewhat excellent and right, which, like truth, recommends itself at once to an intelligent nature; or that all approbation is at last to be referred to the phenomena of self love. To answer these inquiries is the design of a theory of morals.

Could we recollect every incident of our lives, from our birth to the present moment, so that we could exactly trace the formation or developments of all the principles of our moral and intellectual being,—the questions we have stated would involve no great difficulty. But we approve, long before we consider the nature or object of approbation. When we first turn our thoughts to the examination of these principles, they are in their maturity; they have grown up, mixed and modified and changed by a thousand impressions and associations; so that we can no longer, without great labour, distinguish what is native and original from what is formed and adventitious. It is the province of the theorist then, to resolve this compound into its elements. To do this, he must bring together a large variety of cases, which are known to involve the principle he seeks, and proceed, in a sort of algebraic process, by repeated comparisons and separations of what is unessential, till at last the truth required stands by itself, distinct and alone. Or, from some prominent facts he may assume an hypothesis, and should it be found, on its application, to explain the phenomena, it may

be presumed to be true. Thus the moral philosopher may bring together the several classes of actions, that are approved, and by a careful analysis of each endeavour to discover those circumstances, which are common to them all; or, observing a general consistency of facts with some one principle, he may assume that principle as the foundation of virtue, and see how far it will account for the moral judgments of mankind.

We shall now proceed to state, with as much perspicuity and conciseness as we are able, the celebrated theory of Adam Smith. In doing this, however, it is not our intention to give a complete view of this most ingenious system; but only so far to lay it before our readers, as to enable them to understand its fundamental principles, and judge of the propriety of the remarks we may make upon it.

The great basis of moral sentiments, according to Dr. Smith, is sympathy. Sympathy is that principle of our nature, which leads us to enter into the feelings, affections and motives of other men. Hence it follows, that a being perfectly solitary,—as there would be none with whom he could sympathize,—could have no notions whatever of right or wrong, of merit or demerit. The primary objects of all our moral perceptions, therefore, must be the actions of other men, and we judge of our own, only by applying to them the rules we have formed in estimating the conduct of those around us. In judging of the conduct of other men, we are conscious, in the first place, of the sentiment of approbation or disapprobation; and, secondly, we have a sense of the merit or demerit of the agent.

The sentiment of approbation is thus explained. Sympathy is that analogous feeling, which arises from an imaginary application to ourselves of the circumstances of him with whom we sympathize. When the spectator thus places himself in the situation of the agent, he finds that he can or cannot go along with him in the affections and motives by which he is actuated. If he can, he approves; if he cannot, he disapproves. In this two distinct feelings are to be noticed;—first, the sympathetic passion of the spectator; secondly, the emotion which arises from observing the perfect coincidence of this passion with the original passion of the person principally concerned. The former may be either pleasing or painful, according to the nature of the original passion; the

latter is always agreeable, and is that, in which the sentiment of approbation properly consists. The propriety of any action,—by which is meant that quality which moralists have commonly denominated rectitude,—consists in the suitableness of the affection or motive, from which it proceeds, to the cause or object that excites it; and this suitableness is nothing more than that precise kind or degree of affection, with which the spectator can entirely sympathize and go along.

'When the original passions of the person principally concerned are in perfect concord with the sympathetic emotions of the spectator, they necessarily appear to this last just and proper, and suitable to their objects; and, on the contrary, when, upon bringing the case home to himself, he finds that they do not coincide with what he feels, they necessarily appear to him unjust and improper, and unsuitable to the causes which excite them. To approve of the passions of another, therefore, as suitable to their objects, is the same thing as to observe that we entirely sympathize with them; and not to approve of them as such, is the same thing as to observe that we do not entirely sympathize with them. The man who resents the injuries that have been done to me, and observes that I resent them precisely as he does, necessarily approves of my resentment. The man whose sympathy keeps time to my grief, cannot but admit the reasonableness of my sorrow. He who admires the same poem, or the same picture, and admires them exactly as I do, must surely allow the justness of my admiration. He who laughs at the same joke, and laughs along with me, cannot well deny the propriety of my laughter. On the contrary, the person who, upon these different occasions, either feels no such emotion as that which I feel, or feels none that bears any proportion to mine, cannot avoid disapproving my sentiments, on account of their dissonance with his own. If my animosity goes beyond what the indignation of my friend can correspond to; if my grief exceeds what his most tender compassion can go along with; if my admiration is either too high or too low to tally with his own; if I laugh loud and heartily when he only smiles, or, on the contrary, only smile when he laughs loud and heartily; in all these cases, as soon as he comes from considering the object, to observe how I am affected by it, according as there is more or less disproportion between his sentiments and mine, I must incur a greater or less degree of his disapprobation: and upon all occasions his own sentiments are the standards and measures by which he judges of mine.

'To approve of another man's opinions is to adopt those opinions, and to adopt them is to approve of them. If the same

arguments which convince you, convince me likewise, I necessarily approve of your conviction; and if they do not, I necessary disapprove of it; neither can I possibly conceive that I should do the one without the other. To approve or disapprove, therefore, of the opinions of others is acknowledged, by every body, to mean no more than to observe their agreement or disagreement with our own. But this is equally the case with regard to our approbation or disapprobation of the sentiments or passions of others.'

'When we judge in this manner of any affection, as proportioned or disproportioned to the cause which excites it, it is scarce possible that we should make use of any other rule or canon but the correspondent affection in ourselves. If, upon bringing the case home to our own breast, we find that the sentiments which it gives occasion to, coincide and tally with our own, we necessarily approve of them, as proportioned and suitable to their objects; if otherwise, we necessarily disapprove of them, as extravagant and out of proportion.

'Every faculty in one man is the measure by which he judges of the like faculty in another. I judge of your sight by my sight, of your ear by my ear, of your reason by my reason, of your resentment by my resentment, of your love by my love. I neither have, nor can have, any other way of judging about them.'

The whole account of the matter then is simply this. When the spectator would judge of the moral character of the actions of other men, he places himself, by an effort of imagination, in the situation of the agent; if he finds himself affected with feelings and motives, similar to those of the agent, if he finds the same hopes, fears, passions, springing up in his own breast, he perceives this coincidence; and this perception of coincidence, whatever be the nature of the original passion, is agreeable to him, and is no other than the sentiment of moral approbation. On the other hand, if he cannot go along with the agent, if he cannot by the power of sympathy identify his own feelings with those he observes, this want of coincidence is attended with pain, and he has the sentiment of disapprobation.

The account of approbation which we have attempted to state, is an hypothesis, and, like all hypotheses, is to be tried by its coincidence with the phenomena it undertakes to explain. Let us then now examine how far it is consistent with what every one has observed to take place in his own mind, when he approves or disapproves.

In the first place, then, we think there are numerous instances of sympathy without approbation, and even with disapprobation. An amateur gives to his friend an account of a fine picture he has seen and been induced to purchase; he enumerates with delight all its excellencies; its design, its execution, the truth of its colouring, and force of expression. His friend enters with complete sympathy into the feelings of the amateur, in his admiration, and the consequent purchase; has he therefore the sentiment of moral approbation? We can sympathize with the joys or the sorrows of those with whom we are connected; we may judge the conduct they adopt to be entirely reasonable, and suited to the circumstances in which they are placed, without ascribing to them any moral quality. I may enter with strong sensibility into the distress of the beggar, who asks my alms;—do I therefore approve his solicitations, as a moral act? We readily sympathize with the appetite of a hungry man, and judge the consequent action of eating to be perfectly suitable to the feelings that occasion it. There is indeed a sort of analogical sense in which the term approbation may be applied in these instances. Thus we approve the literary tastes and speculative judgments of the scholar; but it is an approbation that implies no moral quality, and how we gain the idea of this moral quality of actions, is the very thing to be explained. It may be admitted, that the feelings in the cases we have stated, are suitable to the causes that excite them, and to the actions to which they give rise; nay more, that it is by sympathy we judge of this suitableness;—but how are we to distinguish between that suitableness, which is the object of moral approbation, and that which is not. This contains the whole difficulty of the problem, and this difficulty, it seems to us, Dr. Smith has left untouched.

Since, according to Dr. Smith, it is by placing ourselves in the circumstances of the person, principally concerned, that the analogous emotion is excited in our own breasts, must not those emotions be the same in kind, that they would be, were we actually in those circumstances? The sympathies of any individual, then, must depend very much on the previous constitution of his habits and tastes. The ambitious will sympathize with the votaries of ambition; the voluptuary with the voluptuous; the avaricious with the greedy of gain. On what principle of human nature do those writers calculate, who send forth their pages of sensuality, but on the polluted

imaginations and depraved sympathies of readers, like themselves? Indeed, does it not follow from this account of the matter, that every sympathetic emotion must necessarily be the proper object of moral approbation; since it agrees with the original emotion, and is perceived to do so? If an individual, in a given situation, exercise feelings of envy, or malice, or revenge, and afterwards a second, in the same circumstances, exercise the same feelings, it is plain that the first must altogether sympathize with the second: for, if he bring fully home to himself all the circumstances of his neighbour, the effect of imagination must be the same in kind, if not in degree, with that of the reality.

But as sympathy cannot distinguish between that suitableness, which is the proper object of moral approbation and that which is not; so neither does it offer any explanation of the different degrees of approbation, with which we contemplate different actions. The only circumstances of difference in this respect, so far as sympathy is concerned, seem to us to be the following,—1. The nature of the original passion, considered as pleasing or painful; 2. its strength; 3. the strength or completeness of the sympathy; 4. the vividness of the pleasure with which the consciousness of this sympathy affects the spectator. The degree of approbation cannot depend on the first circumstance; because approbation itself arises, not from the pleasing or painful nature of the original feeling, but from our capacity to go along with it. Nor, secondly, on the strength of the original passion; because the calm and gentle virtues, the exertion of self command, the suppression and very annihilation of passion, are often the objects of the highest approbation. Nor, thirdly, on the completeness of the sympathy:—as we have already attempted to shew, this may take place, when there is no approbation that is properly moral. We are here to distinguish between the completeness and degree of approbation. It is obvious, that we may thoroughly approve what we do not highly approve. The degree of moral approbation must therefore depend on the fourth circumstance,—the vividness of the secondary emotion. The variations of this vividness can, for the same reasons, no more than the degree of approbation connected with them, arise from either of the circumstances we have just mentioned. There remains, then, so far as we can see, no other cause that can be assigned for this effect, but the

moral character of the original affection. Unless, therefore, the cause and the effect can be the same thing, does it not follow, that moral approbation is not the consciousness that we can go along with the affections of another, but that it is founded on the moral excellence of those affections themselves.

Not only are there numerous instances of sympathy without approbation;—there are also instances of approbation without sympathy. How many, who read the story of Regulus, can, with the full conception of his tortures, rouse themselves to that heroism of integrity which led the Roman General voluntarily to expose himself to the ferocious cruelty of an exasperated enemy. When extraordinary instances of generosity are presented to the avaricious, of courage to the timid, of decision to the wavering, is it their capacity to go along with the liberal, the brave, and the resolute, that gives rise to the admiration they experience;—or is it rather the very conviction that, in the same circumstances, they could not have felt and acted in the same manner; that these virtues are beyond their reach, and almost beyond their conception? Indeed the difficulty we ascribe to any act of virtue is a principal ground of the high approbation with which we consider it. And this very idea of difficulty is nothing else, than the incapacity we find in ourselves, to exercise the feelings and exert the efforts which such virtue implies. We shrink back appalled from the enterprise, and, in the same proportion, we admire that force of self-command and energy of purpose, which peril cannot intimidate, nor obstacles withstand.

In the instances just mentioned, we have followed the account of sympathy which our author has himself given. We are aware, however, that there is a sense, in which we may be said to go along with feelings in others, which, in the same circumstances, we could never have exercised ourselves. We can easily conceive of emotions, very different from those which would have been excited in us by the occasion, which gave rise to these emotions in the person principally concerned. We have before felt them, perhaps, in other circumstances, and in an inferior degree, and we understand their nature and their effects. There are also partial sympathies, which are even heightened by the want of completeness. Thus, I may more deeply sympathize with the joy of the liberated captive, because I could not enter into the fortitude

and resolution with which he endured the toils and privations of his servitude. I can easily imagine myself to lead on a band of warriors to the attack, I can mingle in the turmoil and desperation of battle, I can feel my heart dilate with the shouts of victory, and the honours of triumph;—but in all this, I have thrown around myself a fancied invulnerability, —I do not bring home to my mind the appalling ideas of wounds and of death; my feelings are those with which the real hero recounts the story of his dangers, not those with which he encountered them. As in terrific dreams we are sometimes relieved by saying to ourselves, tis but a dream; so in our waking reveries, we play the hero with a secret consciousness of security. When the man of natural timidity places himself, though but in idea, in scenes of danger, which he has reason to think he will soon be called upon to encounter,—if, for instance, he is told that the enemy are but a few miles from his home,—he will then find in his heart sinking and dismay, the difference between the imagination of perils he may soon prove real, and those illusions of fancy which we have just described. To be convinced of this, let the reader but thrust, with Mucius, his right hand into the fire; let him feel, as strongly as he can in fancy, his muscles shrinking and shrivelling, and slowly consuming in the flames,—and he will be satisfied, it is the eclat of admiration, not the fortitude of endurance, which, in reading the story, he ordinarily brings home to himself.

There is besides, we think, a sympathy of contagion, if we may be allowed the expression. A child is thrown into tears by the tears of those around him. We read the sentiments and actions of the great and good, we imbibe their emotions and become animated with their zeal. These feelings seem to arise, not from placing ourselves in the situation of those with whom we sympathize; but to be kindled in our own hearts from the fire that warms the bosoms of those with whom we are conversant. Even language exerts a spell, by which it calls up powerful passions. Emotions, no less than ideas, are associated with words, and are often excited by them, without the intervention of thoughts or images. But in the theory of Dr. Smith, it is the suitableness of passions and feelings to the cause that excites them, which is to be determined by the sympathy of the spectator;—this sympathy, therefore, to furnish such a criterion, must consist in the coinci-

dence of the feelings, which naturally spring up in the breast of the spectator, from an exact application to himself of all the circumstances of the person principally concerned, with the feelings of that person. If the effect of imagination be not the same with that of reality, in kind at least, the case is changed, and the imagined circumstances of the spectator are not the same with those that really affect the agent. In this view of the subject, the instances we have given above, appear to us to be in truth instances of moral approbation without sympathy.

But if the term sympathy be used, as it often is, to denote any strong conception of the feelings of others, which is attended with a sort of personal interest in what concerns them; it must be admitted, we think, that the sympathies even of the virtuous, are by no means confined to affections that spring from integrity and beneficence. Even the dark and violent passions of the malignant and revengeful, when exhibited by the hand of genius, find somewhat kindred in our hearts. This is perhaps not so much from considering how we should be affected by similar circumstances, as that for a moment we lay aside our own identity, and become the being we contemplate. How else is it, that we are so powerfully affected by those delineations of the poet, which display to us the workings of a criminal ambition, of a cruel revenge, or a desolate misanthropy? Who does not enter deeply into the passions and fate of Macbeth, of Zanga, of the Corsair? Who does not go along with Richard in the expression of those feelings which terminate in the desperate resolution—"I am determined to prove a villain?" Yet surely in these cases it will not be said, we have the sentiment of moral approbation. We can neither approve nor condemn that of which we have no conception. A feeling can be known only by experience; nor is there any method of conceiving the emotions of another, but by exciting somewhat of the same kind in our own breasts. It seems to be the office of the power, by which we do this,—call it what we may,—to bring before us the minds and hearts of other men, to receive from our moral faculty the sentence of approbation or condemnation, as from their own intrinsic character they may deserve. Nor is this moral decision in any respect identified with the perception, that we can or cannot sympathize with the state of mind upon which it is exercised. Nay more, our sympa-

thetic, as well as our original affections, are referred to a general rule of rectitude; and the former, no less than the latter, are not unfrequently the occasion of self-reproach. We enter into feelings which we disapprove, and we secretly condemn ourselves that we do so. Nor can this be explained by supposing with Dr. Smith, that in such cases, we refer to the sympathy of a more impartial judge; since the sympathies of different men cannot be compared with each other, in respect to their justness and impartiality; but by applying to them some common standard. And that can never be an ultimate standard, which is itself to be judged by one more so.

Thus we think, it appears, that approbation is entirely distinct from the perception that our affections agree with those of the agent, and that either may exist without the other. The two sentiments, however, often coincide, and are mutually heightened by their union. When we observe the conduct of the devoted friend, the enlightened patriot, the good man, we highly approve it; we enter into their affections, we clothe ourselves with their integrity and disinterestedness, we appropriate the praise and admiration that belong to them, and become, in imagination, the objects of the love and veneration of mankind. Yet the pleasure of these various sympathies is not approbation, but is founded upon it. In like manner, when we look upon the depraved and the abandoned, we condemn them, our hearts recoil from their communion, because we cannot place ourselves in their circumstances, without feeling that we become the just objects of general reprobation and abhorrence. In this manner, our approbation of the good and condemnation of the bad are increased by sympathy. Dr. Smith observed this, and it led him, we venture to affirm, to the error of his work, if indeed it be an error. He remarked the peculiar satisfaction with which we enter into the feelings of the virtuous—a satisfaction founded, we think, upon previous approbation—and not distinguishing the parts of this blended emotion, he assumed that as an essence, which is only an effect. Accordingly he has, we think, through his work, denominated that sentiment moral approbation, which is properly only a consequence of it.

Having thus explained upon what the sentiment of approbation or disapprobation of actions depends—our author next proceeds to consider, how we come by a sense of the merit or demerit of the agent.

As the propriety of the consequent action consists in the suitableness of the affection to the cause or object which excites it; so the merit of the agent consists in the beneficial nature of the effects, which the affection aims at or tends to produce. Merit is the desert of reward, and demerit of punishment. Gratitude and resentment are the passions which naturally prompt us to reward and punish. When therefore the spectator observes the beneficial or hurtful tendency of any action, he naturally enters into the gratitude or resentment of him, who is the object of it. And this sympathy with the gratitude or resentment of him, who is the object of a beneficial or hurtful action, is what constitutes in the spectator the sense of merit or demerit. In observing beneficent conduct, we have then a double sympathy; in the first place, we enter into the liberal affections and kind designs of the agent, we perceive that we can altogether go along with him in his generous purposes, and thus we have the sentiment of approbation.—In the second place, we enter into the gratitude of him who is obliged; we go along with him in those lively impulses, which prompt him to remunerate his benefactor, and thus have a sense of the merit of the agent. It is the union of these two sympathies, each in itself separately pleasing, and mutually enlivening and heightening each other, that gives to beneficence that supremacy of interest, which it holds over other virtues.

'To be the proper and approved object either of gratitude or resentment, can mean nothing but to be the object of that gratitude, and of that resentment, which naturally seems proper, and is approved of.

'But these, as well as all the other passions of human nature, seem proper and are approved of when the heart of every impartial spectator entirely sympathizes with them, when every indifferent by-stander entirely enters into, and goes along with, them.

'He, therefore, appears to deserve reward, who, to some person or persons, is the natural object of a gratitude which every human heart is disposed to beat time to, and thereby applaud; and he, on the other hand, appears to deserve punishment, who in the same manner is to some person or persons the natural object of a resentment which the breast of every reasonable man is ready to adopt and sympathize with. To us, surely, that action must appear to deserve reward which every body who knows of it would wish to reward, and therefore delights to see rewarded:

and that action must as surely appear to deserve punishment which every body who hears of it is angry with, and upon that account rejoices to see punished.'

There are two important qualifications of this doctrine, which we give in the authors own words.

'It is to be observed, however, that, how beneficial soever on the one band, or how hurtful soever on the other, the actions or intentions of the person who acts may have been to the person who is, if I may say so, acted upon, yet if in the one case there appears to have been no propriety in the motives of the agent, if we cannot enter into the affections which influenced his conduct, we have little sympathy with the gratitude of the person who receives the benefit: or if, in the other case, there appears to have been no impropriety in the motives of the agent, if, on the contrary, the affections which influenced his conduct are such as we must necessarily enter into, we can have no sort of sympathy with the resentment of the person who suffers. Little gratitude seems due in the one case, and all sort of resentment seems unjust in the other. The one action seems to merit little reward, the other to deserve no punishment.'

'Before I conclude this note, I must take notice of a difference between the approbation of propriety and that of merit or beneficence. Before we approve of the sentiments of any person as proper and suitable to their objects, we must not only be affected in the same manner as he is, but we must perceive this harmony and correspondence of sentiments between him and ourselves. Thus, though upon hearing of a misfortune that had befallen my friend, I should conceive precisely that degree of concern which he gives way to; yet till I am informed of the manner in which he behaves, till I perceive the harmony between his emotions and mine, I cannot be said to approve of the sentiments which influence his behaviour. The approbation of propriety therefore requires, not only that we should entirely sympathize with the person who acts, but that we should perceive this perfect concord between his sentiments and our own. On the contrary, when I hear of a benefit that has been bestowed upon another person, let him who has received it be affected in what manner he pleases, if, by bringing his case home to myself, I feel gratitude arise in my own breast, I necessarily approve of the conduct of his benefactor, and regard it as meritorious, and the proper object of reward. Whether the person who has received the benefit conceives gratitude or not, cannot, it is evident, in any degree alter our sentiments with regard to the merit of him who has bestowed it. No

actual correspondence of sentiments, therefore, is here required. It is sufficient that, if he was grateful, they would correspond; and our sense of merit is often founded upon one of those illusive sympathies, by which, when we bring home to ourselves the case of another, we are often affected in a manner in which the person principally concerned is incapable of being affected. There is a similar difference between our disapprobation of demerit, and that of impropriety.

Merit, according to Mr. Hume, "consists in the possession of mental qualities, useful or agreeable to the person himself, or others." This definition has been thought too comprehensive; since it includes in the class of virtues many qualities, which are merely natural, such as courage, genius, &c. The account we have just given from Dr. Smith, is liable, we think, to the opposite objection, that it excludes from merit many actions, which the common judgment of mankind has agreed to consider as possessing that quality in a high degree. Merit implies desert of reward; but we are not always to understand by reward some specific remuneration. Approbation, praise, esteem, love, are often the appropriate and sole rewards of the highest merit. Dr. Smith seems to us, without however precisely making this distinction in his own mind, to have confined himself, in his selection of instances, to the former idea of reward; and, of course, to have met with no difficulty in finding an individual upon whom the province of returning a favour properly devolved, and with whose gratitude the spectator might sympathize. Still, however, he admits it to be a just consequence of his theory, that there are affections with their consequent actions, which are the proper objects of moral approbation, which yet imply no merit in the agent. Is there then no merit in magnanimity, in temperance, in fortitude, in patience? These may sometimes, indeed, be practised on principles merely selfish, or be the results of physical constitution; but they may also, and often do, spring from a high sense of duty, when still no such benefit is conferred on any individual, as to be a foundation for gratitude. The christian, when, through a series of deep afflictions, he exhibits, from a sentiment of religion, a spirit humble, patient, resigned,—does he not as truly deserve applause and admiration, as the performer in the more splendid scenes of generosity and beneficence?

Forgiveness of injuries is a virtue of a high stamp, a virtue almost peculiarly christian. It implies the dominion of principle over some of the strongest passions of our nature, the promptings of revenge, the pride of self-respect, the sense of reputation;—passions which the world is ready enough to countenance and even approve. Yet our high estimate of the merit of this virtue can hardly have its foundation in the sentiment of gratitude, either original or sympathetic.—It is indeed a benefit; but it is one of the last we are willing to receive from a fellow mortal. It is connected in the mind of the injurious person with so bitter a sense of guilt, of humbling inferiority, and wounded self-love, that he must be a very good, or a very mean man, who is willing to be forgiven. Nor are these, feelings into which the spectator is much disposed to enter;—he does not like, even in imagination, to assume to himself emotions so full of disquietude and mortification. When we recollect the well known answer of Turenne to the young man who insulted him, do we for a moment place ourselves in the situation of the latter, or is not our whole attention fixed in direct admiration of the former? We do not intend to intimate, that forgiveness is not sometimes received with the liveliest gratitude; but we do say, that the instances of this are not so numerous, as to furnish any general sympathy, which might be the foundation of the high esteem, in which we hold the virtue. Nay further, the very worthlessness and ingratitude of him, who receives forgiveness, increases our sense of the desert of him who extends it.*

This then is our first objection to the doctrine we have stated, that it takes from many actions all that merit, which, —although they may confer no such particular benefit on any individual as to be the proper occasion of gratitude,—the common consent of mankind has still ascribed to them. Or, in other words, that the perception of merit often exists where there is no imagined gratitude which can be its foundation. We observe, in the next place, that there are many instances of approved gratitude, unaccompanied with the perception of any proportionate merit in him who is the object of it, and

* This case, we think, involves another difficulty. The sense of demerit consists in a sympathy with the just and approved resentment of the injured person; how is it then, that we at the same time so highly approve the want or suppression of this resentment?

that even where they both concur, they operate by different laws, and upon distinct qualities of actions.

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
> To have a thankless child."

This is a trite quotation, but in its connexion, pertinent to our purpose. What heart does not enter into this expression of Lear? If there be any crime, from which we turn away with peculiar reprobation, it is filial impiety; and on the other hand, there is no feeling, which more readily excites in us a kindred sensibility, than the gratitude of an affectionate and devoted child. Yet this sympathy we think is not attended with a sense of any considerable merit in the parent. So intimately interwoven are their interests, that the fondness, which leads a parent to watch assiduously over the happiness of its offspring, is often but a refined selfishness. Nay more, even when this fondness, as in the case of Lear himself, degenerates into folly and weakness, or is attended with circumstances of injustice, it rather strengthens than diminishes the claim on the proper filial return. We may state a stronger instance. Is not our horror at the parricide of the monster Nero in some degree augmented by the thought of those very crimes, by which Aggripina had opened for him a passage to the throne? These atrocities, wrought for his sake, seem to have given the mother a more than ordinary claim on the regard of her son, and give even to parricide itself a darker hue of ingratitude!

Again we think it a general principle, that gratitude is rather inspired by those actions which we consider as indicative of a peculiar and personal regard to ourselves, than by those which flow from a sense of duty in the agent. Thus we are better pleased with a flattering opinion, than a favour. Expressions of good will, of high estimation and attachment, often draw from us livelier returns, than the most essential benefits which do but shew the general benevolence of their author. A captive, who would feel the warmest gratitude to a friend who should, from personal attachment, encounter great hazard, and make extraordinary efforts for his liberation, would probably have been less affected by the disinterested generosity of some unknown individual, who should have created a general fund for the ransome of slaves. If then gratitude considers an action as a favour, and expressive

of regard to the object; while the perception of merit considers it as a virtue, and implying a reference to duty;—these two views contemplate qualities essentially different. Although they may often concur and exert a reciprocal influence in the same action, yet either may not only be considered separately from the other, but they are frequently found in fact thus distinct. The limitation, then, which we have already quoted from Dr. Smith,—a limitation essential to the support of his doctrine,—must be inconsistent with experience. 'We cannot,' says he, 'go along with the gratitude of an obliged person, unless we have first altogether approved the motives of him who confers the favour; nor with the resentment of him who sustains an evil, unless we disapprove of the motives of him who inflicts it.' The latter part of the proposition, we are ready to admit, is more generally true than the former.

The natural occasion of justifiable resentment is the expression of ill will, or at least of culpable negligence; these are also the proper objects of blame; the perception of demerit, therefore, usually coincides with the sense of resentment. The natural occasion of gratitude, on the other hand, is the expression of good will, of personal regard. Those actions which are expressive of regard to one, may involve in them injustice to the rights of another; yet the obliged person, even while he disapproves the whole complex action by which he is benefited, cannot help feeling gratitude for the affection, by which he is distinguished; nor will this gratitude be disapproved even by the impartial spectator. Here the perception of merit is totally distinct from the sense of a favour, and the latter may exist, not only without, but in opposition to the former. When, however, the motive of the agent implies at once a regard to the object and to the rectitude of the action, these sentiments concur. And when the benefit springs from indirect and sinister views, from the weakness or caprice or profuse generosity of the benefactor, or from accident,—as from the similarity of a name,—or from any circumstance, which marks no particular regard either to him on whom it is conferred, or to its own intrinsic rectitude,—little gratitude is felt; nor is there, at the same time, any perception of merit. It is by instances of this description, and instances taken from resentment, that Dr. Smith has illustrated his limitation, without being aware, it seems to us, that their application was not universal.

We may here notice another general principle, in which a want of correspondence is seen. Our sympathies are easily and strongly awakened, in proportion to the particularity of the object. Orators and poets are aware of this. When they desire deeply to affect us, they do not bring before our minds a multitude, but concentrate all our attention upon a single group or an individual being. What is wanting in extent, is more than compensated by intensity. Let us apply this to the subject under consideration. The merit of benevolence, other circumstances being the same, is in proportion to the wideness of its views, and the multiplicity of the objects it embraces. This is the plain decision of the judgment; but so far as feeling is concerned, this very wideness and multiplicity will but diminish its vividness. A province saved, or a city rescued, are but vague and uninteresting scenes. The spectator, would he excite himself to any strong emotion, must select a single family or a particular individual; and even an obliged person himself is much less sensible of a bounty he shares with thousands, than of one, of which he is the peculiar and privileged object.

Thus we have attempted to show, not only that we may have the sense of merit, and sentiment of gratitude, unconnected with each other; but also, that where both these sentiments are found, the latter does not correspond in the laws of its operation with those, by which the former is regulated. Yet were it otherwise, did the most perfect coincidence in this respect exist, still the theory of Dr. Smith would not be proved. Sympathy is a feeling: a feeling exists entirely in the spectator, and implies nothing external to him but a cause; —but is there not, in the idea of merit, a judgment of the understanding, a belief that some quality exists in the agent, which constitutes desert, and gives him a claim, independently of any motive or opinion of the spectator? And is not this judgment or belief, not the consequence, but the cause of the feeling? I have the sensation of sweetness from the use of honey; from this sensation I infer some quality in the honey as its cause; or rather, perhaps conjoined with the sensation, and dependent upon it, is the belief of this cause. Now in the idea of merit is not this order reversed, and does not the feeling depend upon the perception, and not the perception upon the feeling? I have no idea of sweetness, independently of the sensation; but may I not have the idea of merit, without any feeling whatever?

Having explained, in the two former parts of his work, our moral sentiments as they relate to the actions of other men, Dr. Smith proceeds in the third to consider in what manner we judge of our own; to shew the origin of general rules, and of our sense of duty. But as the portion of the work which we have already examined contains the elementary principles of his whole theory, we shall content ourselves, in what remains, with a brief abstract from the author himself, making very few remarks of our own.

It is agreeable to us to sympathize with those around us; it is also agreeable to us, that they in their turn should sympathize with us. As on the former of these facts are founded the judgments we pass upon the conduct of others, so on the latter depend the judgments we form of our own.

'We either approve or disapprove of our own conduct, according as we feel that, when we place ourselves in the situation of another man, and view it, as it were, with his eyes and from his station, we either can or cannot entirely enter into and sympathize with the sentiments and motives which influenced it.'

Although in judging of our own conduct we thus refer to the opinions of other men; yet as those around us, from their different private biases and passions, or from the incompleteness of their views, will often be led to form partial and contradictory judgments concerning us, to relieve ourselves from this inconvenience, we are insensibly led to set up in our own breasts an imaginary being, at once dispassionate and well-informed, to be the judge of our actions. Hence arises a distinction between the love of praise, and of praiseworthiness, the former implying a reference to the real judgments of the world, and the latter to those of the man within the breast.

Indeed, that in the estimate of our own conduct, we have often a secret reference to the judgments of those with whom we live, cannot be denied. There is a considerable portion of mankind with whom public opinion, rather than any standard of rectitude, is the rule of conduct; and even those who aim to regulate themselves by the principles of duty, have frequent occasion to contemplate their own actions in that light, in which the impartial spectator would view them. But they do this, not to take from this external estimate their rule of judgment, but in order to enable themselves to apply the rule they already possess, with greater equity and fair-

ness. It is a fiction which they use to dissipate those false colours, which inordinate self-love or strong passion may have thrown over their actions, and bring them in their proper hue and just forms before the tribunal of conscience.

To guard us, however, against the fatal delusions of self-deceit, nature, according to Dr. Smith, has provided another remedy in the formation of general rules.

'Our continual observations upon the conduct of others insensibly lead us to form to ourselves certain general rules concerning what is fit and proper either to be done or to be avoided. Some of their actions shock all our natural sentiments. We hear every body about us express the like detestation against them. This still further confirms, and even exasperates, our natural sense of their deformity. It satisfies us that we view them in the proper light, when we see other people view them in the same light. We resolve never to be guilty of the like, nor ever, upon any account, to render ourselves in this manner the objects of universal disapprobation. We thus naturally lay down to ourselves a general rule, that all such actions are to be avoided, as tending to render us odious, contemptible, or punishable, the objects of all those sentiments for which we have the greatest dread and aversion. Other actions, on the contrary, call forth our approbation, and we hear every body around us express the same favourable opinion concerning them. Every body is eager to honour and reward them. They excite all those sentiments for which we have by nature the strongest desire; the love, the gratitude, the admiration, of mankind. We become ambitious of performing the like; and thus naturally lay down to ourselves a rule of another kind, that every opportunity of acting in this manner is carefully to be sought after.

'It is thus that the general rules of morality are formed. They are ultimately founded upon experience of what, in particular instances, our moral faculties, our natural sense of merit and propriety, approve, or disapprove of. We do not originally approve or condemn particular actions; because, upon examination, they appear to be agreeable or inconsistent with a certain general rule. The general rule, on the contrary, is formed, by finding from experience, that all actions of a certain kind, or circumstanced in a certain manner, are approved or disapproved of.'

This account of general rules, it will be seen, is materially different from that of Dr. Paley. The general rules of our author are inductions from particulars, and apply to no case in which a well-regulated mind, in a state of due sensibility

would not exercise all those affections, which would of themselves prompt the action, and are the proper occasion of the peculiar sympathies, on which the general rule is founded. Those, on the contrary, of Paley, are formed from a consideration of the general consequences of that class of actions, and to bring any case within the rule, it is only necessary it should belong to the class, although no one of the contemplated consequences, in that particular instance, seems likely to follow.

A regard to these general rules, says Dr. Smith, is what constitutes the sense of duty. A sense of duty therefore is a determination of the mind, to act in such a manner as to become the natural object of the sympathy of the impartial spectator. This explanation seems not only incomplete, but also to oppose new difficulties to the theory of the author. Affections, not actions, are the objects of sympathy. The affection appropriate to beneficence is benevolence; yet benevolence is a very different thing from a sense of duty. Now although it is very natural that in default of the particular sentiment, which is the suitable occasion of sympathy, mankind should still perform those actions, by which, as the ordinary signs of such sentiments, they may hope to secure this sympathy,—yet how it happens that this substituted principle should in the view of the spectator become more estimable than even the original affection itself, on which its whole force and authority depend,—is not so easy to explain.

In the fourth part of his essay, our author examines the principle of utility. 'The utility of any object pleases the master, by perpetually suggesting to him the pleasure or conveniency, it is fitted to promote. The spectator enters by sympathy into the sentiments of the master, and necessarily views the object under the same agreeable aspect.'

He admits, that utility and hurtfulness are the general characteristics of virtuous and vicious actions; but still he affirms—

'that it is not the view of this utility, or hurtfulness, which is either the first or principal source of our approbation and disapprobation. These sentiments are, no doubt, enhanced and enlivened by the perception of the beauty or deformity which results from this utility or hurtfulness. But still, I say, they are originally and essentially different from this perception.

'For, first of all, it seems impossible that the approbation of

virtue should be a sentiment of the same kind with that by which we approve of a convenient and well-contrived building; or, that we should have no other reason for praising a man than that for which we commend a chest of drawers.

'And, secondly, it will be found, upon examination, that the usefulness of any disposition of mind is seldom the first ground of our approbation; and that the sentiment of approbation always involves in it a sense of propriety quite distinct from the perception of utility.'

He thus explains in what manner philosophers may have been led to consider utility, as the proper object of moral approbation.

'When a philosopher goes to examine why humanity is approved of, or cruelty condemned, he does not always form to himself, in a very clear and distinct manner, the conception of any one particular action either of cruelty or of humanity, but is commonly contented with the vague and indeterminate idea which the general names of those qualities suggest to him. But it is in particular instances only that the propriety or impropriety, the merit or demerit of actions is very obvious and discernible. It is only when particular examples are given that we perceive distinctly either the concord or disagreement between our own affections and those of the agent, or feel a social gratitude arise towards him in the one case, or a sympathetic resentment in the other. When we consider virtue and vice in an abstract and general manner, the qualities by which they excite these several sentiments seem in a great measure to disappear, and the sentiments themselves become less obvious and discernible. On the contrary, the happy effects of the one, and the fatal consequences of the other, seem then to rise up to the view, and, as it were, to stand out and distinguish themselves from all the qualities of either.'

With these views of Dr. Smith we are much inclined entirely to agree. The popular doctrine of Paley, which at first seems to furnish so easy an explication of the difficulties which embarrass the theory of morals, will be found, we are persuaded, the more it is examined, more and more inconsistent with sound philosophy and safe practice.

Thus we have finished our account of that portion of Dr. Smith's essay, which treats of the origin and formation of our moral sentiments. These sentiments, the reader will recollect, are properly three. In the first place, as we find that we can or cannot enter into the motives of actions, we have the

sentiment of approbation or disapprobation: secondly, from sympathy with the gratitude or resentment of the object of a benefit or an injury, we have a sense of the merit or demerit of the agent: and thirdly, from the perception, that an action is agreeable to the laws according to which the two preceding sympathies usually operate, arises the sense of duty. To these is added the emotion, which springs from the observation of the useful or hurtful tendencies of actions. This last, however, although it mingles with the former, and enlivens their effect, is not specifically moral; since it is not peculiar to conduct, but is equally excited by whatever is salutary or pernicious in nature or art; by a fruitful field or well-contrived machine.

Our readers will perceive that there are many incidental discussions in this work of great interest, upon which we have not touched. Our remarks have been exclusively confined to its fundamental principles. And although in these we do not agree with the author, yet we cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity, acuteness, and eloquence, with which the whole is executed. In the numerous illustrations, which abound in the work, a great variety of curious facts are brought together and analyzed, and many collateral and important points, which naturally occur in the course of the inquiry, are investigated and explained with singular skill and justness. These together form perhaps a more complete natural history of our active powers, and the economy of our moral constitution, than is to be found in any one work with which we are acquainted. They compose indeed much the larger portion of the treatise, and as the intelligent reader will, with little difficulty, disembarrass them of that characteristic phraseology which grows out of the author's peculiar views, they are of equal importance, whatever theory he may adopt. The general sympathies of our nature will be allowed by all, to hold a most powerful influence over our moral perceptions and feelings. This influence is developed, and the various modifications that these perceptions and feelings receive from circumstances, and from other principles and passions, are detected and illustrated, with the greatest acuteness and felicity; and the whole combined with practical lessons of conduct, in a style the most engaging and impressive.

Still however, even in the execution of this work, some faults may perhaps be pointed out. The style is often vague

and diffuse, and rather that of a popular essay, than a philosophical discussion. Many ideas, which individually considered may be presented with sufficient clearness, yet want that exactness of form, which is necessary to determine their application to other ideas, and their precise bearing upon the point in question. This is especially the case in the frequent use of indefinite terms, where they should be particular, and of limited terms, when the argument requires those which are universal. His illustrations, in themselves so pertinent, are often stated in a manner better suited to enforce received truth, than to settle what is doubtful, or elucidate what is obscure. Although they may involve the principle to be explained, they are not always applied to it with such directness and particularity as to make it clear to the reader. Thus in chapter second of part third, Dr. Smith states a distinction between the love of praise, and the love of praiseworthiness, and endeavours to shew in what manner a fact, in its first aspect so adverse to his theory, may be reconciled with it. This distinction he proceeds to illustrate and explain at great length; yet in the multiplicity of examples, and from neglecting to apply them as he goes along, he seems to lose sight of the great difficulty in the case, and although the reader, when he finishes the chapter, will be fully satisfied that the difference exists, he will be at a loss to say in what manner the author accounts for it.

We notice these defects, not as critics, but philosophers. They are not mere errours of style, they lead to errours of reasoning; and explain we think the fact, that so many rise from the perusal of Dr. Smith's work with the conviction that it cannot be true, without being able to point out wherein the fallacy lies. In disquisitions of so subtile a character, definitions and formal propositions are sometimes indispensable. It is necessary that the principle should first be clearly stated, and afterwards the facts distinctly applied. The reader will thus be able to judge as he goes along, how far each particular case supports the position it was introduced to prove.

It may naturally enough be asked, if the theory of Dr. Smith does not furnish the true solution of the moral problem we have stated, how it happens that he has been able, in so many particulars, to point out a coincidence between his principles, and the facts to be explained? We answer, this

is equally the case with those, who resolve all virtue into self-love, or benevolence, or regard to utility, or the sense of justice. These are all principles of human nature, and, under certain restrictions, coincide in their operation with the laws of rectitude. This is one among innumerable instances of the provident wisdom and goodness of the great Author of all. Every principle which he has implanted in the heart of man, in its regulated tendency, prompts him to the noblest and best aims. What then is the just conclusion? That rectitude is not founded exclusively in sympathy, or self-love, or benevolence; but is that principle which controls and directs them all. It is in the moral, what attraction is in the natural world; it regulates and guides the whole system of our affections and powers, preserves each in its proper sphere and due subordination to the rest, and conducts man to the proper end of his being; the highest perfection, dignity, and happiness, of his own nature, and the widest display of the glory of his Creator.

ART. XV.—1. *Essay on the Theory of the Earth, by M. Cuvier, perpetual secretary of the French Institute, &c. with mineralogical notes, and an account of Cuvier's geological discoveries, by Professor Jameson; to which are now added Observations on the Geology of North America, illustrated by the description of various organic remains found in that part of the world; by Samuel L. Mitchell, Botan. Mineral. and Zoolog. in Univ. Nov. Eborac. Prof. &c. &c. &c.* 8vo. pp. 431. New York, 1818.

2. *Outlines of the Mineralogy and Geology of Boston and its Vicinity, with a Geological Map, by J. Freeman Dana, M. D. and Samuel L. Dana, M. D. Fellows of the Linnæan Society of New England.* 8vo. pp. 108. Boston, Cummings & Hilliard, 1818.

NOTWITHSTANDING the sneer of Bishop Watson, that "a gnat essaying the feeble efforts of his slender proboscis against the hide of the elephant, and attempting thereby to investigate the internal formation of that large animal is no unapt representation of man attempting to explore the internal structure of the earth by digging little holes into its surface,"—endeavours to ascertain the earth's structure, and thence to deduce some knowledge of the revolutions, which

have taken place in it, are pursued with an ardour constantly increasing. The perfection attained by Astronomy, to which the attention of men was early attracted by the number and splendour of the objects about which it treats, not only satisfies the curiosity of inquirers into the operations of nature, thus leaving them at leisure to direct their attention to the structure and history of the earth, but affords the strongest encouragement to this pursuit. For since the sagacity and ingenuity of man have enabled him to ascertain the form, size, distance, comparative weight and slightest motions of those vast and remote orbs, which are within the reach of only one of his senses, and whose actual motions are imperceptible even by that; what may not be expected from the employment of the same faculties in the examination of the globe, on which we dwell, whose surface we can handle and penetrate, whose materials are accessible to all our senses, and may be submitted to the action of the strongest mechanical and chemical agents? In this, as in every department of natural science, the first rational advance towards the establishment of a system is the accumulation of facts, on which it may be founded. But even philosophers are not always rational; and almost every geologist of the last century seems to have thought it incumbent on him to proclaim some new theory with regard to the formation of the earth consistent with the few facts then known, without waiting for the slow process of observation. These theories were originally unsupported by rational evidence, and most of them have been proved false by subsequent discoveries.

It is becoming every day more difficult to form geological systems, as the increase of knowledge restrains the license of conjecture; for every system ought to explain some of the phenomena observed on the surface or in the structure of our globe, otherwise it would be useless; and to be consistent with them all, otherwise it must be false. These phenomena are now very numerous, consisting of all the facts known with regard to the form and materials of the earth, the situation in which every mineral is found, its connexion with others, the foreign substances contained in it, its constituent parts and the mode of their combination, in short every thing comprised in mineralogy and geology. The present state of these sciences seems to render it incredible that the facts already ascertained by them should be satisfactorily explained

by any other hypothesis than the truth; and it is less wonderful that so many theories should be abandoned, than that more than one should still remain and be supported with zeal and confidence. Those of Hutton and of Werner have swallowed up the rest, but are now contending for the mastery with each other. The followers of each introduce various modications in the system of their leader, but all unite in opposition to his adversaries, and finding it more easy to wound their opponents than to secure themselves, commonly prefer an offensive to a defensive warfare; so that some sceptics begin to anticipate that like the soldiers of Jason they will all at last fall in the contest. To make our subsequent remarks more generally intelligible, it may be necessary to state a few of the principal facts, for which the geologist must account, or to which he must at least conform.

On penetrating the surface of the earth, it is found to consist of various distinct layers or strata. Near the level of the sea, these are horizontal; but as we ascend towards the mountains, the edges of other strata lying in a more inclined position than the former and seeming to rise from beneath them, appear on the surface. The strata which form the summits of the secondary mountains and the sides of the highest, are often almost vertical; against these the strata next without them seem to lean, and themselves to pass under those, which are more nearly horizontal and seen at a still lower level. 'When we dig through the horizontal strata in the neighbourhood of the inclined strata, the latter are invariably found below.' The substance, which forms the summits of the loftiest mountains, and against which the highest of the inclined strata rest, is massive granite. This rock does not seem to be stratified, and is of a more crystalline structure than those, which have that appearance. Many strata present very considerable curves, bends and angles, and often appear violently broken, interrupted and displaced; but the same stratum preserves in all its changes of situation the same thickness. From their relative position it is manifest, that if they were successively formed, those nearest the sea are more recent than those, on which they rest, or against which they lean, and which constitute the surface of the earth at a greater height. But were they formed successively? In many of them in every part of the world, at great depths, often imbedded in the hardest rocks, are found the bones and

shells of animals and the remains of vegetables. The earth therefore must have been not only formed but inhabited before the consolidation of the rocks, in which these relics of existence are contained. Shells of marine origin are found in more ancient strata than any other animal remains, sometimes it is said more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. The opinion of some philosophers, that these were never parts of living beings, but formed by a sport of nature, and that of La Loubere, that they were placed in their present situation by monkies, among whom carrying shells from the sea shore to the tops of the mountains was anciently, as he supposes, a favourite amusement, are neither of them so generally adopted by modern geologists as might be expected from their fondness for daring hypotheses; but yield to the simpler conclusion that the places where they are discovered were once and for a considerable time covered by the ocean; so that these mountains must have risen from the bottom of the sea by some mighty revolution, or the sea, by a revolution no less mighty, have abandoned the mountains. Since it is as easy to suppose the mountains elevated or the sea depressed twenty thousand feet as ten thousand, all geologists agree that every part of our globe was once covered by water.

So far we advance in peace,—but here are the limits of controversy, and the point in dispute is no less than this, whether the changes, which have taken place in the structure of the earth's surface, were caused by fire or water. These are by far the most powerful agents, whose operations on it are constantly witnessed, and it was not only natural but philosophical to attempt the explanation of those changes by the accumulation, during a long series of ages, of effects daily produced within our own experience. Hence some supposed with Buffon that our present continents were elevated above the universal ocean by the continued operation of tides and currents, and some that they are the products of extinct volcanoes. Neither of these theories is now maintained in its original simplicity; for though tides and currents raise sand-banks and form alluvial islands, no experience justifies the assertion that they could consolidate the hardest rocks or elevate the summits of the Andes; and the products of volcanoes bear evident traces of fire, and after being exposed to intense heat still present this appearance, whereas most mineral substances have their structure totally and irreparably

changed by a similar exposure. The two great geological systems however, which now divide the learned, still rely on the agency of these elements, by ascribing to them effects which they are never known actually to produce.

That of Dr. Hutton was first published in the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for 1775, and has been much more clearly and methodically displayed by Professor Playfair in his illustrations of the Huttonian Theory. Considering it established that all the rocky strata were formed at the bottom of the sea from loose and separate materials, the first question is by what power they were consolidated. We know no way, in which this effect could be produced, unless these materials were crystallized from solution in some fluid, or suffered to cool after being melted or at least softened by heat. The idea of crystallization is rejected by Hutton as inconsistent with the inclined position and uniform thickness of the strata, with the great density of most rocks, and the general insolubility of the substances which compose them. He supposes that their component parts being spread in horizontal layers, in a state of comminution, at the bottom of the sea, were totally or partially melted and thus united into a solid mass; and were elevated into all their present varieties of position by some expansive force acting from below. Both these effects are ascribed to heat existing within the earth; and to the objection that heat could not produce a structure, which is destroyed by fire, it is answered that fire destroys minerals by separating their constituent parts, but if applied to them at the bottom of the ocean, the pressure of the incumbent mass might prevent decomposition, and no other change would be produced than fusion and expansion. Granite, the lowest rock, being nearest to the central fire, was completely fused and forced upward with all the strata resting upon it. Hence it is not distinctly stratified, but of a crystalline structure; while the strata, which lean against it, being exposed to a less intense heat, were only softened and consolidated, and have less and less the appearance of perfect fusion in proportion to their distance from the centre. Thus each of our present continents was raised from the bottom of the sea a vast and shapeless mass of rocks, but the air decomposed its surface, which consisted of the least solid strata, the winds blew and beat upon it, and the rain descended and washed down its fragments towards the ocean. The

most elevated parts of the granite were soon exposed, the strata which covered them being crumbled away and spread over their declivities; the torrents hollowed out valleys, and vegetation began to appear. The process is still going on; the frost, the atmosphere, and the rain are constantly decomposing the surfaces of the loftiest and hardest rocks, and the rivers bearing their fragments into the valleys and thence into the sea. These causes are slowly but incessantly breaking down the high places of the earth, and we see no agent employed to repair them. The Huttonian therefore looks forward to the time, distant indeed but certain, when our present continents shall disappear, and their materials be spread over the bottom of the ocean. He looks still further; for why may not the same element, which formed from loose fragments and raised from the bed of the sea the mountains, on whose sides we dwell, consolidate from similar materials and elevate from the same depth other continents, to be again worn down by the agents now destroying these, into heaps of ruins, whence another and another world may rise in indefinite succession? This is exactly the process of Medea, to renovate the decrepitude of the world by cutting it to pieces and boiling it over again.

The theory considers the organic remains imbedded in our rocks as the productions of former continents, which have long since disappeared. In the oldest strata are found small beds of sand, the fragments of mineral bodies, which existed before the present land was formed; and in these beds pieces of sandstone and of other compound rocks, which must have been consolidated from the ruins of a still earlier continent; so that we have clear evidence of two renovations of the earth. Many may have preceded these, but all before them is admitted by the Huttonians themselves to be mere conjecture.

It is not pretended to define the commencement or the conclusion of this series of revolutions; it exhibits no trace of a beginning, no prognostic of an end. Professor Playfair, however, protests against the charge of infidelity; for he asserts, not that the Almighty did not create the world or will not destroy it, but only that there is no visible agent now operating, which must necessarily bring about its destruction. So it is with all the organized productions of nature; the individual dies, but the species continues, and presents no sign of its origin or of its termination. Nor is this series of changes

capricious; it is necessary that our globe should be surrounded by air, and consist partly of dry land and partly of water, that the rain should descend and the rivers flow from the mountains to the sea, and that the rocks should be decomposed and their materials accumulated in the valleys in order to support vegetable and animal life. Thus the Huttonian philosopher finds in decay itself the seeds of renovation, and concludes, that while every thing we see is wasting away around us, causes beyond our sight are operating to supply the loss; and that this succession of changes will continue, till the hand, which established the course of nature, be put forth to arrest it, and the voice, that called this beautiful world into existence, speak again to remand it to its original nothing.

Curious and imposing as this theory is, it has at present fewer adherents than that of Werner. That sagacious and indefatigable man, observing the great extent, regular collocation, and different materials of the principal strata of rocks, supposed them all to have been deposited from some aqueous menstruum in their present forms and situations. On this supposition the ocean must have covered the highest mountains, while the strata of granite,—for according to Werner granite is in some sort stratified,—were crystallized. The waters then subsiding, the tops of the granitic rocks appeared above the surface, and those which lean against them and are found only at a less height, were formed. In the same manner, all the strata, which constitute the external crust of the earth, were successively deposited on those immediately preceding them, the water retiring to a lower level after each formation. This ocean, while it covered every part of the globe, was in its most tranquil state; but as it sunk below the summits of the rocks, which had been formed in it, their opposition to the winds and tides occasioned currents, and the decomposition of their surfaces caused fragments to be constantly falling into the surrounding water, and thus disturbed its tranquillity. Hence granite is of a highly crystalline structure, being a purely chemical deposit, while the other strata, formed when the waters were disturbed, are less and less perfectly crystallized in proportion to the recency of their origin; and frequently contain sand and other fragments of rocks of earlier formation. The rocks, in which organic remains are never found, and which are most crystalline, are

called primitive, and supposed to have been formed before the creation of organized beings; those containing the remains of vegetables and animals are called secondary, and must have been deposited after the earth was inhabited. The theory distinguishes another class of rocks highly crystalline, but occasionally containing petrifactions, called transition rocks, and said to be formed while the earth was passing from a chaotic to a habitable state. Werner and his disciples do not look back beyond the time when the whole surface of the globe was one fluid mass, nor forward beyond the present.

The numerous facts and analogies adduced by the adherents of each of these systems to support their own opinions and to confute those of their rivals, cannot here be examined nor even recapitulated; but must be sought in the works of their apologists. With regard to most phenomena, both parties seem satisfied with proving that they are not irreconcileable with their respective theories. The instances, in which they endeavour to shew that their favourite agents are capable of producing the effects ascribed to them, are comparatively few, and their arguments in these cases are commonly founded not on close deduction, but on very loose and distant analogies. When closely pressed by an objection, which threatens to be fatal to his system, the geologist defends himself by casting out doubts, which may darken the subject, and thus favour his escape. Every appearance in the structure of rocks inconsistent, according to all experience, with the idea that they have been consolidated by heat, is avoided by the Huttonian, on the ground that nobody knows what may be the effect of heat applied at the bottom of the sea. The insolubility in water of most minerals is answered by the Wernerians with a conjecture that certain minerals, when dissolved in water, may, for aught any body knows, render it capable of dissolving every thing else. Werner's disciples cause all objections to his theory, founded on the relative position of minerals, to disappear instantly by a sort of charm or incantation consisting of two words,—"contemporaneous formation." Are such answers explanations of the facts to which they are applied, or only awkward apologies for ignorance?

But this is not all. The Newtonian rules of philosophizing require that nothing should be assumed as the cause of any phenomena, unless it be proved adequate to their production, and also known to exist. Supposing then the first of these

conditions to be fulfilled,—taking it for granted, far as it is from the fact, that each of these theories has shewn the cause, to which it ascribes the structure of the earth's surface, to be sufficient to produce such a structure,—the actual existence of that cause still remains to be established. This requisition is not complied with by proving that there are such elements as fire and water; they must be shewn by induction or analogy to exist in the place and the quantity, which the hypothesis demands. To conclude with Professor Playfair, from the appearance of volcanoes, hot-springs, and earthquakes at the surface of the earth, that the intense and perennial heat, supposed by Hutton, occupies its centre, is a bold deduction. Nor are the disciples of Werner more successful in proving the former existence of an ocean capable of covering the highest mountains, of holding all minerals in solution, of depositing successive strata entirely different, and of retiring after each deposition to a lower level. Of this they adduce no other evidence than the same geological facts, for the purpose of explaining which its existence is assumed. Indeed, what is become of this ocean is a question, which they have not yet answered in a manner satisfactory to any body but themselves. The supposition that it has retired to subterraneous caverns removes the difficulty one step back, only to make way for another. Where are the caverns? Nothing has yet been discovered favourable to the belief of their existence. On the contrary, the vibrations of the pendulum shew that our planet increases in density towards its centre, so that it is estimated to be more than twice as heavy as a solid globe of granite of the same size. Our countryman, Dr. Mitchell, satisfies himself with the following account of the matter.

'Difficulties have been raised concerning the subsidence of the primitive ocean. I have published, nine years ago, my opinion that it must necessarily have diminished very considerably for several reasons:—1. A great draught must have been made upon it to form the atmosphere. 2. Another, and a very great portion of it, entered into the constitution of crystals, where it is solidified and embodied. 3. The bodies of vegetables absorb and confine a portion of it. 4. The bodies of animals consolidate or contain much more.'

The atmosphere, if throughout of the same density as at the surface of the earth, would be less than five miles in height.

Oxygen, about one fifth part of the whole, is the only portion of it which enters into the composition of water, to form which it must be combined with twice its bulk of hydrogen. Now granting the philosopher all the hydrogen required, and allowing his experiment to be perfectly successful, he would obtain by it a quantity of water sufficient to raise the ocean not quite thirty feet above its present level. The conjecture that crystals, vegetables and animals have condensed within them fluid enough to raise it nineteen thousand nine hundred and seventy feet higher, is too wild to admit either of proof or of refutation. We might as well employ a comet at once to carry off the superfluous liquid, and thus escape all further questions.

Some geologists refuse to give any answer to the question. The certainty of the fact, say they, is not lessened by our inability to account for it. This is an excellent argument to be addressed to a Wernerian. Undoubtedly, if it be admitted or established that such an ocean did once exist, the theorist need give himself no trouble to account for its disappearance, for we see that it is gone. But when the very question in controversy is, whether there ever were such an ocean, the facts that it is not now in existence, and that if it ever had been, no assignable cause could have removed it, constitute an objection not thus easily to be evaded.

These theories are certainly ingenious conjectures, but failing as they do to shew the existence or the sufficiency of the causes assumed by them, neither can be deemed a philosophical system, nor even, in the present state of the evidence, a probable hypothesis. In what respect are they better supported than the Cartesian system of vortices? We are not however of those, who maintain that no system of geology can ever be established. To judge from analogy with other natural sciences, it may be conjectured, that although the nature of the causes which produced the present structure of the earth's surface should not be ascertained, yet the laws, which regulate their action, may be discovered by observation, and may afford another example how much the operations of nature surpass in grandeur and simplicity the imaginations of men. But whatever may be thought of the probability of these theories, the zeal excited by them has certainly made known many interesting facts. We cannot help listening with diffidence, it is true, to those who go forth determined to make discoveries

favourable to their own system and hostile to that of their opponents; the zeal of controversy sometimes warps not only the judgment but the senses, and tempts men to see what does not exist, and to describe what they do not see. It soon however detects the errors, which it has occasioned; the steps of every discoverer are watched and followed by his adversaries, so that his very mistakes often lead ultimately to some new truth. These theories are also highly useful as artificial modes of arranging our geological knowledge, as systems of nomenclature and classification assisting the memory, facilitating the intercourse and directing the researches of the learned.

In the infancy of the science, the attention of geologists was principally devoted to the structure and relative position of minerals. Werner indeed had observed that the different strata may often be distinguished by the difference of the organic remains found in them; that the earliest in which they are found contain only those of fish and testaceous animals, while those of later formation present the bones of birds and quadrupeds; and that the remains inclosed in the most recent strata bear the strongest resemblance to those of animals now existing.

It remained for Cuvier however to make the study of these fossils a distinct science; and much may be expected from its pursuit, for the division of labour is no less advantageous in philosophy than in mechanics. The object of his theory of the Earth is to recommend this science, to display its connexion with geology, to state the principles on which it is founded, the mode of conducting it, and the results which it has already attained.

Its author supposes all the rocky strata to have been formed in a horizontal position at the bottom of the sea, without pretending to understand the process of their consolidation; and to have been subsequently shifted into their present varieties of posture by sudden and violent revolutions, whose causes he does not attempt to explain. The universal dissemination and immense number of organic remains, their relative position, the perfect preservation of their most delicate and brittle parts, prove that they were not transported to their present situations by any external force, but that the animals, to which they belonged, lived and died there. Those animals could exist only on the surface of the earth; the

places in which their remains are discovered were once therefore a part of that surface, and continued so long enough for them to attain the perfection which they evidently possessed. Strata containing the relics of animals, which could exist only on dry land, are frequently covered by others filled with marine productions. Such circumstances could not have taken place in consequence of a gradual and regular subsidence of the ocean, and prove that it has made successive irruptions and retreats; which, from the frequent alternation of fresh and salt water productions, seem to have been numerous. On ascending lofty mountains, we find that the remains of animals and vegetables become more rare and finally disappear altogether. The highest rocks contain no vestiges of organization, but they are in a very inclined position, and the ruggedness of their summits evinces the violence with which they have been displaced. Great and sudden changes have therefore taken place in the external crust of our globe, both before and since the creation of living beings. Cuvier examines those now produced by rains and thaws, rivers, the sea and volcanoes, and decides that none of these, by continuing their present operations for any length of time, could occasion the revolutions whose traces are still evident. Nor is any known astronomical cause capable of producing them.

In order to determine with confidence or probability to what power they are to ascribed, it is necessary in the first place to ascertain the precise measure and extent of the phenomena to be accounted for, and to investigate facts before constructing systems. To the neglect of this duty our author imputes the imperfection and variety of geological theories. He gives just praise to Saussure and Werner for their diligence and success in examining the structure and relative position of the principal rocks, but complains that the characters of the fossils discovered in them, their relations to the strata and climates in which they are found, to each other and to the animals now in existence, have never received sufficient attention. 'A consecutive history of these singular deposits would be infinitely more valuable than so many contradictory conjectures respecting the first origin of the world and other planets, and respecting phenomena which have no resemblance whatever to those of the present physical state of the earth; such conjectures finding in these hypothetical facts neither materials to build on nor any means of verifi-

cation whatever.' From these fossils alone, little as they have hitherto been examined, have we learned that the various substances which constitute the surface of the globe are not of simultaneous formation, and by these alone can we hope to ascertain the time and manner in which the different strata were formed, and the changes which have taken place in them. As the subject is too extensive for the labours of an individual, Cuvier confines his work to the fossil remains of quadrupeds, because this class is best known, Complete fossil skeletons are rarely found, and single bones or fragments of bones are often the only means afforded us to ascertain the species and genera to which they belonged. How well M. Cuvier has qualified himself for this task by the study of comparative anatomy, may be learned from the twenty-seventh Section in which the connexion between the bones of quadrupeds and their modes of life is very ingeniously and minutely exemplified.

'Every organized individual forms an entire system of its own, all whose parts mutually correspond, and concur to accomplish a definite purpose. Hence none of these parts can change their forms without a corresponding change in the other parts of the same animal, and consequently each of them taken separately indicates all the others, with which it was connected. Thus if the viscera of an animal are fitted only for the digestion of recent flesh, the jaws must be constructed for devouring prey, the claws for seizing and tearing it to pieces, the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh, the entire system of the limbs for pursuing and overtaking it, and the organs of sense for discerning it at a distance.—The smallest fragment of bone even the most apparently insignificant apophysis possesses a fixed and determinate character relative to the class, order, genus, and species of the animal, to which it belonged; insomuch that when we find merely the extremity of a well preserved bone, we are able to determine the species to which it once belonged as certainly as if we had the entire animal before us. I have very frequently tried this method with portions of bones belonging to well known animals, and always with such complete success that I entertain no doubt of its results.'

Our author has described and classified 78 different quadrupeds, 49 of species previously unknown; and has ascertained that oviparous quadrupeds, such as crocodiles and tortoises, are found in more ancient strata than others are; that in those of later formation the bones of mammiferous

marine animals, as seals, are first discovered, and in the most recent, those of land quadrupeds. Hence he concludes that as shells are supposed not to have existed when the primitive strata were formed,—being first found in those of more recent origin,—so for the same reason oviparous quadrupeds must have been created still later, and land quadrupeds the last; and that the human race did not exist in the countries where fossil bones are usually obtained, at the time when they were covered, since its remains are not found with those of other animals.

'If there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much further back than five or six thousand years; that this revolution buried all the countries before inhabited by men, and by the other animals now best known; that the same revolution laid dry the bed of the last ocean, which forms the countries at present inhabited; that the few men and other animals that escaped from destruction have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and consequently that the human race has only resumed a progressive state of improvement since that period.—Yet further, that the countries now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this last revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more remote era, if not by man, at least by land animals; that consequently, at least one previous revolution had submerged them under the waters; and that judging from the different orders of animals, whose remains are discovered in a fossil state, they had probably experienced two or three irruptions of the sea. These alternate revolutions form in my opinion the problem in geology most important to be solved, or rather to be accurately defined and circumscribed.'

In selecting for observation the remains of quadrupeds, Cuvier has undoubtedly chosen those, whose examination affords, in the present state of natural history, the most satisfactory results. But there is another department which promises, when sufficiently cultivated, an abundant harvest of geological knowledge—we mean conchology. Of all animal relics, shells are the most numerous, the most perfect, and found in the greatest diversity of situation. They are imbedded in the oldest of the secondary rocks, and may be traced through almost all the subsequent strata; their resemblance to those known to exist at present being greatest in the most recent.

Some are seen in one stratum only; while others are discovered in several successive formations, and thus, according to Cuvier, must have survived many of the revolutions which have changed the face of the globe. A knowledge of the wants and habits of the animals of which they were a part, may enable us to conjecture the reason of this difference, and to form some idea of the process, if not of the cause, of changes thus destructive to some species and harmless to others. The whole analogy of nature, and the little yet known with regard to testaceous animals, justify us in believing that their shells are as perfectly and as curiously adapted to the wants of their occupants, and to the elements and climates which they inhabit, as the bones of a quadruped to his necessities and situation. These animals are the first historians of the earth; they have left behind them the earliest and most connected records of animal existence, and of mineral revolutions. To understand their language is one of the most important and interesting objects of conchology. It is obvious that the first step towards its attainment is an intimate acquaintance with the structure and habits of the animals of that class now living on the earth, and a knowledge of the relations between their peculiarities of form and the conditions of their existence.

It is not the least merit of this work of Cuvier, that it can be understood by the unlearned; and is not incumbered with that superabundance of technical terms which too often renders the school of Werner unintelligible, even when speculating on those general topics which every one is capable of comprehending. The whole treatise fills about one hundred and fifty pages, and cannot fail to be highly interesting to every inquisitive mind. The notes of Jameson, occupying as many pages more, are principally devoted to an account of the animals described by Cuvier, in his work on the fossil remains of quadrupeds, to a mineralogical description of the vicinity of Paris,—abstracted from an essay on that subject by Cuvier and Brogniart, stating the nature and relative position of the strata, and describing the organic remains found in each,—and to a similar description of part of the South of England. These notes are appropriate, and will excite the attention of many readers; but those which attempt to vindicate some of the doctrines of Werner not adopted by Cuvier, and those which describe so minutely the formation of alluvial

land, and the transportation of sand,—subjects mentioned only incidentally in the text,—might have been spared as having little relation to a work, whose object is to display the importance of studying the characters and situation of fossils, and the results already attained by that study. It is to be regretted that a book, capable of pleasing and instructing every body, should thus unnecessarily have its size increased, and its circulation of course diminished.

If some of Jameson's notes are irrelevant, what shall be said of the observations on the geology of North America, introduced in the American edition as an appendix? After assenting to the opinion of Mr. Maclure, that the organized remains found in our country have not been examined with the accuracy necessary to form just conclusions, its author proceeds to draw from them some conclusions, whose pretended precision, if not their novelty, may well startle us. The accomplished mineralogist just named has conjectured that the space between the Alleghany and the rocky mountains was once the bottom of a lake. On this hint the writer of the appendix speaks, points out the mountains which formed the shores of this vast lake, and wherever the range is interrupted, fills the gap with a conjecture,—'it is reported to be distinguishable,'—'I entertain no doubt the entire or broken chain will be found,' &c. He states that this grand barrier has been broken through in several places, and mentions eleven breaches, which, as he says, have come to his knowledge. We have then a particular account of the changes wrought within these limits subsequent to the bursting of the barrier, and afterwards a description no less particular of the lakes formerly existing on its outside, including those of the Connecticut, Hudson, St. Lawrence, Delaware, Schuylkill, Potomac, and James Rivers. We would not condemn such conjectures when briefly stated; they awaken the zeal of the geologist, and direct his attention to investigations which may lead to useful discoveries. But the minuteness and prolixity with which this appendix heaps conjecture upon conjecture, and possibility upon possibility, to describe with geometrical precision the face of the country when half covered by water, and all the channels through which the water has retired, are by no means laudable. Such details have little connexion with the work to which they are subjoined, and exhibit none of that cautious spirit of induction, by which the author of that work is distinguished.

The other book, whose title is prefixed to this article, is humbler in its pretensions, being merely a description of the minerals found in the vicinity of Boston. The authors profess to insert only characteristics noticed by themselves, and geological facts ascertained by their own observation. This seems to us a defect in their plan. The most striking peculiarities of any mineral specimen, and of any tract of country, appear to every observer in nearly the same light. Hence the greater part of such a work as this must be a repetition of what has been previously observed, and can add nothing to our knowledge but the support of new testimony. If it included the few remarks of other geologists of unquestionable skill, which its authors have not had an opportunity of verifying, it would have the additional advantage of presenting a complete statement of every thing known on the subject of which it treats, without being increased more than two or three pages in size. An analysis of each mineral should also have been subjoined on the best authority. Whatever may be thought of making chemistry the basis of mineralogical classification, it is certainly a material part of the description of a mineral to state the substances of which it is composed.

The name of Chelmsfordite is given in this work to a substance found in carbonate of lime near Chelmsford, and which is classed as a subspecies of Schaalstein, differing from it, as we are told in the 'Outlines,' by being phosphorescent when placed in powder on a heated iron, and not so like Schaalstein when rubbed with an iron point; also by its imperfect tabular structure, and by its fusibility. Schaalstein is brilliantly phosphoric when thrown on hot iron, and if the mineral discovered at Chelmsford did not appear to be so when rubbed by an iron point, it may perhaps be attributed to some inaccuracy in the experiment, or to some impurity in the specimen. The imperfection of its tabular structure does not seem to render a new name necessary, and we know not where our authors have learned that Schaalstein is infusible. "It melts easily before the blow-pipe with slight ebullition into a white glass."* No material distinction is shewn therefore between this mineral and Schaalstein; but without either comparison or analysis we dare not assert their identity.

The most singular and important discovery, if correct, mentioned in this work, is that of basalt, a mineral never

* Hausmann's Mineralogy.—Tafelspath.

before found in the United States, and to whose absence the undisputed triumph of the Wernerian theory among us has in part been attributed; for this rock is the corner stone of the Huttonians and a stumbling block to their adversaries. The geological situation of the mineral to which these authors give that name, and the substances imbedded in it, are unfavourable to their opinion. It is said to be found in Argillite and to contain scales of black mica. Basalt contains mica only when it borders on Wacke and is passing into it. The characteristic, which distinguishes wacke from basalt according to Brochant, is the dissemination through the mass of separate hexagonal crystals of black mica. Besides, the mineral found near Boston is not said to contain olivine, the almost inseparable companion of basalt. Is it not possible therefore that this substance may be incorrectly named, and may be a greenstone occasionally found in our vicinity, to which the name of basalt has often been given? We cannot forbear suspecting also that the mineral called wacke in this book is greenstone in a state of partial decomposition; for no pure wacke has hitherto been found here, and experienced mineralogists have been deceived by the similarity of these substances.

It is essential to grey wacke, if those who introduced the term may be allowed to define it, that its cement be argillaceous; hence its grey streak and its name; and hence its distinct stratification. The pudding stone of Roxbury is not apparently stratified, and is a siliceous aggregate cemented not by argillaceous matter but by minute fragments of the stones composing its mass. In this instance however our authors have not erred without authority. Mr. Godon gives to this substance, though with evident hesitation, the name of grey wacke; and Mr. Cleaveland in his late work has varied the definition of that term, so as to embrace the rock to which it had been thus erroneously applied.

We do not agree with our authors in thinking it unphilosophical and injurious to represent vertical sections of a country; for every body understands that they are not proofs of any theory, but only illustrations of it. They ought always however to be accompanied by a minute account of the observations on which they are founded.

The work now under consideration is the only methodical description of the minerals in our neighbourhood, and not-

withstanding the few defects above noticed, demands for its authors the praise due to zeal and diligence, and may be recommended to students in our vicinity as a useful manual. The means of improvement in mineralogy have very much increased in this part of the country within a few years; the best books on the subject may be found here, and we have lately had an opportunity of listening to the public instructions of a skilful mineralogist and agreeable lecturer, illustrated by a collection of minerals which can have very few equals in America. We hope that our University will soon be roused from its long neglect of this study, will cause its few but valuable specimens to be properly arranged, and derive from the diligent cultivation of the science some honour for itself and some benefit for the community.

ART. XVI. *An Anniversary Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society, December 7*, 1818, *by Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq.* pp. 121. New York, 1818.

THE singular advantages which we possess, for tracing the origin and progress of the several settlements in our country, have often been the subject of remark. It is obviously true, in regard to the leading features of our history, that we have many peculiar facilities for their precise determination; but there is a variety of circumstances, relative to characters and incidents, which would give completeness to our history, that are buried in obscurity, or exist in an evanescent form. Some valuable repositories of documents of this description have been unhappily destroyed or impaired by fire, war, popular commotions, or some other calamity. To collect, preserve and publish such authentic historical remains were the objects in view in the formation of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in 1791. The public has witnessed and commended their industry. Seventeen volumes of their Collections have been published, in which is included the History of New England prepared by the venerable Hubbard, at the close of the seventeenth century. A generous emulation, in this course of filial regard to the memory of our ancestors prompted to the institution of a similar society in New York, in 1809. More recently, in Pennsylvania, by a modi-

fication of the American Philosophical Society, a respectable Standing Committee has been instituted, specially devoted to the History and Literature of the country. The Committee entered upon their work with alacrity and zeal, and the publication of the first volume of their Collections is just now announced.

Besides the careful collection and publication of historical documents, to which all these societies are primarily devoted, it has been the practice of the New York Society to have an Anniversary Discourse, delivered by a member of their appointment, in which the speaker is at liberty to select some topic of interest, having connexion with the general objects of the Society, and to enrich and embellish his performance, with the results of his inquiries and reflections. These performances constitute a considerable portion of the two volumes, which that respectable Society have presented to the public. There are advantages connected with such discourses, which mere collections do not very readily furnish. A general interest in these historical disquisitions is important both for encouragement and utility. The animating prospects which our favoured country presents in every direction, rather invite to cherished musings

"Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be,"

than to reflective ruminations. The judicious speaker, on one of these anniversary occasions, may meet the public taste without any faulty departure from the main purposes of the institution which he represents, and can associate, to practical advantage, ancient events, opinions, or observances, with present transactions and with prospective advancement. He has also opportunity to correct a bias, which may occasionally prevail for urging an unseasonable or too rigid adherence to the maxims, principles, or examples of antiquity. There will not often, indeed, occur any marked occasion for animadversions of the last mentioned description, for an excessive veneration for ancient precedents or opinions is not among the signs of the times. The old foundations are respected, but every successive race of occupants varies and improves the apartments or the furniture of the social edifice, thus rendering it more commodious, cheerful and delightsome, without impairing, as we may hope, its solidity.*

* A just discrimination, in regard to the influence and authority of antiquity, is well expressed by F. Balduinus, an eminent German Jurist,

The most interesting use of the occasional performances which we are considering, is their encouragement to virtuous sentiments and strenuous action, by the admirable examples of enterprize, fortitude, magnanimity and wisdom, which they afford opportunity to exhibit. This salutary purpose is peculiarly favoured by the plan of discourse which Mr. Verplanck has adopted. He announces the theme of his discourse, to be 'the eulogy of those excellent men, who have most largely contributed to raise or support our national institutions, and to form or to elevate our national character.' There are many other important subjects, well adapted to the occasion, which Mr. Verplanck does not fail to enumerate, from which he observes 'may be drawn the materials, which will enable the philosopher to pour new light on the moral and physical nature of man; and it is thus that are preserved those fleeting forms of the past, which may hereafter rise and live again at the powerful bidding of the poet or the painter.'

Some of these subjects had been ably managed by his predecessors, and their performances will be read with interest and improvement. They are the labours of men, busily engaged in professional pursuits or in the management of public affairs; but they bear the impress of genius and the evidence of diligent research. With the discourse of Mr. Verplanck, they remind us of the celebrated Panegyric of Athens by Isocrates, which, according to Plutarch, he was fifteen years in composing.*

After suggesting the instruction that may be derived from other topics of discussion, which might be considered suitable to the occasion, Mr. Verplanck thus expresses his sense of

of the 16th century, in a dissertation prefixed to his edition of Minucius Felix.

"Insculptum Romæ in veteri marmore esse dicitur, CANDIDA FULVO NOBILIOR AURO FELIX ANTIQUITAS. Sed ejus præjudiciis infeliciter abuteremur, nisi liberum integrumque judicium in iis discernendis atque deligendis adhibeamus; ne vel confuse omnia misceamus, vel malitiose prætereamus, quæ imitari nos oportet; vel etiam quæ huic ætati non conveniunt, intemperanter urgeamus."

* Dr. Gillies remarks that this is a sarcasm of Plutarch. He undertakes to prove that Isocrates could not have spent the third part of fifteen years in writing his Panegyric, and that during that reduced period he was greatly diverted from his studies by various avocations and by the duties of a laborious profession.

the peculiar considerations which recommend the theme of his choice.

——'the habit of looking to our own annals for examples of life, and of rendering due honor to those illustrious dead, the rich fruits of whose labours we are now enjoying, has a more moral, and, I think, a nobler aim. In paying the tribute of admiration to genius and of gratitude to virtue, we ourselves become wiser and better. Instead of leaving our love of country to rest upon the cold preference of reason, the slowest and most feeble of all motives of action, we thus call up the patriotism of the heart in aid to that of the head. Our love of country is exalted and purified by being mingled with the feelings of gratitude and of reverence for virtue; and our reverence for virtue is warmed and animated, and brought home to our hearts by its union with the pride and the love of our country.' p. 6.

We have been culpably indifferent, in Mr. Verplanck's opinion, to our own honour in this respect, and to the 'models of public virtue,' which our country has exhibited,—'the history of our illustrious men' he observes, 'is a story of liberty, virtue and glory. Such, however, has been our culpable negligence of their fame, that little other memorial is to be found of most of them, than what has been incorporated in the public records of their times. All that is instructive in their private biography, all that is individual in their characters, is rapidly fading from memory; and there is danger, lest to to the next generation the names of Greene, and Marion, and Wayne—of Otis, Laurens, Rutledge and Pendleton—of Dickenson, Sherman, Ellsworth and Hamilton, will be mere names of history, calling up no associations, inculcating no example, kindling no emotion.'

We are not sure, that the age is justly chargeable with inattention to the worthies of our country, in the degree which seems here to be intimated. The works of Belknap, Eliot and Allen, without mentioning other more recent collections of American Biography, would seem to manifest no inconsiderable, and may we not add successful exertion to perpetuate the memory of our illustrious dead, and to rescue us from the charge of being negligent of their fame. The same object is, likewise, in a great degree, accomplished, in other forms of history, certainly of no mean rank, and in the various biographical sketches, which not unfrequently adorn

our lighter publications. Some of the honoured names, mentioned by Mr. Verplanck, may not have been sufficiently noticed. We are happy to learn that it may be hoped, in regard to three of the number,—Otis, Greene, and Hamilton,—the complaint will not, probably, be of long continuance.

In regard to the neglected biography of our country, to whatever extent it may be supposed to exist, it forms no part of Mr. Verplanck's intention, as he distinctly announces, to supply the deficiency.

——'the task which I have assigned to myself is much less laborious, but scarcely less grateful. It is the commemoration of some of those virtuous and enlightened men of Europe, who, long ago, looking with a prophetic eye towards the destinies of this new world, and regarding it as the chosen refuge of freedom and truth, were moved by a holy ambition to become the ministers of the most High, in bestowing upon it the blessings of religion, morals, letters, and liberty.' pp. 7, 8.

From the celebrity of the names, which Mr. Verplanck has selected, it is obvious, that the principal occurrences in their lives and the leading features of their characters must be familiar to many of his readers; but his portraits are so well delineated, that they will be viewed with satisfaction even by those who have studiously contemplated the likenesses sketched by other hands. After a brief review of Spanish enterprize and valour on the American continent, and the disgusting scenes of avarice and cruelty, with which they were attended, he relieves the gloomy exhibition by the introduction of an angel of mercy.

'Among these stern and bloody men, there was one of a far different mould. The young Las Casas, whose spirit of adventure had induced him, at the age of nineteen, to accompany Columbus in his second expedition to the West-Indies, was one of those rare compounds which nature forms, from time to time, for the ornament and consolation of the human race, blending a restless and unwearied energy of mind with a heart alive to every kind affection, elevated by piety, warm with benevolence, and kindling at wrong. He saw, with grief and indignation, the crimes of his countrymen, and the cry of the oppressed entered deep into his heart. From that hour, like the young Hannibal, but in a purer cause, he vowed himself to one sacred object. Rejecting with scorn, every lure which interest or ambition held out to tempt

him from his course, refuting, by the blameless sanctity of his life, all the calumnies which were showered upon him, despising danger, disregarding toil, braving alike the sneer of the world and the frown of power, he laboured with a benevolence which never cooled, and a zeal which knew no remission, for more than seventy years, as the protector of the Indian race. Dangerous as the navigation was at that period, he crossed the Atlantic nine times for this purpose, besides traversing Europe, and penetrating, in all directions, the trackless wilds of the new world.

'Finding that the impressions of his animated oratory upon his countrymen and their rulers were constantly effaced, and their effects frustrated by the arts, intrigues and falsehoods of the interested, he addressed himself through the press, to the whole Christian world. In one of his publications he described the devastation of those parts of America, which had been subjugated by the Spaniards, with a copious and glowing eloquence which kindled all the sympathies of Europe.' pp. 8—10.

Other works are mentioned all pointing to his main object. The results of his life and writings, and the anticipated operations of his labours are thus expressed.

'It is a remarkable fact, and one which bears honourable testimony to the vigour and enlargement of his mind, that a Spanish ecclesiastic, of the fifteenth century, should have maintained that the peculiar form of civil polity in a state ought to be determined by the will of the people, because, although the sanction is from above, the power of the people is the *efficient*, and their happiness the *final* cause of all government.'—'It is but too well known that these glorious labours in the service of freedom and humanity were in vain. And yet they were not wholly fruitless. Las Casas closed his long course of indefatigable philanthropy in his ninety-second year, and his virtuous and venerable age was soothed by the knowledge that some few of his proposed plans had been carried into successful operation, and had contributed, in no small degree, (as they do to this day,) to relieve the sufferings of the enslaved natives. He enjoyed, moreover, the cheering recollection of having called forth the testimony of the better spirits of his own nation against intolerance and persecution, and of having kindled among them an enlightened zeal for the best interests of mankind—a sacred flame, long cherished "as a light shining in a dark place," but now at last daily kindling into brighter and broader radiance, and doubtless destined to guide for many an age, the great and free nations of Spanish America to public virtue and true glory.' pp. 10, 12.

In noticing the triumphant refutation, by Las Casas, in 1550, of Sepulveda's Thesis, of the right and duty of making war upon pagans and heretics, in order to propagate the true faith, Mr. Verplanck has the following remark.

'It is one of those melancholy instances of the retrogradation of the human mind which chill the hopes of the philanthropist, that about twenty-five years ago, a magnificent edition of all the works of Sepulveda was published by the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, in the introduction to which, that learned body did not hesitate to give their sanction to the doctrines of this apologist of oppression, and to approve of what they term "the exercise of a just and pious violence against Pagans and heretics.' p. 12.

The view of the character of Las Casas is concluded with an elaborate examination of the charge of a glaring inconsistency, which so many writers of distinguished reputation have asserted, that it has, doubtless, been generally believed, and if untrue, is a striking instance of the obstinate adherence of calumny, when impressed by some master-hand. Las Casas, we have been told, while he was zealously contending for the emancipation of the Indians, suggested the substitution of African slaves; and became the original mover and promoter of that cruel and criminal traffic, of which so many nations have since become the guilty partakers. Mr. Verplanck quotes Dr. Robertson's statement of the charge, and 'the accusation,' he observes 'has been loudly re-echoed by Raynal, Marmontel, De Pauw, and Bryant [Bryan] Edwards,' whom he denominates 'ingenious and popular writers, though of but little authenticity, as regards strict historical accuracy.' We must admit, with Mr. Verplank, that 'the charge bears strong marks of improbability,' and that its inconsistency with the general character of that distinguished philanthropist and the decided tenor of his feelings and opinions, calls for the most direct and unexceptionable evidence to entitle it to reception. Evidence of this description Mr. Verplanck contends is wanting. The only 'original and independent testimony' for the accusation, he asserts, is from the pen of the Spanish Historian, Herrera, whose statement, he remarks, has been 'amplified and exaggerated' by Dr. Robertson. Herrera's account is questioned from several weighty considerations, urged by M. Gregoire, in a memoir read before the National Institute

of France. Of this paper Mr. Verplanck presents a summary view, and the author is said to have proved, that the earliest transportation of slaves to America, was fourteen years, at least, 'previous to the date of the project imputed to Las Casas.' It is observed also, that in the numerous cotemporary writers, some of them controversial, on the affairs of the Colonies, and on the treatment of the Indians as slaves, 'no trace or intimation of this charge is to be found, until the publication of Herrera's history, which was compiled about thirty years after the death of Las Casas, and more than eighty years after the date, which is assigned to the transaction.' This negative testimony is deduced by M. Gregoire, 'from a minute investigation of above twenty Spanish writers of that age, and many other more recent ones.' The uniform tenor of Las Casas' writings, of an entirely opposite tendency, is also adduced to repel the suggestion, as well as the silence of his 'acute antagonist, Sepulveda,' on this head, who would not, it is supposed, have suffered such an inconsistency to have passed without remark, if it really existed. It is further stated that 'the life of Las Casas has been written in Spanish, French and Italian, by seven different authors (one of them a native of New Spain,) and that they all pass over this charge as if they had never heard of it; and while the five biographers of Cardinal Ximenes, as well as the several Spanish, French and English authors, who have written on the origin and progress of the slave trade, make no mention whatever of Las Casas' concern in it, but impute the project entirely to certain Flemish lords of the Spanish court, or to Chievres, a favourite of the prime minister.'

The concluding argument is derived from Herrera's historical reputation. M. Gregoire represents, that he 'is considered, by some of the best Spanish writers on American history, as a careless and inaccurate historian, that he betrays evident marks of prejudice against Las Casas, and that, although according to his own statement, this transaction must have taken place long before his recollection, he refers to no original document or authority, in support of his accusation."

Mr. Verplanck resumes the investigation of this subject, in one of his notes, and offers some material supplementary proofs and arguments with an ingenuity and force, which in

connexion with what is suggested by M. Gregoire, will authorize us, we think, to hold the character of Las Casas satisfactorily vindicated from the accusation. The generous tenderness with which Mr. Verplanck regards the reputation of a man of distinguished worth, and the satisfaction which he manifests in being persuaded of the perfect vindication of Las Casas from reproach, are honourable to his feelings. We cannot forbear the repetition of some of his sentiments on this occasion.

'Whenever the historical inquirer can thus efface the stains which time or malice has left upon the fame of the wise and good, he effects many of the grandest objects of history. He strips away from vice the apology and consolation which it finds in the frailty of erring virtue. He excites the ingenuous mind to measure its ambition by a more perfect standard of moral and intellectual worth. He gives new strength to the purest and most exalted sentiments of our nature, by enabling us to embody, in some permanent form of active virtue, those magnificent but undefined ideas of possible excellence, which sometimes float before the mind in its better hours, and then vanish away for ever, before the breath of the world.' pp. 17, 18.

The remainder of Mr. Verplanck's performance is devoted to the display of characters in whom we are more peculiarly interested. We do not regret that so large a space is allotted to Las Casas, especially as his memorable exertions for the relief of the oppressed and injured natives of the Spanish settlements, may encourage like benevolent efforts in behalf of the unhappy remnants of the aboriginal tribes within the territories of the United States. Las Casas was styled, by authority, *Protector of the Indians.* The calamitous condition of the Indians of North America, threatened with extinction, or removal from their beloved abodes, should excite our sympathy. That we may regard them with more complacency, we should study their characters and claims, and our duties. A sincere disposition and persevering efforts to do them good could hardly fail of success, and their sensibility to kindness, should encourage its habitual exercise. "We said we were glad to meet you and hear your voice," said Good Peter, in behalf of the Senecas and Cayugas, to Governor Clinton, "and to feel assured that you are able to save our sinking territory. We now put it all under your power. Put your hands over the whole, reserving to us such a dish as you

shall prescribe for us. This is perfectly agreeable to the usages of our ancestors, who loved peace, and loved their land—and why? Because they loved their women and children, and while they loved peace and their land they enjoyed happy days. Those that we have left behind us, and those that will return from the south, will also rejoice at the result of our conference. Our little ones can now look with pleasure for fish in the streams, and our warriors can hunt for wild beasts in the woods, and feel confident that they will not be driven from their country."*

Such is the language of a humble remnant of the Iroquois. It has, in a degree, the plaintiveness of one of Virgil's Eclogues. "Our little ones can now look with pleasure for fish in the streams," is an expression of tenderness and touching simplicity not surpassed by any sentiment expressed by Tityrus or Melibœus. These strong local and domestic attachments are features of hopeful indication; civilized man sees in them a correspondence with his own dispositions in some of his best characteristics, and may more readily extend those sympathies which should restrain from every act of cruelty or injustice.

In recurring to our own more immediate history, Mr. Verplanck commences with the settlement of New England, and thus characterizes the men who took the lead in that memorable enterprize.

'The settlement of New England forms an epoch in the history of colonization. Never, until that time, had such high principles, and such noble minds, been engaged in the great work of extending the bounds of the civilized world. Most of the founders of new states have been driven abroad by necessity; while in others, the spirit of adventure was kindled sometimes by restless ambition, or political discontent; sometimes by enlightened views of commercial profit, but oftener by wild dreams of sudden wealth. But, in the fathers of New England, we behold a body of men, who, for the liberty of faith alone, resolutely and deliberately exchanged the delights of home and the comforts of civilized life, for toil and danger, for an ungenial climate and a rugged soil. They were neither desperate adventurers, nor ignorant fanatics; on the contrary, there is every evidence that they universally possessed a much higher degree of mental cultivation, than was common at that period among the English people. Indeed, the

* De Witt Clinton's Discourse, &c. 1811.

austerity of the moral habits of their immediate descendants, and the remarkable freedom of their language from the provincial dialects of England, afford ample evidence of the general character of the ancestors." pp. 18, 19.

In Mr. Verplanck's extension of the sketch, there are some shades more applicable, we apprehend, to a later class of puritans, than that to which our ancestors belonged.

The Plymouth planters and the early settlers of Massachusetts and Connecticut had no very close affinity with the Roundheads and Independents. We should rather rank them, as it is believed we justly may, with the best men of the times, so well delineated in a review of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson;—"when civilization had produced all its effect but that of corruption, and when serious studies and dignified pursuits had not yet been abandoned to a paltry and effeminate derision;"—times, in which we may recognize "the same characters of deep thought and steady enthusiasm, and the same principles of fidelity and self-command, which ennobled the latter days of the Roman Republic, and have made every thing else appear childish and frivolous in the comparison."*—That we may indulge no pride in our origin, our ancestors are denominated by a certain class of writers, "sour malcontents" or "fanatical religionists."† Such language we might expect to find nearer to that age of fermentation; but it is now time to discard it, from regard to truth as well as decency. The complacency with which our fathers are contemplated, will not be diminished by scrutiny. "God sifted a whole nation," said Lieutenant Governor Stoughton, "that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness."‡

From strictures on defect of taste, Mr. Verplanck proceeds to notice the spirit of intolerance which then prevailed in the various sects and communities.

'The reason of the seventeenth century—and never surely was human reason more active or vigorous—had advanced no farther than to perceive and allow the conflict of opposite duties, that of the magistrate to punish, and of the martyr to suffer. The rest was left to the justice or mercy of heaven. On this

* Edinburgh Review, xiii. 4.
† British Critic, Review of Bristed's Resources of America, Nov. 1818.
‡ Election Sermon, 1668.

single point, the Doctors of Rome, of Geneva, and of Oxford, were of one opinion. The toleration of Cromwell's reign, imperfect as it was, and comprehending neither the Catholic, the Unitarian, the Quaker, nor the Jew, was but one of the arts of political management, by which he raised himself to power, and can scarcely be considered as indicating in him or in his party at large, any settled and clearly defined principle: while the qualified freedom of worship allowed to the Huguenots in France, was a measure of necessity extorted and defended by force." p. 21.

The narrow views on this subject predominating in the leading sect in this country at that period, are fully displayed in a note having reference to this part of the discourse. To the quotations from the Simple Cobler of Agawam and from the Magnalia, might be added a portion of the lines, which Governor Dudley made his *Vade Mecum*.

> "Let men of God in courts and churches watch
> O'er such as do a toleration hatch;
> Lest that ill egg bring forth a cockatrice,
> To poison all with heresy and vice.
> If men be left, and otherwise combine,
> My epitaph's, *I dy'd no libertine*."

'Now and then indeed,' says Mr. Verplanck, 'some purer spirits could pierce through this gloom and anticipate the rights of a succeeding age. Even in that day, Fenelon could inculcate upon his royal pupil, that power might make men hypocrites, but could not make them converts; and Jeremy Taylor raised his voice "*for the liberty of prophesying*, and eloquently testified against the *unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the iniquity of persecuting differing opinions.*" Toleration has now an undisputed sway, and religious freedom is considered as a sacred right.

> "——— This truth
> The priest announces from his holy seat;
> And, crowned with garlands in the summer grove,
> The poet fits it to his pensive lyre."

The distinguished merits of Roger Williams in producing this happy alteration of public opinion, have induced Mr. Verplanck to consider his life and character with peculiar attention.

'The glory of having first set an example of a practical and extensive system of religious freedom, was reserved for America; and the first legislator who fully recognised the rights of conscience, was Roger Williams, a name less illustrious than it deserves to be; for although his eccentricities of conduct and opinion, may sometimes provoke a smile, he was a man of genius and of virtue, of admirable firmness, courage, and disinterestedness, and of unbounded benevolence.

'He was a native of Wales, and emigrated to New England, in 1630. He was then a young man, of austere life and popular manners, full of reading, skilled in controversy, and gifted with a rapid, copious, and vehement eloquence. The writers of those days represent him as being full of turbulent and singular opinions, "and the whole country," saith the quaint Cotton Mather, "was soon like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a windmill in the head of this one man." The heresy which appeared most grievous to his brethren, was his zeal for unqualified religious liberty. In the warmth of his charity, he contended for "freedom of conscience, even to Papists and Arminians, with security of civil peace to all," a doctrine which filled the Massachusetts clergy with horror and alarm. "He violently urged," says Cotton Mather, "that the civil magistrate might not punish breaches of the first table of the commandments, which utterly took away from the authority all capacity to prevent the land which they had purchased on purpose for a recess from such things, from becoming such a sink of abominations as would have been the reproach and ruin of Christianity in these parts of the world."

'In addition to these most "disturbant and offensive doctrines," Mather charges him with preaching against the Royal charter of the colony, "on an insignificant pretence of wrong therein done unto the Indians." To his fervent zeal for liberty of opinion, this singular man united an equal degree of tenacity to every article of his own narrow creed. He objected to the custom of returning thanks after meat, as, in some manner, involving a corruption of primitive and pure worship; he refused to join any of the churches in Boston, unless they would first make a public and solemn declaration of their repentance for having communed with the church of England; and when his doctrines of religious liberty were condemned by the clergy, he wrote to his own church at Salem, "that if they would not separate as well from the churches of New England as of Old, he would separate from them."' pp. 23, 24.

Argument and remonstrance had no effect. 'Williams

was not a man who could be imposed upon by words,' says Mr. Verplanck, 'or intimidated by threats; and he accordingly persevered in inculcating his doctrines publicly and vehemently.' This produced an order of court for sending him to England; but he escaped before the warrant could be executed, repaired to the Narragansett country, and became the founder of a new colony.

'After some wanderings, he pitched his tent at a place, to which he gave the name of Providence, and there became the founder and legislator of the colony of Rhode Island. There he continued to rule, sometimes as the governor, and always as the guide and father of the settlement, for forty-eight years, employing himself in acts of kindness to his former enemies, affording relief to the distressed, and offering an asylum to the persecuted. The government of his colony was formed on his favourite principle, that in matters of faith and worship, every citizen should walk according to the light of his own conscience, without restraint or interference from the civil magistrate. During a visit which Williams made to England, in 1643, for the purpose of procuring a colonial charter, he published a formal and laboured vindication of this doctrine, under the title of "The Bloody Tenent, or a Dialogue between Truth and Peace." In this work, which was written with his usual boldness and decision, he anticipated most of the arguments, which, fifty years after, attracted so much attention, when they were brought forward by Locke. His own conduct in power, was in perfect accordance with his speculative opinions; and when, in his old age, the order of his little community was disturbed by an irruption of Quaker preachers, he combated them only in pamphlets and public disputations, and contented himself with overwhelming their doctrines with a torrent of learning, invective, syllogisms and puns.

'It should also be remembered, to the honour of Roger Williams, that no one of the early colonists, without excepting William Penn himself, equalled him in justice and benevolence towards the Indians.' pp. 25, 26.

We are not prepared to defend the proceedings against Roger Williams, and especially the ultimate sentence; but many considerations in extenuation may be offered. The settlement was in its infancy. Some of the opinions which he pertinaciously inculcated, were dangerous to the establishment; and his conduct, in several particulars, may be justly viewed as seditious. In a more advanced state of the colony, his peculiar sentiments might have been inculcated, without

hazard, and would, probably, have been less seriously regarded. The new settlement had enemies of powerful influence, and its leaders were compelled to observe the most vigilant course in every transaction. Williams was continually gaining adherents by his perseverance and zeal, and some of his tenets were so extravagant, that their adoption would have convulsed and degraded the country. The leading characters, both in church and state, solicitous for the preservation of the system of religious and civil polity which they had sacrificed and suffered so much to erect, were desirous of recommending it to others by a discreet deportment, which might invite sober and considerate men to unite with them, and repel the malignant suggestions of their enemies. The same principle operated in the next great ecclesiastical dispute,—the Antinomian contest,—in which they had to contend with the talents and influence of another eccentric man, Sir Henry Vane. In this struggle also, they prevailed, and Governor Winthrop had afterwards the satisfaction of recording in his Journal, his testimony to the sober and considerate character of the people, that they "were of that understanding and moderation, as they would easily be guided, in their way, by any rule from scripture or sound reason."

Mr. Verplanck in his first note, after recurring to Dr. Robertson's mistake in regard to Las Casas, remarks on his account of Roger Williams' conduct, in regard to the cutting out of the cross from the colours, for which Endicott was reprehended, and left out of the magistracy. He denies that Williams was banished, *on account of this*, and contends, that 'this objection to the flag was rather an inference, which Endicott drew from his pastor's discourses, than any formal discussion on the subject." Dr. Robertson's narrative he considers as without authority, and discoloured for the purpose of embellishment and impression. It is true, that the affair of the mutilated colours was not an express ground of the sentence, though, from the disturbance which it occasioned, it probably had an influence in the decision; but there is direct historical evidence in support of the other disputed assertion, that Endicott was prompted to this indiscretion by the inculcations of Williams. "He inspired some persons of great interest in that place," says Mr. Hubbard, "that the cross in the King's colours ought to be taken away, as a relique of Antichristian superstition." Dr. Robertson indeed, could

not have seen this passage, for Hubbard's history remained in manuscript, until lately published by the Massachusetts Historical Society; but it was consulted by Governor Hutchinson, who varying the language, thus gives his impression of the fact. "What gave just occasions to the civil power to interpose, was his influencing Mr. Endicott, one of the magistrates and a member of his church, to cut the cross out of the king's colours as being a relique of antichristian superstition." Dr. Robertson doubtless considered Hutchinson as good authority, and he seems to have had the same opinion of Herrera. In regard to Hutchinson, he is so laboriously accurate, that no writer can be justly blamed for copying his historical statements; and the remarks upon Dr. Robertson seem to be, in a degree, wanting in that liberality, which Mr. Verplanck so cordially extends to other eminent men. What that able historian has left us respecting the North American settlements, is a valuable fragment, and the more deserving of respect, as it supports those principles of civil and religious freedom which Mr. Verplanck so deservedly cherishes and commends.

There is something so original and exalted in the character of Roger Williams, that we cheerfully acquiesce in the distinguished consideration with which he is regarded; but we could have wished that some notice had been taken in the Discourse of other deserving men, engaged in the first settlement of New England, whom we are unwilling to consider as his inferiors.

The founder of Maryland is next introduced.

'At the very time that the puritan Roger Williams was thus inculcating this humane and wise doctrine in the eastern colonies, a Roman Catholic nobleman, George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, was engaged in obtaining a charter and enacting a code of laws for Maryland, on the same liberal principles.

'Lord Baltimore had neither the talents nor the eccentricities of Roger Williams, but he was a man of strong sense and great worth. He had passed with reputation through several offices of high political trust and importance, under James I., but, in 1624, he resigned all his employments on becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. He then projected a colony at Newfoundland, but after visiting his settlement twice, bestowing great expense and labour upon it, and once in person rescuing it from a French invasion, despairing of success, he abandoned his pro-

prietary rights there, and procured a patent for Maryland. After he had visited and explored the country, he died, while he was engaged in making the necessary preparatory arrangements for his undertaking, and before the charter had passed the forms of office; so that there is scarce any historical record of his share in the colonial administration of Maryland. But the little that tradition has preserved respecting him, speaks volumes in his praise. We know that he displayed the most perfect good faith in all his transactions with the natives, and that it was to him that Maryland was indebted for such a liberal code of religious equality, that the province soon became the refuge, not only of the Catholics who fled from Great Britain, but of the Puritans who were driven from Virginia, and of the Quakers exiled from New England.' pp. 27, 28.

The character and conduct of William Penn are ably delineated. We have only room to copy a parallel between this illustrious founder of Pennsylvania and Roger Williams, some views of Penn's principles and maxims of government, and an anecdote in relation to Locke.

'The resemblance of character between Penn and Roger Williams is striking. Penn, like Williams, was enthusiastic without being bigoted; he had the same benevolence, the same scorn of intellectual slavery, the same love of controversy, and, above all, the same habitual inflexibility of purpose and opinion. But he had mixed more widely in the world, had more experience, and more knowledge of character, a more bustling activity of disposition, greater skill in the conduct of affairs, and perhaps, a little more of worldly ambition, as well as much more of worldly wisdom. He appeared, too, on a more magnificent theatre of action, and has left the impress of his own peculiar character very deeply stamped upon the opinions and institutions of England and of America.' p. 29.

'Never was there undertaken a more sublime political enterprise than that of the founder of Pennsylvania. Never was there a legislation so boldly marked with that unity of intention which is the most peculiar and majestic feature of all original conception. His system of virtuous politics was reared upon benevolence, justice, and liberty. With these objects he began, and with these he ended. In an age when, with few exceptions, the sound principles of civil liberty were as little understood by those who clamoured for freedom, as by those who defended the doctrines of arbitrary power, William Penn began his system of virtuous politics, by proclaiming to his people, in words of noble dignity and simplicity, "that the great end of government was

to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power, that they may be free by their just obedience, and the magistrates honourable for their just administration—for Liberty without obedience is confusion, and obedience without liberty is slavery."

'With such views, thus liberal and temperate, his first care was to devest himself of the almost arbitrary power with which he had been intrusted, and to establish a form of government on the broadest plan of republican representation. But at the same time, well-judging "that governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments," he rested his sole reliance upon public morals and education for the preservation of public liberty. "For," saith he, "that which makes a good government must keep it, namely, men of wisdom and virtue, qualities which, because they descend not with natural inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth." pp. 33, 34.

'The great name of John Locke, is associated with that of William Penn, by a double tie; by his celebrated constitution for the Carolinas, which enrolls him among the earliest legislators of America, and by one of those anecdotes of private friendship and magnanimity, upon which the mind gladly reposes, after wandering among the cold and dreary generalities of history.

'During the short period of Penn's influence at the court of James II., he obtained from the king the promise of a pardon for Locke, who had fled to Holland, from the persecution of the dominant party. Locke, though grateful to Penn, for this unsolicited kindness, replied with a firmness worthy of the man who was destined to become the most formidable adversary of tyranny in all its shapes, "that he could not accept a pardon, when he had not been guilty of any crime." Three years after this occurrence, the Stuarts were driven from the throne of England; Locke then returned in triumph. At the same time, the champions of English liberty, to serve some party object, proclaimed Penn a traitor without the slightest ground; and all his rights as an Englishman, and his chartered privileges, were shamelessly violated by the very statesmen who had drafted the Act of Toleration and the Bill of Rights. In this season of distress and desertion, Penn was unexpectedly gratified by the grateful remembrance of Locke, who now, in his turn, interceded to procure a pardon from the new sovereign. In the pride of slandered innocence, Penn answered, as Locke had formerly done, "that he had never been guilty of any crime, and could not, therefore, rest satisfied with a mode of liberation which would ever appear as a standing monument of his guilt."' pp. 35, 36.

'Penn himself might have thought the appellation no compli-

ment, yet he certainly was a gentleman, in all his deportment and feelings. "However differing," said he, with much truth, "I am from other men, *circa sacra*, that is, relative to religious matters, and to that world which, respecting men, may be said to begin where this ends, I know no religion which destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness. These, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not of good Christians."' p. 100.

Mr. Verplanck next proceeds to consider the character and exploits of the founder of Georgia.

'The character and exploits of the founder of Georgia, form a dazzling contrast to the calm virtues of this great man. The life of General Oglethorpe would require but little embellishment to make it a tale of romance. It was full of variety, adventure, and achievement. His ruling passions were the love of glory, of his country, and of mankind, and these were so blended together in his mind that they formed but one principle of action. He was a hero, a statesman, an orator, the patron of letters, the chosen friend of men of genius, and the theme of praise for great poets.' p. 37.

The settlement of Georgia commenced in 1732, and it is honourable to the founder and his associates, that they departed from bad precedents, and that under his auspices the infant colony set the example of a legal prohibition of the slave trade.

'General Oglethorpe administered the affairs of the colony for about eleven years. He afterwards passed, "without fear and without reproach," through many alternations of fortune, both in public and private life, constantly emulating Howard in the zeal and extent of his charity, and sustaining a character as a soldier and a gentleman, such as Sir Philip Sidney or Lord Falkland might have envied. His habitual temperance and activity preserved his health and faculties to extreme old age. He died in 1785, affording the first example, in modern times, of the founder of a colony who has lived to see that colony recognised by the world as a sovereign and independent state. Col. Daniel Boone, the adventurous founder of the state of Kentucky, is, perhaps, the only other instance of this remarkable distinction.' pp. 40, 41.

It is pleasant to follow this active and enterprising man, into the mild and cheerful evening of a long protracted life.

'The latest distinct traces which are to be found of General

Oglethorpe, are in the amusing volumes of Boswell, who has incidentally preserved many fragments of his cheerful and instructive conversation; and describes him as living in London, during the latter years of his life, in a style of elegant hospitality, associating familiarly with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Reynolds; an evening worthy of so long and so bright a day.' pp. 41, 42.

In reference to the early history of his native State, Mr. Verplanck makes honourable mention of its primitive European settlers.

'We have no cause to blush for any part of our original descent, and least of all for our Dutch ancestry. The colony of New Amsterdam was founded by Holland at a time when that nation had just sprung into political existence, after a long, bloody, and most glorious struggle against civil and religioust yranny, during which all the energies of patriotism, courage, and talents, had been suddenly and splendidly developed.' pp. 59, 60.

The glorious struggles, the enterprise, the energy and triumphs of the Dutch republic are sketched in bold relief, and many illustrious names distinguished in letters, philosophy and the arts, are gratefully exhibited. The object of this representation is thus expressed.

'These remarks ought to have been wholly unnecessary in this place; but I know not whence it is, that we in this country have imbibed much of the English habit of arrogance and injustice towards the Dutch character.

'English writers have long been accustomed to describe the peculiar manners and customs of Holland with a broad and clumsy exaggeration. This is a little injudicious in them, because most of their wit, if wit it may be called, recoils back upon their own country, and strikingly resembles the flippant ridicule which their own more lively neighbours have lavished upon the hard drinking, the oaths, the gross amusements, the dingy coffee-houses, the boxing matches, the beer, and the coal-smoke of the proud and melancholy Islanders. Their old maritime contests and commercial rivalry may serve to excuse this misrepresentation in Englishmen, but for us there is no apology.' p. 64.

The playful excursions of fancy at home, which we can conceive in some degree embarrassed the speaker, if he were disposed to dwell with some particularity on the early history of New York, are noticed with peculiar delicacy and propriety.

'It is more "in sorrow than in anger" that I feel myself compelled to add to these gross instances of national injustice a recent work of a writer of our own, who is justly considered one of the brightest ornaments of American literature. I allude to the burlesque history of New York, in which it is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humour in a coarse caricature.

'This writer has not yet fulfilled all the promise he has given to his country. It is his duty, because it is in his power, to brush away the pretenders who may at any time infest her society, her science, or her politics: or if he aspires, as I trust that he does, to strains of a higher mood, the deeds of his countrymen and the undescribed beauties of his native land afford him many a rich subject, and he may deck the altar of his country's glory with the garlands of his taste and fancy.

'How dangerous a gift is the power of ridicule! it is most potent to unmask the pretender and to brand the hypocrite; yet how often has it dissipated those gay illusions which beguile the rough path of life—how often has it chilled the glow of genius and invention—how often, at its dread presence, have the honest boasts of patriotism, the warm expression of piety, the generous purpose of beneficence faltered on the lips and died away in the heart.' pp. 65, 66.

We are inclined to believe that a complete account of New Netherlands and of the proceedings of the Dutch occupants while they possessed the government, would exhibit their character to advantage. We should be a little concerned, in point of right and fair dealing, for some of the New England claims and pretensions, in their controversies with those less powerful neighbours. This period of the history of New York may perhaps be found of sufficient interest and extent to be the entire topic of some future anniversary discourse. Mr. Verplanck has the following paragraph on the subject.

'This colony was very early separated from its mother country, and grew up into wealth and importance under the influence of English laws and education. During the forty years which it remained under the Dutch government it was too insignificant to attract much of the attention or of the talents of Holland, then engaged in struggling for existence, against the ambition of France and the jealousy of England. But the last Dutch governor, Pe-

trus Stuyvesant, who was the governor-general of the Dutch American possessions, was no common man. He had served with reputation in the wars of the United Provinces, and in the history of his administration in this country, he appears as a resolute and intrepid veteran, and a vigilant, sagacious politician. pp. 66, 67.

An asylum for the French Huguenots was sought for in America, long before the persecuted Puritans had contemplated their enterprise. Two expeditions for this purpose, supported by the powerful aid and influence of the illustrious Admiral Coligni, had entirely failed of success. One of them was sent to Brazil under the Chevalier de Villegagnon in 1555, and commenced under flattering auspices. The ministers in Geneva, among whom was Calvin, were consulted on the occasion, and several clergymen and gentlemen of some distinction united themselves with Villegagnon. Accrimonious disputes arose between Villagagnon and his Genevan associates. They were cruelly treated and sent to Europe in a miserable vessel, in which they endured extreme sufferings; and the whole design, in less than three years, was entirely frustrated.*—The next attempt was in 1562, when John Ribaud was despatched by Coligni with two ships, with Huguenot passengers, for settling a colony in Florida. He arrived in safety, built a fort near Port Royal river, and left there a colony, intending to return with reinforcements. The settlers whom he left behind mutinied, killed their captain, and being reduced to extremity, built a vessel, in which they embarked, and abandoned the country. When we compare these expeditions with the far more unpromising enterprise of the Plymouth Pilgrims in the succeeding century, we cannot but be struck with the different results. A patient fortitude, with perfect unanimity and mutual good will, enabled that little band to surmount the perils and distresses

* Voyage fait en la Terre Du Bresil, par *Jean De Lery.* Mezeray, as quoted by Rev. Dr. Holmes, [Annals, i 97.] considers Villegagnon's voyage to be to Florida, which appears to be a mistake.

Jean De Lery was one of the ministers who joined the Huguenot colony, under Villegagnon. His History of the voyage to Brazil was first published, at Rochelle, in 1578, and was dedicated to Count Coligni, son of the admiral. It is a work of undoubted authenticity, and, besides the affecting narrative of sufferings by the author and his companions, contains interesting sketches of the natural history of Brazil, and of the manners, customs and language of its inhabitants.

incident to their undertaking, and gave a prosperity and permanency to the settlement which equipments of far superior strength had failed of securing to the French adventurers. The country however was destined to receive a valuable accession from many of the persecuted Huguenots, when driven from France in the reign of Louis XIV. Mr. Verplanck notices and welcomes their arrival and bestows just eulogium on their characters.

From founders and primitive settlers, partakers in the toils and dangers incident to new plantations in the American wilderness, Mr. Verplanck passes to a grateful recollection of some distinguished benefactors; men who contemplated a rising people, with generous delight, and contributed liberally to their advancement. First on the list is Bishop Berkeley, whose genius and talents, and high moral endowments, rendered him the delight of his friends, on both sides the Atlantic; and Mr. Verplanck dwells upon the features of his bright character with peculiar complacency. After an enumeration of some of his principal writings, his American expedition is related. It was for the purpose of founding a university at Bermuda, 'on so liberal a scale as to afford the amplest means of diffusing scientific and religious instruction over the whole of the British possessions in America.' In preparation for his projected establishment, Berkeley resided at Rhode-Island. The benevolent design was defeated by a diversion of the funds at home, to pay the marriage portion of the Princess Royal. Berkeley returned in 1731, embarking at Boston. We have the following view of his employments in this country.

'The two years and a half of Berkeley's residence, in Rhode-Island, had not been idly spent. It was there that he composed his Minute Philosopher, a work written on the model of the Philosophical Dialogues of his favourite Plato, and, like them, to be admired for the graces which a rich imagination has carelessly and profusely scattered over its pages, as well as for novelty of thought and ingenuity of argument. The rural descriptions which frequently occur in it, are, it is said, exquisite pictures of some of those delightful landscapes which presented themselves to his eye at the time he was writing.

'His residence in this country gave a general stimulus to literary and scientific exertion. He became personally acquainted with all who had any literary taste or acquirement, especially

among the clergy of different denominations, with several of whom he formed a close intimacy, and continued to encourage and patronise them by every means in his power during his whole life. He minutely examined into the state of the public institutions, in the northern and middle colonies, and after his return to England, rendered them several important services by his pen and his influence. Having observed the serious inconveniences, under which American students laboured, from the want of books, and the defects of early classical education, shortly after his return he sent out to Yale college a large and choice collection of the best works in different branches of learning, which still forms the most valuable part of the public library of that respectable and useful institution. He accompanied this present with a deed of gift of his property in Rhode-Island, directing it to be appropriated to the support of three scholarships, to be bestowed upon the best classical scholars of each year. This soon produced a happy effect, and the *Dean's Bounty*, as it is now called, has materially contributed to keep up, and gradually to raise, the standard of scholarship in a college which has, for many years, educated a large portion of the professional men of this country.

Dr. Berkeley was also a liberal benefactor to the library of Harvard College; and the college of this city, on its first establishment some years after, was essentially indebted to him for assistance and support.' pp. 50—52.

The rest of his history, says Mr. Verplanck, belongs more to Ireland than to America. The account of this eminent man closes with the following well written paragraph.

'Berkeley's was one of those rare minds which, by the alchemy of true genius, can transmute and ennoble all that they touch. In his Queries proposed for the good of Ireland, he incidentally laid open many new and interesting views in the then uncultivated science of political economy, and all his writings on ephemeral subjects are marked with that sure indication of an elevated mind, the habit of referring objects of local or transitory interest to those broad grounds of general reason and conscience, without the frequent contemplation of which, says he, a man may indeed be a thriving earthworm, but he will prove but a sorry patriot. Whatever may be the result of his arguments upon any point, it is impossible to follow him through a chain of reasoning without being instructed and improved. In this respect, as in some others, he resembled Warburton. In every investigation, to which these acute, intrepid, and excursive reasoners applied their powerful minds, they continually struck out brilliant thoughts and frequent flashes of light, even where they failed in

the ultimate object of their labours. But Berkeley was very superior to the dogmatic "Lord of paradoxal land," in the perfect candour and good faith with which he maintains his opinions, and still more in that beautiful moral colouring which he always gives to his learning and his argument, and in the consequent moral effect on the mind of his reader. For it was the unceasing aim of all his philosophy "gently to unbind the ligaments which chain the soul to the earth, and to assist her flight upwards towards the Sovereign Good." pp. 53, 54.

In one of the notes is the following passage, relative to a painter of some eminence, who accompanied Dean Berkeley to this country.

'As there now seems to be an increasing taste for the productions of the fine arts among us, it may be a fact worthy noticing, as it is but little known, that the first regularly instructed painter in North America was Smibert, who had been Berkeley's fellow traveller in Italy, and was brought out by him to act as instructor in drawing and architecture in the intended institution. Smibert was not an artist of the first rank, for the arts were then at a very low ebb in England; but the best portraits which we have of the eminent magistrates and divines of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil.' p. 108.

Smibert was of sufficient eminence to attract the notice of Horace Walpole, from whose "Anecdotes of Painting in England," Mr. Verplanck gives an extract. "He settled at Boston, where he succeeded to his wish, and married a woman with considerable fortune, whom he left a widow, with two children, in 1751." Mr. Verplanck gives us the following notice respecting one of his pictures.

'There is at Yale College a large picture, and, from its subject, an interesting one, though not one of Smibert's best, representing Berkeley and some of his family, together with the artist himself, on their first landing in America. I presume that it is the first picture of more than a single figure ever painted in the United States.'* p. 110.

* This picture we remember to have seen in the apartments of the late Major Johnson, in Boston, of whom it was purchased in 1808, by the late Isaac Lothrop Esq. and presented by him to Yale College.—It is understood to represent Dean Berkeley and Lady, and their fellow passengers. These were, besides Smibert, a young lady, Miss Hancock, and two gentlemen of fortune, Messrs. James and Dalton.—*Berkeley's Life prefixed to his Works. Quarto edition.* We have been informed that this picture was intended to give a view of the group in the cabin, on their voyage to America.

Mr. Verplanck entertains such partiality for Berkeley, and is so smitten with his pure and lofty sentiments, fine fancy and elegant expression, that he touches with much tenderness on some of his strange opinions which are now generally discarded, and have been thought to be most completely refuted. He complains of the ridicule which Dr. Reid, "and the metaphysicians of his school," have applied to Berkeley's theory, denying the existence of a material world. If Dr. Reid may have been too free in the use of this weapon, the remark cannot, it is thought, be applicable to Dugald Stewart, who uniformly, when obliged to controvert the positions and reasonings of Berkeley, has conducted the discussion in a respectful and unexceptionable manner. These able writers have most satisfactorily dissolved the spell of Berkeley's creation by which many minds had been entangled or confounded, and while they have settled those fundamental laws of belief, which assure us by the best possible evidence of the reality of objects of perception, place the doctrine of mind on as firm a basis as Berkeley could have desired. Mr. Verplanck quotes the remark of Hume, relative to Berkeley's metaphysical speculations. It was well calculated to excite alarm, among those who were most seriously concerned for the prevalence of truth; and though the sincerity of Berkeley's faith, and the purity of his views cannot be questioned, we must think there was much ground for the remark of his venerable friend, Bishop Hoadly, that he corrupted the native simplicity of religion, by blending it with the subtilty and obscurity of metaphysics. Mr. Verplanck suggests that Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter does not seem to differ in its foundation from the old Socratic and Platonic philosophy. Dugald Stewart, remarking on the theory of Malebranche, and its approach to some speculations of the latter Platonists, observes, that it has a much closer coincidence with the Systems of those Hindoo philosophers, who, according to Sir William Jones, "believed the whole creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the infinite Mind, who is present at all times, and in all places, exhibits to his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture, or a piece of music always varied, yet always uniform." Malebranche, he adds, in some of his reasonings on this subject, has struck into the same train of thought, which was afterwards pursued by Berkeley, "an author to whom he bore a very strong resemblance in some of the most characteristical features of his genius."

From these coincident views, we should be led to suppose that these paradoxical notions are not the mere results of an occasional misdirection of the reasoning faculty, but that there is more or less a bias in the human mind to cherish them. There seems an elevation and grandeur in the conception, and as an exercise of the imagination it may be innocently indulged: but Mr. Stewart has a profound and consoling remark, which may satisfy us that we shall lose nothing even in regard to richness and variety of mental prospect, by adhering to mere sober bounds, and by pursuing the method of Induction in regard to intellectual as well as physical phenomena. "In reflecting on the repeated reproduction of these and other ancient paradoxes, by modern authors, whom it would be highly unjust to accuse of plagiarism;—still more in reflecting on the affinity of some of our most refined theories to the popular belief in a remote quarter of the globe, one is almost tempted to suppose, that human invention is limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes. But is it not a fairer inference, that the province of pure imagination, unbounded as it may at first appear, is narrow, when compared with the regions opened by truth and nature to our powers of observation and reasoning? Prior to the time of Bacon, the physical systems of the learned performed their periodical revolutions in orbits as small as the metaphysical hypothesis of their successors; and yet, who would now set any bounds to our curiosity in the study of the material universe? Is it reasonable to think, that the phenomena of the intellectual world are less various or less marked with the signatures of Divine wisdom?*

In reference to Berkeley's attack on the Mathematicians, in his *Analyst*, Mr. Verplanck has the following remark.

'His mathematical speculations are also unique in their way. His objections to the doctrine of fluxions are considered, by mathematicians, as having been fully refuted, and, doubtless, this is the fact in a mathematical view of the controversy; but the metaphysical difficulties which he has raised have never been satisfactorily answered, and perhaps cannot be, until we obtain some deeper insight into the principles of knowledge than any that the present systems of intellectual philosophy afford. Be that as it may, certainly there is scarcely any similar instance of ingenious mathematical speculations being applied to important moral ends.' p. 105.

* Prof. of Met. Eth. and Pol. Philosophy, Diss. i. 193.

The dispute had reference to a mathematical question, and the principles of fluxions having been fully displayed and defended, as they were by several able writers, particularly by Robins and Maclaurin, it is difficult to see how there could remain any metaphysical difficulties requiring an answer. Every art and science has its peculiar rules, maxims and language. The doctrine of fluxions, or the differential calculus, has been tried by its peers, as it ought to have been, and acquitted of the charges which Berkeley had exhibited. He agreed in the truth of its results, but inquires, "whether there may not be a way of arriving at truth, although the principles are not scientific, nor the reasoning just? And whether such a way ought to be called a knack or a science?" Now, when the principles of this calculus have been synthetically demonstrated, after the rigid manner of the ancient mathematicians, as they have been, in the opinion of all competent judges,* we cannot see the pertinence of the remark, that there still remains metaphysical difficulties, which have never been, and perhaps cannot be satisfactorily answered. If it be so, it is metaphysics that are at fault; and it is for the metaphysician, or those concerned for his credit, to trace the error to its source, if there be a curiosity to detect it. It was long supposed that the planets moved in circular orbits, because the circle was considered as the most perfect figure; their motions, also, it was contended, were equable; such a motion being thought most suitable to those magnificent bodies. Even the sagacious Kepler was strongly impressed with these prepossessions. Both conceptions were found to be untrue. The planetary orbits are elliptical, and their motions are not equable, but varying in velocity according to their distance from the sun. This being indisputably proved, few would think it worth while to trouble themselves with an examination of the old course of reasoning. In truth, it must, we think be admitted, that the *Analyst* was a most unlucky application of Berkeley's powerful mind; and we cannot consider it, with Mr. Verplanck, a most ingenious mathematical speculation, applied to moral ends. It was rather a hasty and mistaken application of metaphysics to a mathematical question.

His *Siris* we believe to have all the merit which Mr. Verplanck has ascribed to it. There may not be a demand for

* Montucla, iii. 117. Bossut, Hist. Math. (Trans.) 418.

its republication, but if Mr. Verplanck can find opportunity to give a complete analysis of this performance, with copious extracts, in some one of our periodical publications, it is believed he will gratify the curiosity of many, who now know it only by name.

In contemplating the men of ability and influence, who have extended their generous regards to this country, and whom we should gratefully recollect, Mr. Verplanck must have found it somewhat difficult to make a selection. He mentions Thomas Hollis, a munificent benefactor to Harvard College;* Professor Luzac,—the learned and intelligent editor of the Leyden Gazette, the friend and correspondent of Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson,—Rector of the University of Leyden, a writer of eminence, a man of great purity and worth, and who cherished a warm and lively interest in the affairs of the United States, and recorded in classical Latin, in one of his admired publications, his views of its energies and institutions.—Lastly, a just and affectionate tribute of gratitude is paid to the memory of Louis XVI., the early and efficient supporter of American Independence.—After commemorating in terms of emphatic eulogy, the reiterated benefactions of Hollis to Harvard College, Mr. Verplanck has the following remark.

'Judicious beneficence has often the power of extending itself far into futurity. The liberality of Hollis has, since his death, called forth repeated similar instances of individual bounty; to which Harvard College is chiefly indebted for her numerous professorships and her splendid library.

'It must be added, that this spirit of private munificence towards the learned institutions of America, has been hitherto, for the most part, confined to the inhabitants of Boston and its neighbourhood. I speak this to their honour and to our shame.' p. 58.

If private bounty has not been so liberally extended to learned institutions in New York as to merit public acknowledgment, it is gratifying to know, that very ample appropriations, for such interesting purposes, have been made by the state. In the second volume of the Collections of the Society which Mr. Verplanck addressed, we find the following spe-

* The Hollis Professorships of Divinity, and of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, were named in honour of the elder Thomas Hollis, the founder, and who was uncle of Thomas Hollis, the younger, whom Mr. Verplanck has more particularly noticed.

cification of grants to literary institutions by the Assembly of the state of New York, in the year 1814.

To the Historical Society	12,000
Union College, Schenectady	200,000
Columbia College	60,000
Hamilton College	40,000
College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York	30,000
Similar College in the Western District by right of subscription in the Bank of Utica	10,000
	$352,000

Having declared that, "there is no reason why American republicans should revoke their praises of Louis XVI," Mr. Verplanck applauds the conduct of the venerable John Dickinson, who in his letters of Fabius, in 1797, while he defended the principles of the French Revolution, "rebuked the injustice of some of his own party friends towards the unhappy Louis." An eloquent extract is given, in the note containing the remark, which we are obliged to omit.—The late Mr. Barlow is pointedly censured for a very opposite mode of proceeding. His Vision of Columbus, published at the close of the war of the revolution, was dedicated to Louis XVI, with strong expressions of grateful admiration, and in the poem there are corresponding expressions of applause. This work was expanded into the Columbiad and published under that title in 1808. Mr. Verplanck remarks the difference between the two editions.

'In the Columbiad all this has been suppressed, and in place of it appear some frigid lines, in which Louis is represented as cheated into the support of our Independence, and aping the language of virtue—"By honest guile the royal ear they bend," &c.—"He speaks the borrowed language of the brave," &c.

'This is indeed forgetting the independence of literary talent, and making history what old Chaucer calls it, "in every dele—a rock of ice and not of steel."' p. 117.

In reference to the names that Mr. Verplanck has celebrated, he offers the following considerations, which may be perused with advantage, by the writers of the illiberal article in the British Critic, to whom we have before adverted, who represent the Americans as unwilling to trace their relationship with the people from which they sprang, and as having "neither history, nor romance, nor poetry, nor

legends, on which to exercise their genius and kindle their imagination."

'It would be most easy to prolong this enumeration of those virtuous and wise men of Great Britain and Ireland, who have, on different accounts, merited the gratitude of the American people.

'Indeed such is the sympathy between that nation and our own, resulting from the unity of our language and literature, and the similarity of our laws, our tastes, and domestic manners, that scarce any well directed effort to enlarge the knowledge or to promote the good of mankind, can be made, in either country, without its effects being instantaneously felt in the other.

'Nor have we, at present, any thing to dread from this reciprocal influence. The time has now gone by when a prudent policy might well look with suspicion upon every thing which tended to impair the individuality of our national character. It was wise to guard the infancy of the nation from foreign corruptions, even at the expense of foreign arts and learning. But we have now risen into the manhood of our existence; and whether we look to the past or to the future, every thing conspires to animate us with the proud consciousness of our Independence. We may now gather, without fear, the fruits of British industry and genius. Theirs is a literature, rich and pure beyond example; theirs is the ripened wisdom of centuries, treasured up in the works of Jurists, Divines, Philosophers, and Patriots. If we are but true to ourselves, that wisdom and that literature are our own, unmixed with any of that base matter, with which power, prejudice, and corruption have too often alloyed the pure gold.' pp. 58, 59.

To the same purpose is our concluding extract.

'As I have advanced, I find my subject widening upon me on every side. It is true, that few European names are to be found to which we owe so large a debt of public gratitude, as we do to those characters of surpassing excellence, which I have already attempted to portray.

'But, in later years, there is scarce a single individual who has obtained a place in history, by his virtues as well as by his talents, who has not, at some period of his life, been ambitious of deserving the esteem of the American people. In this point of view, our history is rich indeed. It has not, like the history of the old world, the charm of classical or romantic associations, and it bends itself with difficulty, and without grace, to the purposes of poetry and fiction. But in ethical instruction, in moral dignity, it has no equal.

'The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments not unlike those which the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness, its obscurity strike awe to his heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with sacred emblems and strange antique forms, a dim, religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance, and poetry, and legendary story come crowding in upon him. He is surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labours of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry.

'What names does he read upon them? Those of princes and nobles who are now remembered only for their vices, and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. There, too, he sees other names, long familiar to him for their guilty or ambiguous fame. There rest the blood-stained soldier of fortune—the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny—great scholars who were the pensioned flatterers of power—and poets, who profaned their heaven-given talent to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

'Our own history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of Fame, which was reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. Or rather, like the Pantheon of Rome, it stands in calm and severe beauty amid the ruins of ancient magnificence and "the toys of modern state." Within, no idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity. The pure light of heaven enters from above and sheds an equal and serene radiance around. As the eye wanders about its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men who have greatly bled or toiled for their country, or it rests on votive tablets inscribed with the names of the best benefactors of mankind.' pp. 78—80.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Verplanck, without acknowledgments for the refined entertainment, which his performance has afforded. It is a collection of interesting facts, enlivened by a chaste imagination, and exhibits a generous glow of heart, a free but candid judgment of men, and an enlightened love of country. The author regards, with laudable complacency, the sympathies of great and good men of whatever nation, in the advancement and fame of our free and united communities. These sympathies, his Anniversary Discourse will, we are assured, have a tendency to heighten and extend.

Quarterly List of New Publications in the United States.

American Works.

History.

Transactions of the Historical and Literary Committee of the American Philosophical Society. Vol i. Devoted to communications respecting the American Indians. Philadelphia.

Notes on the War in the South: with biographical sketches of Montgomery, Jackson, Sevier, the late Gov. Claiborne and others. By Nathaniel H. Claiborne, a member of the Executive Committee during the late war. 12mo, $1. Richmond.

Statistics.

Statistical Annals, embracing views of the Population, Commerce, Navigation, Fisheries, Public Lands, Revenues, Expenditures, Public Debt, &c. of the United States. By Adam Seybert, M. D. 4to, $14. Philadelphia.

Voyages and Travels.

Travels in France, England, Spain, and the Barbary States, in the years 1813, 14 and 15. By Moses Manasseh Noah, 8vo, $3, New York.

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A Tour from the city of New York to Detroit, Michigan Territory. By William Darby, 8vo, $2. New York.

Natural Science.

American Medical Botany, with coloured engravings. Vol. ii. No. 1. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. Professor and Lecturer in Harvard University. Royal 8vo, $3,50. Boston.

Elements of Chemical Science, vol. i. By John Gorham, M. D. Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University. Cambridge.

The American Journal of Science; conducted by Benjamin Silliman, M. D. Professor in Yale College. No. 2. New York.

Law.

Reports of Cases in the Courts of Maryland. By Harris and Mc'Henry. Vol. iv. 8vo. Annapolis.

Reports of Cases adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, with some select cases at Nisi Prius, and in the Circuit Courts. By Jasper Yates. Vol. iv. 8vo, $6. Philadelphia.

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Theology.

An Inquiry into the Doctrine of Christian Baptism. By Jacob Rush, Presiding Judge of the first Judicial District of Pennsylvania. 37½ cts. Philadelphia.

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A Sober Appeal to the Christian Public, on the subject of an attack on the Protestant Episcopal Church. New Haven.

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Poems and Tales in Verse. By Mrs. Eneas Lamont, $1. New York.

Education.

A Compendious System of Geography. By the Rev. John C. Rudd, 75 cts. Elizabethtown, N. J.

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The American Gardener's Calendar. By Bernard M'Mahon, a new and improved edition. Philadelphia.

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